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Fall, 1952
vol. 68, no. 1

The leaf trembled, uncertain,
stem clinging to the branch haven
the severing wind and the fall
running along the ground
with the death wind
prolonging death
another hour
another day
barren ground and sunless months
soil.

oseph Ruzicka

Short Story Contest

One of the primary purposes of the STUDENT Magazine is to develop and publish the best creative writing available on the Wake Forest campus. In the past however, the magazine has been forced to rely almost entirely upon the talents of a handful of writers. This is not the way it ideally should be; but this is the way it has been, not only in the past, but up through the first issue this semester. Despite our incessant pleadings for copy material very little is brought to us for consideration. Therefore the full brunt of the writing inevitably falls upon the shoulders of some ten or twelve students. It was this way last year and so far it has been that way this year.

Now with an enrollment of approximately 1,500 students it is reasonable to assume that among that number are potential writers. Probably some have had previous writing experience. We want to know who you are.

The editors of the STUDENT Magazine, in co-operation with the English Department, are sponsoring a short story contest in an effort to ferret out promising writing talent. Since this is primarily an effort to discover new talent the first prize of $10.00 will go to the student who has not previously published in the magazine. The second prize of $5.00, however, will be open to the entire student body, whether they have previously published in the STUDENT or not. Manuscripts must be submitted prior to the Thanksgiving Holidays and should be typewritten, double spaced, and addressed to the Editors, The STUDENT Magazine, Box 32, Wake Forest. There are no limitations insofar as the number of words or the length is concerned. The entries are to be judged by members of the English Department faculty. For additional information contact Tom Mezger, Blevyn Hathcock, or Otis Gossman.

the student

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The Student, founded January 1882, is published during the months of October, December, February, March and May by Students of Wake Forest College as directed by the college Publications Board. Entered as second-class matter at Wake Forest, N. C. Subscriptions rate: $1.50 per year. Editorial correspondence should be addressed to The Editor, Box 32, Wake Forest, N. C.

90236

AGAPE

ONE WAY TO PEACE

By

Nan Leonard

COOPERATION among nations is a fine idea, but when do we start? Somebody, and that means you and me had better get busy."

In an active reply to this statement somebody has been busy, as a matter of fact, several hundred somebodies have taken the above lines of a filmstrip seriously. For the past four or five summers young people from all lands have gone into all the major countries of the world to join hands with other young people in work, study, play and worship. Expressing the belief that whenever people come to know one another, barriers that separate and breed misunderstanding are torn down, these young people go to foreign lands to help the citizens rebuild their war ravaged cities, towns, and villages. The youth engage themselves in rebuilding churches, schools, and other community buildings; others help fight malaria; and still others help to build camps like the one high in the Italian Alps, Agape—the Greek word for brotherly love.

"Choiw" was the first word that I heard when I arrived at the small village of Praly di Perrero, high in the Alps, in the summer of 1950. "Choiw" was a greeting created by the work campers at Agape. Even as I write now, I am not at all sure of the spelling, indeed, I am not even certain whether I have ever seen it written. I had come to Italy to help in the building of a Christian Youth Center. In spite of the linguistic barriers, I did not need an interpreter to know that the dark-eyed Italian girl who first greeted me with such a welcome smile and "Choiw" was saying "Hi" or "Hello," and without thinking I answered, "Choiw."

Soon I saw that Wanda, the wife of a student at Edinburgh, from New Zealand; John, from Scotland; Ikbal, a school teacher from Egypt; Wolfram, from Germany; Meta, a student from Holland, had all adopted "Choiw," but more than the language, they had caught the spirit of working together that during four years had characterized Agape—the spirit that had made possible the construction of a huge assembly hall and three dormitories. A project such as this does bear witness to more than the ability of young people to construct gigantic buildings with practically nothing except their bare hands. It bears witness to the fact that work is a common denominator among men—that people of the most varied backgrounds can live and work creatively as a community.

It did not take me long to discover that at the core

of Agape was Pastor Vinay, a leader of youth in the Waldensian Church. For years he had been dreaming of a meeting place for the Protestant youth of Italy. Shortly after the war he met seven young men, former university students who had been members of a resistance movement during the Mussolini regime. The students were interested in the project for two reasons. They were tired of the Christian Church as an institution of many words and few actions, and they believed that the young people of Italy would be willing to work without pay and to live simply in order to build a youth center. When these seven young men met Pastor Vinay they decided to start the center. With big dreams and enough lire to amount to about $34 in our currency, they started digging a foundation for the largest building, the combination assembly hall and dining hall.

The idea spread quickly. School teachers came to work during their summer vacations; students came whenever they could; laborers who heard of it came to Agape when they had time off. By the end of the second summer people were coming from surrounding countries to help. Bishop Stephen Neil, of England, came by to see what was happening and he remained two weeks to work. People from all walks of life who were willing to work were welcomed and they came.

When such a widespread interest was shown in the project, The World Council of Churches was asked to take over the camp. At this time the World Council had many work camps in operation throughout the world. By thus turning over the sponsorship of Agape, students from all over the world were permitted to participate in the monumental international task. It was through the Youth Department of the World Council of Churches that I learned of Agape, and it was through the same department that I was sent to Italy and Agape.

A month seems a short time to get acquainted, and it is. But people engaged in hard work make friends easily for it puts all men on an equal basis. To see the head of the Anglican Church working beside an Italian farm boy, each busily digging and carrying stones, showed me that there is more than the spoken language. It showed me that that kind of work constitutes a language in itself. It took only a knife and some unpeeled potatoes to say to Wanda, Meta, and Ikbal that the potatoes needed peeling to make the daily "Manestra," a potato soup which, along with bread, constituted our main meal.

It did not take me long to discover that it takes work and people of all kinds to make a work camp. If anyone had visited Agape he would have seen four or five girls peeling potatoes, some more cooking, several more washing clothes, and still others mending clothes. Many of the people from Europe made real sacrifices to come to Agape. I realized this as I saw new heels and toes being sewed into the same pair of socks every other day. But these were only the maintenance crew for the other workers—the construction workers.

Walk with me up the side of the mountain, but don't set too fast a pace. It is a fifteen minute walk, and the way is really steep. There, see Carl. He is a school teacher from St. Louis. He and those boys with him, who are from Germany, are supplying the stone for the buildings and working on the road. Yes, they carry nearly all the stone in wheelbarrows.

Right above is Agape. Those beautiful modern stone buildings take my breath every time I see them. It is really amazing that all this has been built with the crude wheelbarrows, picks, shovels, and buckets lying around. There is not a bulldozer in sight. The fellow running around over there near the Assembly Hall is Sandro, one of the original seven who started Agape. To some he speaks in English and to others he speaks in Italian.

Be careful how you step on the grass. I am camp gardner. Don't laugh. It's true. It is my responsibility to keep the grass growing and to plant more. Of course, I must admit that my appointment to the post of gardener was all a mistake that began with a difference in language. I was explaining to Pastor Vinay that I was a farm girl. He misunderstood me and thought that I said that I was graduated from an agricultural college. This illusion continued until I was caught sowing cement on the grass for fertilizer. But let me say that this mistake was on account of my ignorance of the language and not on my inability to know fertilizer when I smell it.

Every Friday there was a weekly meeting of the workers conducted in a very democratic fashion in which each member of the work camp felt free to voice his opinion whether to complain or to make suggestions for more effective work. At the Friday meetings one begins to realize the problems that confront the U. N., for in spite of excellent interpreters about, the meaning of words very often is misunderstood.

Although the buildings of Agape are beautiful, and it is difficult to believe that they have been constructed for the most part entirely by hand, it is still impossible to see the most valuable results of work camps. In a place like Agape one comes to the realization that he is no longer thinking of people as nationalities but instead as personalities. Little pranks played were not played in an attitude of reprisal, but in an attitude of good-natured fun. Each individual realized the contributions that every other individual was making to Agape.

At the end of one month many who had been at first alarmed with the primitive living conditions of the camp, the limited diet, and the lack of any hygienic methods in the kitchen, had learned to overlook these superficial elements of the experience. At the end of a

month the alarmed attitudes had become ones of humility, wonder, and pride at the accomplishments.

The days at Agape were long and we all worked hard; however, on Saturday night we took time out for play. We sang, did folk dances, performed skits. Each national group performed a special skit. One of the skits which I distinctly remember was presented by a group of six Italians. It was an interpretation of New York City. Standing in the middle of the group was the tallest work camper surrounded by people seething in what seemed like perpetual motion. There was also a group of students from Germany who had brought their musical instruments with them. Dora, a young Italian girl, who had graduated from the Turin Conservatory of Music, often sang for us. We learned that through play as well as work we were able to speak to each other. Play, too, we discovered was another of the universal languages.

Each work camp possesses its own individual character. Agape was known for its long hard hours of work. At Le Chambon, workers were helping to rebuild a college plant; at Haus Villigat, Germany, workers were building a home for students who were working in the mines to pay their way through school; in London workers were clearing away rubble, cleaning bricks and rebuilding; in the Philippines workers were building bridges and forming malaria fighting teams with the aid of medical officials. However, while the nature of the specific work to be done varies, the work camp movement has always the attainment of peace, unity, and understanding among peoples as its goal with manual labor and teamwork as its method.

Peter Ceresole, a Swiss engineer started the work camp movement in 1920. He had seen American and German boys become acquainted because they were brought together to fight each other in the First World War. Those who survived until the Armistice sometimes became good friends once they realized that each had pretty much the same ideas, ideals, needs, and desires. Peter Ceresole believed that people should be brought together in a common experience other than war, and he formed several groups for doing reconstruction work using people from England, France, and Switzerland. The movement grew rapidly as students, Quakers, and youth hosteling groups the world over took up the idea and method of the work camp. War came again, and the work was stopped, but immediately after the war the work camp groups were the first to go into a community to help rebuild schools, churches, railroads, and bridges.

Naturally the groups sponsoring work camps may frequently emphasize the exchange of political and economic ideas. Others may add to this the element of unity found in worship. Often a period of silence is a marvelous experience of unity of purpose.

Any interested person 18 years of age and in good health is eligible to go to a work camp. No difference whether an individual is a Christian, an atheist, a Jew, a Mohammedan. A number of organizations sponsor work camps. Among these which sponsor are: The American Friends Service Committee; the Experiment in International Living, and many other denominational or study groups such as NSA. 4-H Clubs have also seen the value in the idea of living together and have set up a program for exchanging farm youth to live for six months with a family in another country.

It is valuable to have some previous experience in work camps in the United States, however, before going abroad. It should be noted that work camps operate on a volunteer basis, and the individual must pay his own expenses. Expenses are kept at a minimum, and special travel arrangements are made. In many cases student organizations and church groups raise the funds or grant scholarships to send individuals to represent them in work camps.

Both national and international summer service opportunities are listed in the booklet, "Invest your Summer." Anyone interested in the work camp projects may stop by the STUDENT for further information.

"Co-operation among nations is a fine ideal—why don't you start this summer to help do something about it?"

To promote the development of mutual understanding and goodwill among all people.

To contribute to the physical reconstruction of countries devastated by the war and to perform other urgent tasks.

To enable the representatives of several different nationalities to tackle a job together, a job that will constructively further the ends of peace.

To develop social consciousness.

To stimulate sense of service, responsibility and initiative.

To rekindle a spark of hope in the people of devastated countries.

To create bonds of friendship between the volunteers and the local community.

McZIGEN

Along the Florida Keyes there is told a legend of Valdez, the beautiful brown skinned Haitien girl, who each summer appears to a lone fisherman in the bright blue waters of the islands . . . and as quickly vanishes with the first haunting rattle of the

RADA BONES

By Otis Gossman

SKEET FISHED the waters off Eliot Key for six hours without luck and then pointed the 34 foot "Barracuda" for the channel separating Eliot from Sands Cut. Three miles out he cut the motor and made his way forward to the anchor, resting on top the fathoms of neatly coiled rope. Out here stillness reigned—stillness broken only by the swells lapping softly against the hull, by the haunting whirring cry of a sea gull, by the slashing singing swish of the line when a fish took the bait. And when the sun rose high, fathom by fathom, each moment searing the skin like hot Cuban rum on a parched throat, Skeet stripped off the brown khaki trousers and climbed to the flying deck. Brown and naked, he stood poised for a rising swell, the long muscles of the back arched in preparation, legs taut like stretched wire in their bending position. When the swell reached the bow Skeet tightened his legs to the breaking point and shot into the peak of the wave. Breaking the water fifty feet from the boat he rolled on his back and admired the slim clean lines of the "Barracuda" as she rolled gently under each swell. Then he swam back, his arms cutting the water in long bladelike motions, and pulled himself on board over the rear mahogany planking. Standing erect he moved his hands over his dripping body and through the close-cropped blond hair, the water causing a circular puddle around his feet, and pulled on a pair of white trunks. Six feet two inches tall, proportioned over 195 pounds, Skeet tapered down like an inverted triangle. His skin took on a brown reddish glow which never became fully tanned despite the weeks of continued exposure to the sun. High cheek bones and an unusually reddened face, hard even in its softness, resulted in a look approaching cruelty, an appearance enhanced by an almost imperceptible contraction of his lips when he talked. Even his voice contained a harsh, softly guttural sound, pronouncing each word in itself, never talking unless assured of the thought. Skeet seldom became angry, and when he did it was a self contained anger, never permitting an open expression but drowning it in a mile long swim or a bottle of vodka. Twenty-two years old and through with college, Skeet had resolved to live on the money left him by his father, living the life of the moment rather than the future, writing and fishing and drinking as he liked, accepting nothing.

It was still mid afternoon and the sun bore down with fire-brand intensity causing streaming rivulets of sweat to form on his chest and legs. Skeet mopped his brow with a careless swinging movement of his arm and walked forward to start the engines. A half hour later he crept through the narrow almost invisible channel, cut his motors, and allowed the boat to be carried along by the tide. Once on the inside the channel broadened to a hundred feet or more becoming gradually deeper as it made its way along toward the ocean side a quarter mile away. Halfway up the channel Skeet threw out the anchor under an overhanging palm.

Relaxed in the deck chair on the rear he sat drinking a cold beer and watched the water swirling into the cut a hundred yards up the channel, awed with the frightening rapidity with which the current bore past the boat and out into the shark waters of the east side. Tossing the bottle overboard he watched it as it sank slowly into the dark green depths. For a moment he imagined seeing the reflection of a woman below the water fighting to gain the surface. With one last valiant effort she broke the water, choking for air, her black hair streaming in a tangled mass over her face. The face was white and lifeless, the lipstick smeared around the side of her mouth, the eyes fixated in a stupor of death, arms hanging motionless at her side.

Skeet plunged into the channel and in seconds the tide carried him to her side. "Roll over on your back, we can make it." And she said between gasps from the salt water filling her mouth and nostrils, "I know we can make it. I just didn't realize the undertow was so strong here."

And they did make it. They made it an hour and fifteen minutes later. They both collapsed almost before reaching the shore. Skeet pawed for the bottom long before reaching it. Once his feet rested in the

sand he breathed a long sigh, and they struggled, arms entwined, for mutual support out of the water and onto the beach. There they lay sprawled, arms still clinging to each other for an hour or more. He had not known how long; but when they awakened, the sun was just beginning to sink in a red blob behind the mangroves. That night they slept on the boat. But before going to bed they talked far into the night, quietly, almost in monotones, seldom laughing. The music from the portable floated out over the black water glinting under a half moon.

The next morning they returned to the Caribbean Club and lived together for more than two weeks. They fished and explored the islands in the day and sat on the veranda drinking benedictine at night, listening to the piano, and talking still in the quiet tones like the Gulf at night with no wind. Sometimes they would drive into Key West and visit the waterfront dives and talk with the shrimp fishermen. She warned him of the little hooks that the fishermen wore on their rings to cut their nets, that her brother had been killed in a fight as a result of a fatal slash from one on the docks of Havana. She told him of the jungles of Haiti and the beauty inherent in the tangled greeness, about a pool ten miles from Cap Haitien where she used to swim. Skeet asked her if she was born in Haiti, but she smiled with her lips and gave him no answer. That day he remarked that they should go to Haiti and watch a voodoo ceremony. The smile crawled from her lips and the always sleepy brown eyes shot sparks of subdued hatred. The brownness of her face diminished into a subtle red as her cheeks became flushed with a quiet excitement. Like Skeet she never became angry. But Skeet was sorry he asked the question. And he wondered more and more about this strange woman who had appeared almost out of a dream. Skeet thought that everything that had happened since he met her tinged with unreality.

Life for both of them became increasingly exciting as each day blended into the torpid sunshine of the next. The fascination the woman held for Skeet never dwindled. Valdez was short, not much over five feet tall, and with a body flawlessly moulded to every inch of the five feet. Her voice reminded Skeet of the wind the way it sometimes whirred through a cracked shutter in a hurricane, strong in the beginning and diminishing into a faint whisper at the end. Valdez said that she had once been a dancer in the islands below Key West, and she spoke of the islands as if they existed only in a dream. Her hair was of the blackness of a stagnant pool in a moonless night, long and silky smooth as it lay in loose streams over her breast. And when they danced together to the Mombo and the Calypso songs of the waterfront dives she never moved her eyes from his, staring deep as her body moved to the music as if it had always done so, effortlessly and with a sensuous rhythm inherent in her body. As they danced Skeet felt that he had always known her, and that she was half new, half old, but always strangely exciting, even as she lay asleep in his arms at night, unmoving, blessed with a calm dark serenity under the brown Latin skin. He did not understand her, but he felt certain that he loved her, that to lose her would drain the blood from his body, the marrow from his bones.

And then she disappeared. They walked along hand in hand through the dirty back streets of Conch town, under the flashing neon invitations of the dives, and stopped in front of the Calypso. Inside the place was crowded and the only table remaining was directly before the orchestra. They sat down and Skeet ordered the benedictine. He was in a remarkably good mood because of Valdez. All day she had been strangely normal, had talked more freely than ever before, and for the first time he felt that she might be all his.

The light of Calypso dimmed and faded into a weak yellow on a lone Negro sitting with legs crossed under a potted palm at the extreme left of the dance floor. The black was naked from the waist up. His only clothing was a pair of white pants which broke off at his knees. In his hands he held two white bones with tiny notches carved into the sides. A shivering clacking sound shot through the room as he began slowly hitting the sticks together. From the background other drums joined in along with shrill blasts from a trumpet. The tempo increased. Valdez sat admist the crowd staring with hollow eyes at the drummer and suddenly became engrossed in a seemingly drunken stupor. A second later she rose and ran from the room and out into the crowded streets. She ran until she reached the beach two blocks away. Skeet caught up and grabbed her by the arms.

"Val, for God's sake what's the matter?"

But she continued walking with head held high in short quick steps, her body swinging back and forth as if still in cadence with the clacking beat of the sticks. Finally she paused under an overhanging palm frond and turned to Skeet. Skeet tried to hold her but she pulled away. She still held her head high but now she was crying. She spoke staring deep into Skeet's eyes.

"I've got to leave you for a while, Skeet."

Skeet reached forward and pressed her into his arms, but she offered no response. Skeet relaxed his hold and muttered in a voice tense with urgency.

"Why, Val, where are you going?"

"I'll be back darling." Her voice was calm now and she was no longer crying.

"When," Skeet asked. "All of a sudden you say you have to leave. What in hell happened in the Calypso?

The minute the black began rubbing the Rada bones you went to pieces."

"I can't tell you, Skeet. You wouldn't understand. You would laugh at me, and I couldn't stand to have you laugh, Skeet. I'll come back."

"Will you promise?"

"No, I can't promise."

Skeet held her close to his body for a long time; then she pulled away kissed him goodby and ran down the beach. Skeet didn't follow. He stood and watched as she moved across the white sand under an orange blood moon, and vanished into a side street, leading back to the Calypso.

Skeet returned to the Caribbean the following morning and began waiting. And every day he carried the "Barracuda" out into the deep waters and the waters off Eliot Key where Valdez had first appeared . . . always hoping. Late one afternoon he again imagined seeing the image of Valdez in the channel. He wondered if he should dive in and try to catch her before she drowned, but the current surged heavily and she was gone. The sun was sinking, fathom by fathom, into the Gulf. Soon it would be darkness and he must get underway. It would be hard to escape the shoals in the dark. Back to the Caribbean and waiting for the woman to walk in through the bamboo door, sit at his table, and drink a glass of benedictine together.

CAP HAITIEN . . .

From the palm-fringed shore a great mass of mountains rose, fantastic and mysterious. Dark jungle covered their near slopes, but beyond the jungle, blue-black, bare ranges piled up towering.

At the water's edge, lit by the sunlight, sprawled the town of Cap Haitien. . . .

On a peak behind the Cape loomed the gigantic fortress which the self-crowned black king Christophe had built after every soldier of that white imperial army was dead or had sailed back to France.

And now above the present-day government headquarters in the town floated the red-blue flag made by ripping the white from the French ticolor. Thus it has floated for more than a hundred years as the symbolic emblem of black freedom.

All this was panoramic as we lay at anchor in the sunset, but as night fell it faded to vagueness and disappeared.

Only the jungle mountains remained, dark, mysterious; and from their slopes came presently far out across the water the steady boom of Voodoo drums.

Taken from the book,
The Magic Island, by W. D. Seabrook

THE DISCOVERY

BY

BLEVYN HATHCOCK

THIS WAS the day. The dreaded day, sunless and contorted, that I was to "come of age." On this day I was to begin spending nights with grandmother, who lived alone, about a mile from our house. I wandered around, trying to lose my morbid thoughts in play, but they kept recurring, making me wretched. Everything in the day seemed to help the fear that was growing and growing inside me to gain awful proportions. I didn't dare let my mother see, for despite my emotions concerning this new role, I had a certain pride in my status. When things became too utterly unbearable I went into the most obscure corner of my room and cried softly to myself.

As long as I could remember, my family had spoken of Grandmother in different voices than they spoke of other people—as one might speake of an unjust God, tones of reverence mixed with intense rebellion. I'm sure they must have loved her, but love for her was always smothered by some new encroachment by her—something irreproachable so far as principle was concerned, but intangible and impossible to label or combat.

My mother had said, with great reserve, after some new ordeal with her . . . with terse lips and an especially vehement pound on the dough she was rolling, "It's just her indomitable German spirit." But from my older brothers and sisters who escaped from staying with her as soon as it was light enough to come home, there were fantastic and awful tales that I could hardly bear to hear, when they were told to me, not as a story that was happening to someone far away, but with the constant remembering that soon they were most likely going to have me as a main character.

To me, Grandmother had become something of an ogre. Often I had climbed up in a chair and looked long at a huge portrait of her that always hung somewhere in our house, usually over the bed of the one that had most currently been unbearably wearing on Mother's nerves. She always actually looked at me from out the picture, with huge brown eyes, peculiarly cold brown eyes. I boldly held conversations with her, imagining what she would look like if she relaxed from the rigid noble posture and nodded and smiled at me. I imagined into her all the qualities of Grandmothers one reads of in books, docility, gentleness, kindliness—even having her like me very much.

In all the times I had been to her house, she had not patted me on the head or given me bread and jam, or even acknowledged my existence except when I was directly in her way, or by some grave mishap, sitting in a special chair. It wasn't that there were walls. It was just that Grandmother thought grandchildren an off-brand species, immensely uninteresting, and at my age, nothing of any value. To be of some value, one had to be old enough to be of some use to her.

By evening I was numb. Already I had felt real pangs of anguish with imagining what she would think of me and what we would say to each other. I was even able to see that the clouds were beautiful, and picked some flowers. As I approached the white frame house, with tall elms by it and forests of pine trees closing in, I had an amazing calm, and walked on, as if in my sleep until I was on the porch. The lamp was lighted and the bent form of Grandmother was silhouetted against it. When she heard my step, she raised her head and peered out into the dusk.

"You did come, didn't you?" she said in a strange voice for Grandmother, relieved. For a moment I thought perhaps it was possible for her to be afraid. But as she opened the screen for me, I saw that already she was her usual self again—as if she had pulled the

curtain over a part of herself that a few people ever saw.

She looked at me through the bottoms of her glasses and came near.

"Which one is this?" she asked in an ordinary human voice.

"Emily," I said eyeing her face intensely, not moving.

"You're Pearl's child, aren't you?"

"Yes," utterly lost in my exploration of her. Her eyes were fascinating, piercing and all-knowing. Her face was a network of wrinkles, but the lines were still proud and beautiful. She moved about the kitchen with light step, but slowly, the slowness that comes with fatigue, doing the little things that must be memorized by now, after years of doing them without help from anyone.

I stood in the shadows beyond the lamplight, as obscure and forgotten as the shadows themselves. She poured some sour milk from a heavy earthen crock, her thin hands straining with the effort. She had carefully scraped every tiny bit of cream from the edges of the crock and put it into a jar especially for cream, as she had done for thirty years. A man would come for it tomorrow.

"Sit there, child," she said, glancing up suddenly and realizing my presence. She pointed to a straight-backed chair by the fireplace. There was a picture of Grandfather over the fireplace. I had never seen him in person, but his eyes, soft and far-away, and his generous and tolerant mouth, and broad forehead, scholarly air did not renounce me as did Grandmother. He was like absorbent cotton, I thought, whereas Grandmother was steel; the feeling of being near her was sparkling.

Strange that he and Grandmother loved each other. When she was fourteen, beautiful, with wonderful spirit, she had married him, mother had told us. Her father, to whom she was closer than anyone else, was thrown from a horse in a storm, when she was two, and killed. There were three other children. They lived on a lovely estate overlooking the river. Grandmother went to school only two years; her mother re-married to someone so inferior to her father that the rest of her days at home were unhappy ones.

When she was married she had inherited this farm from the estate. It being the poorest and rockiest part of the tract that was divided between the two sisters was the second grievance in her life. But blows in Grandmother's life only made her stronger. She was always master. The only person that had ever been known to tame her will was Grandfather. Yet, he was the largest blow in her life. How she could never have known or considered the consequences of his being a dreamer and scholar was always a mystery to our family.

"How old are you?" she interrupted my reverie.

"Six." I wasn't ready to faint at all. The advent of Grandmother's actually looking at me and not over me, was altogether absorbing. I was connecting the real Grandmother with all the legends about her, fitting everything together, and she was becoming ogreless and something indescribable was supplanting the fear I had of her.

From the very first, it was Grandmother who had to assume the initiative of making a living on the farm. It was a remarkable feat and always the chief topic of the neighbors' talk how she moulded the farm into the smoothly run business and actually put some money in the bank. And then when Grandfather became ill, it was all left to her. He was bedridden for twenty years. In spite of his easy, tolerant manner, he had a hold on her that no one else ever had. He could even bring her to submission on some issues that were very contrary to her customary way. One of the peaks of anguish in her life was realizing that he intended to send mother and the other three children away to school. She was then alone, with the farm, an invalid to care for, and inside her a spirit of independence and determination and pride so fierce that nothing short of death could stop her.

Once musing, Mother, as if talking to herself had told us the whole story, as if in remembering all the details of her past, she could come to have a new toleration and patience for her.

"After we children married, little by little, because she, alone, was physically unable to manage, Grandmother drew everyone to her. . . . It was like a king with servants. But she did it so tactfully and guilelessly that no one objected or ever refused her assistance until he was too far caught in the web. Grandmother was oblivious to the individual lives of us children; the only part of our lives she really saw was that side that touched her and her work, her everlasting work. She smiled rarely. One of the occasions was the day three of us brought our families and harvested her corn. She was gloriously happy with work being done on such a grand scale. Only once have I heard her sing. It was a strange sound, and frightening. Through the years, until we moved here, she has been the axis around which all of her children and children's children gravitated. After father died, she was, in a way, relieved of a burden, although she had never been impatient to care for him. She was indignant at our suggestions that she sell the farm and live with us. She will be frightened to live alone nights, but never will she give up her independence. And so you children must stay with her, because she is your Grandmother. She has mastered her fate, but in doing so has grown a hard shell without even knowing it, so great was the obsession. Never have I seen her do

a "little" thing. She is infinitely honest and just—unless one would call this that she does to us unjust."

She methodically set the table, adjusting the immaculate tablecloth at just the right slant.

"Are you hungry?"

"No."

"Don't be afraid, I won't bite," she said, looking steadily at me and thoughtfully.

"I'm not, Grandmother," I hastily assured her and myself and accepted the milk she offered me.

After supper everything was so quiet that I thought I would burst with a question to ask her or something to break the silence.

"Can you read?"

"A little, grandmother."

She reached for the newspaper and ran her finger under a sentence for me to read. She had learned to read by reading the newspaper and didn't understand that I had never read anything but primary readers yet.

Her face softened a little as she helped me with the big words.

"I think I like you," she said.

HID'N' SEEK

There you are!
I see a foot, an eye
And a big tree
and you
You are hiding.

Come out I say
I see you
You naked thing
and a tree
Come out!

There you are
I see you
All of you
beside a tree
Now find me!

T. S. M.

FOREST

Dr. Clifford Bair sings every note as he directs the Wake Forest Opera Workshop in a rehearsal for their fall production of Offenbach's RSVP.

During rehearsals of Opera Workshop, Dr. Bair directs Alice Speas, accompanist for the group, as well as the opera personnel.

Dr. Clifford Bair, who originated the Opera Workshop movement in the United States in 1943, goes over the score for the fall production of the Wake Forest College Opera Workshop. Dr. Bair began the Wake Forest group now in its fifth season on the campus.

Dr. Clifford Bair—

Opera Workshop

BY NANCY CRAIG

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JIMMY ANDREWS

Singing, hand gesturing, living each note, Dr. Bair is a constant symbol of the ultimate in musical expression. In the five years he has directed the Opera Workshop productions, Dr. Bair has succeeded in making it one of the campus' most outstanding organizations.

As he directs the Wake Forest Opera Workshop, Dr. Bair sings every note, and along with his voice his entire body appears to sing.

Dr. Bair's enthusiasm for his work shows itself in the facial expressions he uses. His face beams with thorough understanding and knowledge of what his students are accomplishing as they strive to give vent to their musical abilities. The rhythmical stamp of his feet brings the rehearsal to a climax and from the band room of the Music-Religion Building resounds the voices of a new and fresh type of art. True American art.

Dr. Clifford Edwin Bair, North Carolina's foremost impresario, has done much to bring music theater to Tar Heels, complete with scenery, chorus, and orchestra —thereby providing an outlet for native talent.

Dr. Bair, a true pioneer in stimulating interest in indigenous culture in America, has been commuting from Raleigh two days a week, Thursday and Friday, to Wake Forest College for the past two years in an effort to establish a permanent Opera Workshop here.

Throughout his career as director of Opera Workshops, Dr. Bair has contributed his time to organizing local talent to be trained directly in the small communities. It is Dr. Bair's purpose to promulgate native talent and thereby reduce the necessity of importing talent from Opera centers such as New York, or from abroad.

Dr. Bair's musical interest was stimulated while he was a young boy attending a boys' choir school in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. After high school, he went to New

York to audition for study under Herbert Witherspoon who later became President of Chicago Musical College. Dr. Bair graduated from the Chicago Musical College in 1928. He had studied under Witherspoon in voice, Isaac Van Grove in opera, Lester Alden in dramatics, and Gustav-Unkelburger in theory and composition.

In 1929 he went to Germany to study for two years, returning to the United States in 1931 for debut recitals and performances in Chicago. As a result of his efforts he was awarded a scholarship to study in Austria in 1933. There he gave comic voice performances in the Schauspiel House and Festspiel House.

While studying in Breslau, he came in contact with the Silician Philharmonic, a pool of symphonic musicians. The Silician Philharmonic had drama wings with different types of theatres in towns and in regions. One theatre would feature new work; whereas, another would have standard works. There were concert houses, symphony and choral features.

From Dr. Bair's studies in Germany and Austria came his vision of what integration of arts could achieve. Through local unification of talent, the public could be supplied with entertainment on a local level which could equal or surpass that of importation.

This United front of arts has become a vital force in communities throughout the nation and has become a means of supplying creative outlets.

In 1943 Dr. Bair became affiliated with Wayne State College in Nebraska to organize an Opera-Dramatics Department. But there existed a great demand for someone to train and direct operas and operettas. Towns too small for visiting companies, created their own artistic outlets by seeking out their own talent, and forming small operas.

Out of his work at Wayne grew the workshop idea since it had developed into an interdepartmental program. Home economics, dramatics, and music departments were combined. Instead of an Opera-Dramatics Department, a Fine Arts Workshop was begun.

In 1936, however, Dr. Bair became tired of the dust storms in Nebraska, and too, he wanted to be nearer his home in Goldsboro, Pennsylvania. His manager secured for him a position at Salem College in Winston-Salem. There he established an Opera-Dramatic Workshop and applied the principle of arts integration through opera to a larger community.

In Winston-Salem, the Workshop developed from a college opera group to Community and Regional Opera Workshops. Then came the Regional Arts Festival and the Community Arts Council. It is the objective of the

The cast of Johann Strauss' "Waltz Dream," assembles for a curtain call at the end of one of the performances of the Opera Workshop in the Spring of last year.

Community Arts Council to develop integrated arts programs for the community.

Here at Wake Forest College, Dr. Bair is trying to stimulate a love for the fine arts within the students. The Opera Workshop not only teaches students to sing and to dramatize operas the operettas, but it also gives them a background in the fine arts. Part of the Opera Workshop is intensive reading and reasearch and interpretation of operas.

Opera began as a desire to recreate the drama of the ancient Greeks. The Renaissance Church opera marks the beginning of the Oratorio. It was the objective of the Oratorio to re-create old passion plays. The work oratorio is derived from oratorusts, or places of prayer in the church. The first Oratorio, so named, was written by Cabelleri and was done in much the same manner as the opera.

In observing the Opera Workshop in action here, one might hear Dr. Bair ask his students, "Why should we want to re-create ancient drama and literature?" He would then go on to explain that in studying the ancients we gain aspirations for our own music. There is no need for America to bow down to the music of other countries. But we must study the ancients and render what we learn in our own idiems.

Dr. Bair repeatedly stresses that America needs to express its own individual national school of culture instead of letting its art be that handed down by the ancients. American boys and girls can sing, write, play as well as children of any other nation if they are only given the opportunity to prove themselves without having to crash the stage doors of New York.

Opera Workshops, Dr. Bair emphasizes, are not attempts to take away the opera from New York. They merely tend to develop opera centers other than New York.

Dramatic principle is to make opera great; not just the singing of songs and playing of instruments.

This fall, the Wake Forest College Opera Workshop is going to perform an opera and an operetta. The opera, "Martha," with music by Friedrich von Flowtow and libretto by W. Friedrich, is a standard piece. The operetta, "RSVP," by Jacques Offenbach, is of a fantasie nature and is done in pantomine and paraphrasing.

Missed cues, unknown lines, muffed high notes disturb Dr. Bair no more than does the lack of alertness on the part of the opera cast. However poorly the group responds, he returns to them his jovial good humor. As he works with the group, Dr. Bair's every move appears to be tempered with patience—patience drawn from long years of attempting to elicit the best from the group. And it is this patience which enables him to draw from every group as much good drama and music as the potential will permit.

ON THE BEACH

On the shining shifting sand,
gingerly stepping, crushing further shattered shells,
with Dresden voices ringing,
and brown bodies spinning
in the surly surf reeling,
ever feeling hot sand
and cool water
all about;
all the while crystal singing
world-green clean shining
and singing,
children play.

T. S. M.

HERGOT

Dr. O'Flaherty on Hamann

by Otis Gossman

JOHANN GEORG HAMANN

IT IS SELDOM that a man who ranks toward the top in intellectual endeavor goes for any extended period of time virtually unrecognized by English and American scholars, whether he is of the English speaking world or not. But it becomes increasingly interesting when such a man moved in three intellectual realms without attracting the eye of even our most outstanding scholars. Johann Georg Hamann was such a man. It is especially significant that the most recent and comprehensive piece of scholarship should be undertaken and consummated in such a singularly trenchant manner by one of Wake Forest's own professors, Dr. James O'Flaherty of the German Department.

This year Dr. O'Flaherty published a book entitled *Unity and Language: A Study in the Philosophy of Johann Georg Hamann* in connection with the University of North Carolina Studies in the Germanic Language and Literature. Dr. O'Flaherty's work is the sixth of a series commenced in 1949. And, although at this time no reviews have been received Metzke, the world's top-ranking authority on Hamann, commended the book highly.

Dr. O'Flaherty, who has been with the German Department of Wake Forest College since 1947, provides a contrast to the commonly conceived characteristics attributed to the scholar. He is far from old, does not wear horn-rimmed glasses, and so far as we know, is not absent-minded. Rather he is more likely to be mistaken for a graduate student working toward a degree in Physical Education. And his apparent eagerness to help in every conceivable manner, whether in an interview concerning Hamann, or by giving added assistance to a laboring German student, is perhaps more than anything else indicative of his personality.

Not a great many people, even scholars, are familiar with the name Johann Georg Hamann. Dr. O'Flaherty, when questioned concerning the inception of his interest in the man, stated that in 1941 he was in search of some subject which would be acceptable for a Master's thesis, preferably an 18th century German because he was working under a specialist in the field. In Hamann, Dr. O'Flaherty found the only man who combined what he thought to be a deep religious nature with original philosophical thinking and an interest in literature. Hamann proved equally important in all three realms. As a writer Hamann even surpassed such men as Lessing and Herder, neither of whom possessed Hamann's evangelical attitude toward the Christian thought processes. German scholars are almost unanimous in ranking Hamann's autobiographical writings along with the widely recognized "Confessions of St. Augustine."

Hamann, in addition, was one of the most original Christian thinkers of modern times. He was one of the few religious thinkers of the first rank who have been interested in literature and have been competent critics of literature. Not only was Hamann as great a writer as the more widely recognized Lessing and Herder, but he was also their equal, if not their superior, in the world of thought. It was Hendrik Kraemer who said of Ha-

(*Continued on page twenty-six*)

PUB ROW BABY

BY
IDA KAY JORDAN

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
VAL JONES

Joe Strother, Wilfred Winstead, and Peggy West present the weekly B.S.U. program.

EVERY DAY, when the wind's blowing right, the fifty watts of Radio Station WFDD broadcast for approximately ten and one-half hours to a potential listening audience of five thousand.

WFDD—Wake Forest Demon Deacons—is the baby of the college publications and was just last year made an agency of the Board of Publications.

It all began less than five years ago in May of 1949 when a group of men and coeds interested in broadcasting got together and found the Voice of Wake Forest, then known as WAKE. From a homemade transmitter, that was little larger than a radio, the group began broadcasting activities from the press box of Groves Stadium with such personnel as "Woody" Woodward, Ray Royston, Bill White, Peggy Nelson, and Leigh Williams.

The following September, after much hard work by the initial radio staff and several new recruits, the station was moved to the little red barracks building in Gore Court. The transmitter was set up, the building was partitioned off into two studios and a room for the storage of transcriptions and records, a simple console was set up, and WFDD was officially on the air!

Someone secured an old upright piano, put up sound absorbing curtains, built shelves, and much new equipment was added. That year "Woody" Woodward was manager, Ray Royston became business manager, and Leigh Williams was continuity director. Ray Melanson was interested in the engineering part of radio, so he learned the how's and why's of broadcasting and became chief engineer.

WFDD began carrying direct play-by-play descriptions of all the Deacon ballgames. It built its record collection and scheduled all types of musical programs from hill-billy to classical music. It made arrangements with various branches of the U. S. Government to receive the broadcast by electrical transcription such shows.

By this time the station was receiving a regular grant from the College to finance the project and income from advertising almost doubled that amount.

Things moved along for the next few years under a succession of managers which have included Julian Burroughs and Wiley Mitchell, Jr. and this year a coed was named as manager; thus, WFDD, which has been a man's world has taken its place along with the other publications in having a woman direct it.

Now the station has a staff which nears fifty members

Chief announcer, Elbert Greenway, operates the control panel as part of his job in keeping WFDD on the air.

who do various jobs such as announce, write continuity, file records, sell ads, tape record live shows, and whatever else needs be done that the station go on the air.

The staff proudly shows off its recently acquired tape recorder, its remote facilities including lines to all the important buildings on campus as well as the football and baseball fields, its affiliation with sesac transcription service, and its record library of 4,000 sides.

In the near future United Press wire service will also be added to the assets of the station in order to bring the news direct to the town and college.

Last year the college added to the faculty a full-time speech and radio professor. Clyde MacElroy, and a course in Radio Speech is being offered each semester. This year the Radio Workshop presents approximately ten shows a week on the station giving the program much more variety. Already the group is producing a nightly coed show, "Strictly Feminine"; an early morning program, "The Coffee Cup," from seven till nine which includes a daily thought, the weather, the news headlines and music; a program of local talent, "Our Very Own"; and several quiz shows and dramatic productions.

Four years ago the station was on the air only about five hours a day. Now the average air time per day is ten and one-half hours. Someone remarked upon read-

ing this fact that pretty soon they'll have to start broadcasting 24 hours a day in order to work out the various programs they want to carry.

Activities for the evening begin at four o'clock each afternoon with the 580 Spot and continue on through a log of programs ranging from religious inspirational talks through a hill-billy program, to a "Classical Interlude." At ten-thirty each night "Deaconlight Serenade" begins and the phone rings continuously till twelve with requests for favorite numbers. At twelve all dedications cease and "Rendezvous with Music" with soft, easy listening, as a musical nightcap before WFDD signs off at 12:30.

Thus WFDD continues to serve the town and college with an aim at the "best in music, news, sports, and drama." Though enthusiasm sometimes seems to die as in the case of most activities, the Voice continues to move forward, to increase its equipment, and improve its quality.

In addition to manager Ida Kay Jordan and business manager Bob Johnson, this year's executive staff includes Pat Banks, assistant manager; Elbert Greenway, chief announcer; Jayne Smithwick, continuity director; Millie Gunn, record librarian; Eleanor Geer, assistant business manager; Don Freeman, publicity director; Jim Gillespie, chief engineer; Jim McGinnis, sports director.

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POETRY

A DRAMA

TOM MEZGER

A cube of activity set aside
Ruled off by
Rattling, donging trolleys
Hydramatics roaring
V-8's deep pong pinging
And people
Herded goaded
By well filled purses.

Claxon, clang, and siren sing
And I, a part, move cautiously.

Dotting cubic fronts of glass
Bag seller, pretzel sellers
Pencil sellers, beggars too,
Stand,
Not goaded, not herded
By well filled purses,
Still
And watch.

Claxon, clang, siren sing
And black macadum and cobblestone
Move jerkily unwilling
Pulled by treaded tires and well-worn
Steel wheels rattling.

Glass fronts spew people
Forth and gulp them
Up again
And spew them forth
Among the claxon clang
The siren song
The squeeling horn
Past the bag seller, pretzel seller
Pencil seller, beggar.

POEM

OTIS GOSSMAN

nine months of a college year
nine months of pregnancy
the baby cries and
three years of army

september climbs in Christmas
followed by a day of football
leaves blossom green
then bleed into June
and three years of army

surrender and gain respect
surrender and join
join and die one death from stagnation
everyone joins

they're looking . . .

THERE IS A SILENCE LIKE

TOM MEZGER

There is a silence like silence of
Long winding corridors lightless
And echoless
And silence reverberates the
Din.

And upon the silence creeps
On footstepless foot
The intruder
And confronting me
He shrouds himself and is gone.

There in the din of silence
Silvery sibilant whispers come
And evanescent syllables
Bound against my ear
Then all is gone but silence silence
Silence.

DR. O'FLAHERTY

(*Continued from page twenty-one*)

ann that "Hamann was probably the most profound thinker of the 18th century." This does not appear so revolutionary a statement when considered in the light that Hamann was one of the best read men of the 18th century. Although poverty stricken for the greater portion of his life, he had one of the largest private libraries in his native city.

An interesting parallel is to be found in reference to Dr. O'Flaherty who probably has the best library of Hamann in the United States. A rare edition of a book published between 1825-43 Dr. O'Flaherty regards as one of his more valuable possessions. In addition, he has reliable sources of information regarding Hamann from scholars in Germany and Switzerland.

Indeed, it would seem that Hamann would have long since become the subject of numerous books and periodicals. Despite the fast that Hamann is one of the most obscure authors of modern German literature, in Germany he enjoyed a great deal more prestige than abroad. Goethe, Herder, Hegel, and Jean Paul attributed a remarkable amount of importance to Hamann. But he still doesn't rank as high in Germany as he undoubtedly would have if he had possessed a more lucid style. Dr. O'Flaherty emphasized that at times it is almost impossible to read Hamann because of a superfluity of literary illusions. It seems Hamann felt that the truth should be purposely hidden, that since it cannot be conceived in its entirety the only solution resides in rendering language obviously symbolical. In some of his letters, however, he contradicts this standpoint. Still another reason for Hamann's neglect Dr. O'Flaherty attributes to Hamann's merciless attacks upon the 18th century rationalists. As a result, they relegated him to a vastly subordinate position, an attitude which was by and large carried over into the 18th and 19th centuries by the rationalist thinkers.

Today, however, there is existent a marked rebirth, especially among the German scholars, in Hamannian research. Joseph Nadler, the most celebrated Hamannian scholar of today, is currently in the process of bringing out the first complete critical edition of Hamann's works. Nevertheless, according to O'Flaherty, scholarly output by English and Americans is embarrassingly meager. Only a single translation of Hamann is in the English language, this an unimportant essay.

As the title implies, Dr. O'Flaherty's publication is concerned primarily with Hamann's theory of language. Hamann's basic philosophical problem is concerned with the structure of language in relation to the nature of mind and reality. Over a period of years he concluded that language is almost exclusively molded on reality. As Dr. O'Flaherty expressed it, "he held that the structure of any historically developed vernacular would yield the most reliable clues to the nature of experience." Hamann attempted to understand experience entirely in its relation to language.

According to Hamann, there are two basic types of language: the abstract and the natural. Natural language is essentially poetic language, although its poetic quality runs the risk of becoming obscured in the everyday process of communication. This line of reasoning was provoked in 1758 in London when Hamann underwent the conversion process following a thorough reading and study of the Bible. As a result, he was firmly convinced that the Bible was not written in the abstract, oftentimes incomprehensible language of the philosopher but in the natural language of the people. From that time forward Hamann adhered to his position that the only road to reality was to be found in natural language.

Continued Dr. O'Flaherty, "Hamann's thought tends to press all reality into the mold of relations and objects, either by ignoring qualities or interpreting them as relational in reference. Hamann's thought requires the reality of relations subsisting between real objects. We have reliable knowledge of real objects, which we accept on the basis of faith or belief."

According to this, we are enabled to look for the symbols of relations and objects in the language process and observe the way in which a unification is effected. Dr. O'Flaherty provided an illustration:

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The dog barks at the horse. If we assume that the substantives in this sentence refer to entities which Hamann would regard as real objects, we may then remove them from the sentence; thereby: dog, horse. But these words say nothing in isolation from the other words of the sentence. On the other hand, the series of words: the, bark at, the, likewise says nothing. Thus neither the words referring to objects, nor the words which relate them (limiting adjectives, verb, and preposition) mean any thing in isolation. Only when they are united in the proper way do they have meaning. From this we may say that language is bipolar in nature or that it is characterized by a functional quality in unity."

Now, the human mind is a very strange, a very complex mechanism: it deals with abstract terms as easily as it does with the more concrete terms. Natural language dealing with real objects as such can be replaced with terms referring to relations. As a result, we have language which is concerned with relation of relations rather than relation of objects. This language relinquishes its bipolar nature and becomes instead unipolar. We can now render the former sentence in abstract form by merely substituting definitions for the words "dog" and "horses." Dr. O'Flaherty provides as an example in this case:

"The domesticated quadruped descended from the wolf or other wild ancestor related to the wolf barks at the large, solid-footed quadruped with long mane and tail of coarse hair used for riding or drawing burdens."

Or by the use of technical terms:

"The individual of the species Cansi familiaris barks at the individual of the species Equus caballus."

"In the original statement of ordinary language it is assumed that the hearer has simply perceived the objects referred to or may easily do so; in the two more abstract statements, the hearer is invited to reflect in the first instance, and is assumed to have reflected in the second instance. Hamann would say that both the definitions and the terms which stand for them simply tell us something about the relations of animals to their environment, for in Hamann's eyes all reflective (abstract) terminology is relational in reference."

To summarize this, it might be said that Hamann merely conceived all abstract language to deal in relations or relations of relations.

Now it must not be assumed that Hamann held a grudge against all abstract terminology. Rather he was opposed to abstractions which cannot withstand the pressure of rational examination and which have their derivation primarily in the realms of mathematics and physics. It is not difficult to understand why an abstract reference connected wholly with some mathematical premise cannot always be adequately carried over into the realm of language. Hamann held that language is the criterion by which reason must eventually be judged and not the converse as such a large number of the rationalists maintained.

"Natural language," said Dr. O'Flaherty regarding

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WAKE FOREST

Hamann's concept, "speaks to the whole man, to the emotions as well as the intellect. The abstract interpretation of nature eliminates the emotional connotations associated with the immediate perception of objects.

"From natural language we learn that both mind and reality have a dual nature. On Hamann's principle, we may say that mind is characterized by the ability to perceive and to reflect, and reality by the togetherness of objects and relations. Both dualities in unity are symbolically present in natural language. When the dual nature of language is destroyed by the abstracting process, this can only mean that the reflective of the mind is functioning in excess, and that only a part of reality, namely, the relational mode, is the subject of discourse. Because God has chosen to reveal himself in natural languages, and because faith is necessary for the perception of objects and is therefore inseparably bound up with natural language, Hamann regarded it as the ultimate symbol of the divine-human togetherness."

Toward the conclusion of the interview the question arose concerning the value of Dr. O'Flaherty's book. Unfortunately, no reviews have at this time been issued but the professor has received several interesting and rather encouraging letters from students of Hamann. One German student found the section regarding O'Flaherty's treatment of faith and reason especially fruitful. But in the final analysis Dr. O'Flaherty stated the main contribution of his work resided in its illumination of several of Hamann's doctrines which have previously been neglected and which throw an important light on his philosophy as a whole.

Nor has Dr. O'Flaherty resolved to rest upon his laurels on the basis of his initial Hamann publication. In the near future he plans to spend some additional time in Germany on further research, especially in regard to the faith-and-reason aspect and Hamann's influence in Denmark. Recently Professor Philip Merlan of Scripps College and a noted Hamannian scholar, issued Dr. O'Flaherty an invitation to collaborate on an anthology of selections of Hamann's writings in translation. However, Dr. O'Flaherty is undecided whether to accept the invitation or not.

The greater part of the research for the Hamann book was done by Dr. O'Flaherty while in residence at the University of Chicago from which he was awarded his Ph.D. in 1951. Indeed the book is a further elaboration of his doctoral dissertation and rendered into book form by the request of Dr. Walter Lowrie, of Princeton University. Approximately a third of the research was done here at Wake Forest through the aid of micro-film loans and occasional trips to larger libraries in New York and Washington. Micro-films played an essential part in the production of the work; without them the book would have been incomplete.

"BEN
WANTS TO SEE
YOU"

FOOD
MAGS
DRINKS
POOL
TOBACCO
At
Hours For Your Convenience
SHORTY'S

★

★

★

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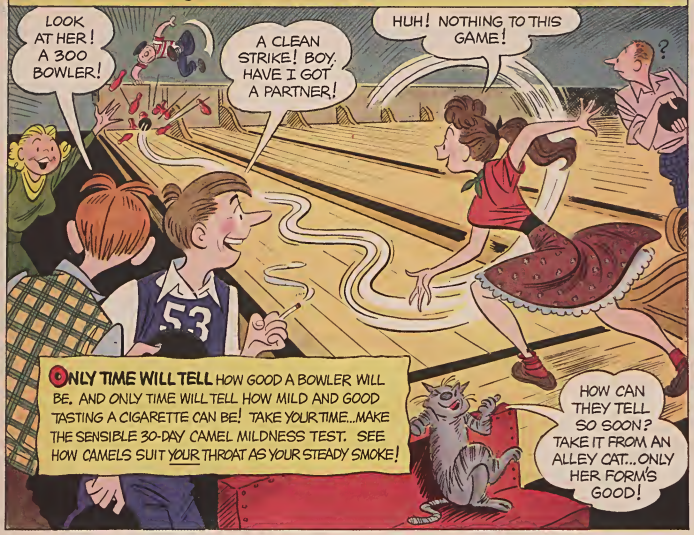
...But only Time will Tell . . . . . .



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Winter 1952

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creased by clasping cold wind
pushing back one silent month
and then another
until the month of Birth.
The days grow shorter
and shorter
until the decision and the indecision
throb like the pulsating winter wind
before the darkened mind
of a hundred formless thoughts.

CHRISTMAS, 1952
VOL. 68, NO. 2

Student

EDITORIAL

THE STUDENT MAGAZINE CHRISTMAS ISSUE

THE STUDENT magazine has been around for a great many Christmas seasons now . . . since 1882 to be exact, with several years intermitting during which there were no magazines published. THE STUDENT then is almost half as old as the college itself; at least it has been around longer than any of the other campus publications.

We have no idea what Christmas was like back in 1882. Probably it was not a great deal different than the Christmases of our generation. Instead of cars they had horses and buggies. But the spirit was the same.

Several decades came and went and gave way to Christmas season when the roar of cannons stifled the air of Europe. The war finally dragged to an end and a lot of Americans, including a number of Wake Forest men, would never see another Christmas. After the war came the boom and then the depression during which most of us were born. And then several years later we were plunged into another world war, a lot worse than the first, and more of our best men perished in the cause of freedom. The war to end all wars, however, proved to be only a pleasant sounding catch word. Even before the echo of guns had died we found ourselves involved in a cold war in Europe and a hot war in Korea — which may or may not burst into an all-consuming conflict.

We hope the battle between Democracy and Communism will be fought with words rather than with guns and atomic bombs. We also hoped that the last war would really be the last. Now we only hope to keep on maintaining hope. But we do know that two such incompatible ideas as Communism and Democracy cannot exist side by side for very much longer.

The Christmas issue of THE STUDENT magazine goes to press to be read by a student body that has known little other than war. Most of us are lucky in that war, although a constant reality, has always been a couple thousand miles away. We read a lot about war, and have seen a lot of movies and hurriedly scanned the daily papers; but it has always been happening to someone else . . . not us. It struck a lot closer when the name of a friend or relative appeared on a form from the war department. Even then the percentage was not high enough really to bring it home. More often than not it meant that our parents were earning more and more money; we drove better cars and wore better clothes than we otherwise would have. We knew there was a war all right; but we did not feel it the way we should have.

Korea is pretty much the same way. A lot of guys from a lot of different places are fighting over there. And a lot of others are stationed in camps all over the world. But it is they who are fighting and going through training schools . . . not us. College seniors in their last semester, or other students whose grades are a little below par, gradually become aware of the situation. But the rest of us have slowly become immune to it all. One of the reasons behind this immunity lies in the constant associations with war inherent in our generation. We cannot be held responsible for the existing world situation; but that is no reason to sit back and assume an attitude of indifference. The world is not made that way.

Several weeks ago a prominent west coast newspaper ran an identical headline and story on the Korean affair for three consecutive days. This was done as a test to determine if the American public has enough interest in the war to read the daily news releases about it. But at the close of the three-day experiment the paper had not received a single telephone call pointing out the error. Of course that was just one newspaper. But even then it is perhaps indicative of the existing complacency in regard to a country at war, although the conflict is confined to a small portion of the Orient.

Christmas, 1952. We can only hope to keep on maintaining hope. Maybe this one will be different. Maybe it will only be a war of words. Maybe no more American soldiers will be forced to spend Christmas in other lands. Maybe someday a fellow will be able to live his three score and ten in a world in which even the word war will be something of the past. It is with this hope in mind that the Christmas issue of THE STUDENT magazine goes to press.

the student

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The Student, founded January 1882, is published during the months of October, December, February, March and May by Students of Wake Forest College as directed by the college Publications Board. Entered as second-class matter at Wake Forest, N. C. Subscriptions rate: $1.50 per year. Editorial correspondence should be addressed to The Editor, Box 32, Wake Forest, N. C.

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LETTERS FROM A SOLDIER

By Nancy A. Craig

Got a letter this morning. You know, I certainly do receive many different types of letters. Most of the mail I get comes from a soldier in Korea. All of his letters tell me what goes on in the mind of any soldier there. The letters describe a universal soldier without that usual native tongue soldiers are expected to use.

He tells me about the drudgery of war, the scared feelings they all have, the crazy things men do to entertain themselves, the little things that happen on the Front which remind the men that they are dealing with human lives even though they are but a part of an immense, brutal robot called war.

From Seattle to Yokohama it rains. And from Yokohama to Korea it rains even more. The men are fully conscious of the ordeal they are plunging into. On board ship he writes:

You know, Nan, people, in general, sure do have strange ways. Or perhaps I should just say GI's have strange ways. But then, I'm as bad as the rest. To show you what I mean, you take a soldier in the States or any other place, give him a rifle, and he has to be made to clean it, or else he would just throw it around, let it rust and what not. But let him go into combat, especially if he is in the infantry, and he sure does start taking care of his rifle. Take yesterday, for instance. After we pulled out of Japan and this morning, already, guys are cleaning their rifles every place you look. And you can take it from me that they certainly are babying them, making sure each and every part is cleaned and working properly. Myself, I sat up until about midnight last night working with mine and sharpening my bayonet.

Every day gives new experiences. One day may not be as sober as the previous. Crap games or card games or whatever it may be spring up. A small victory ship brings thoughts of home to him.

Hummm, I hear someone shooting dice somewhere in this compartment. Be back in a minute. Going to have a look. Hi! I'm back again, and you know? I didn't do so well. Maybe one of these days I'll learn not to fool around like that. Oh, something I wanted to tell you. While we were still in port at Yokohama, there was a ship tied up along side of us called the "Wake Forest Victory." How about that?

After landing in Korea, he tells me a little of the countryside and the people:

Nan, you should see this place over here. It's a lot

Nancy Craig, a senior from Gastonia, is a transfer student from Mars Hill and is majoring in English. An old standby on Publications Row, Nancy has been a frequent feature article contributor to the STUDENT *and for two years has been associate editor on "Old Gold and Black." The essay appearing above is a compilation of excerpts from a soldier in Korea.*

like Japan, very green and mountains everywhere. In fact, it reminds me of the territory around Asheville. The only thing, though, it's so darned hot and dusty! During the day the heat nearly kills me. I do believe it's even worse than El Paso, Texas. But at nights, it's just the other way around. I almost freeze to death.

Nan, it would break your heart to see these South Koreans, especially the young children. I must be getting soft hearted in my old age because about three days ago I walked off the line to go and wash up some, and here this little boy was. He couldn't have been over four or five. He stood there watching me, watching every move I made. Nan, he was about the size of Vickki. His little nose was running, his clothes, if you could call them such, were torn; and his little stomach was all swollen from not having enough to eat. I got a stick of chewing gum from one of the guys, but when I handed it to him, he wouldn't take it. I told him, "Chop, chop," which means eat, and I took the paper from it. He took it then, and you should have seen the guys eyes. They got as big around as fifty cent pieces. I just sat there and watched him chew it, and I couldn't help but get all choked up myself. I haven't seen the little fellow since that day. I'm sure he didn't have a home, or else he would not have been so close to the Front.

And then there is the time the men go for over a month without getting any mail. Their morale hits rock bottom and rumors fly hot and heavy.

Nan, there isn't really too much to write about, especially since I haven't had any mail in so long. I don't want to write you and tell you what we've been doing over here. It's just not anything to be talking about. At least, that is the way I feel about it. I've seen guys already who write home and talk about the men they have killed and such things as that, but I can't see that it is anything to be proud of. We've been going on patrol after patrol at night. And during the day instead of sleeping, we've been building bunkers, etc. I don't know when I've been as tired as I am right now. I'm sorry, I don't mean to be complaining always, and I really have no room to complain, because I asked for it. I'm afraid Old Man Pennington stuck his neck out once too often when he transferred to the infantry. It sometimes gets a little rough, and I kid you none, I've been afraid and scared to death already.

I suppose the main thing that is getting us down is that we haven't had any mail. Damnit, anyway! I can't see why those people in the rear area can't get on the ball and get us our mail. Humph. That old bull about us pulling off the line this week turned out to be just another rumor. Know what the rumor going around now is? They claim the 40th Division is pulling off the line in about a month and is going back to Japan. The 40th is to be replaced by the 24th Division. How about that, anyway? You can hear most anything in the army. I've long since learned not to believe anything I hear. Just wait and find out.

But the mail comes at last. The morale soars upward, and after six months in Korea, the 40th Division has spent all but one month on the Front line. The men have learned that the Korean hills are murderous, up one and down the other. Their legs cramp so badly until they think they can move and not even notice how tired they are when someone is shooting at them.

"Fortunes of war" cause him to have bitter resentment toward young officers fresh out of Officers Candidate School. An entire platoon is annihilated because the commanding officer of the platoon lacks the practical experience which comes with being a foot soldier for several years.

The other night Company B 224th Infantry lost a whole platoon of men. They ran into a Chink ambush. There are anywhere from forty to forty-five men in a platoon. The commanding officer of Company B was leading the platoon and he was killed also. In fact, he was the first to get it. Then about two or three days later Company B had their ammo dump to take a

direct hit and it exploded. A day or so after that ours, Company A, got a direct hit and exploded, too. We're being tagged with the name, "Bloody Able," because of all the careless accidents and mistakes that have been made. Yesterday, a supply truck ran over and killed a young South Korean boy.

But soon a few weeks of rest brings about this comment:

I never realized how good it would be to sleep in a barracks again, to be able to shower every night and not sweat out a patrol. The thing I notice most is that it is so quiet here. No artillery shells exploding or guns going off. This place is just like heaven to me now. There is no sweating out anything. Just taking it easy. But when I think about going back to the line again, oh-h-h!

The inevitable happens. Back to the front line and rain and more rain:

Nan, it's still raining. And from the looks of things, it's far from stopping any time soon. Both pairs of my boots are wet, so when my feet start floating around inside my boots, I take my boots and socks off, wring out my socks, put them back on and everything is all right again. But I sure will be glad when this mess comes to a halt. Just any day now will suit me. I've been living in the ground for so long with nothing but logs and sand bags for the roof and more sand bags and dirt for the walls that I am beginning to feel like a mole or something. I won't know how to act when I get inside a house again.

You ask what it's like over here. Well, a person can tell you about it. You can read about war, and you can even see it in the movies. But you'll never know what war is like until you have gone through it. I am sorry to say it, but I have already lost all the feeling I ever had about seeing a guy get it or get hit. Sure, it hurts to see a buddy of yours get it, but you say to yourself, "I'm glad it wasn't me."

But the time comes when it is "me." And he writes:

I know you are wondering why I haven't written in almost a week. Let me explain. It's like this. These old long legs of mine got me into trouble—because they are so long, I mean. I guess I zigged when I should have zagged, and I got hit in the leg, my right thigh. But don't get excited because it was nothing more than a scratch. I spent three days in the hospital, so you see, I wasn't hurt bad or I would still be in the hospital. To tell the truth, I didn't even know I was hit except for a slight burning feeling in my leg. I don't think I'll tell Mom about it. The War Department is supposed to telegraph her about it, but I asked the "Old Man" not to have one sent since it was not anything really serious. Besides, I'd rather people did not know about it because they always make such a big to-do over such things.

There are times that the morale falls to its lowest level. The men begin to fight even among themselves. They complain that everything is going wrong. Nothing is right. And he has a verbal warfare with his commanding officer.

The "Old Man" called me into his bunker last night and told me that he had recommended me for the Bronze Star for some little deal I pulled off. But at the time he was telling me that, he also chewed me out—but good! Officer or no officer, he is not a damned bit better than I am and besides, I didn't think I had done anything to be chewed out for. I told him to keep the medal and not in the same manner I am telling you about it. At the time I was recommended for the "Star" I wasn't thinking of a medal or the glory. It was just something I thought should be done. Then the

man chews me out "for being so foolish," so he says. That guy has the attitude around here that "Why, hell, I'm an officer. No one is as good as I am." So he thinks. Nan, there isn't a man living that isn't afraid when someone else is shooting at him. If a person says he is not afraid, stay away from him because he's crazy.

Every soldier has his own particular moment in which he comes closer to God. He may be young in years and experience, but in war he ages enough to go beyond the average person's conception of God. He learns what prayer is, not the superficial prayers most people utter in asking for this material possession and that one. Instead he stops in the middle of a hell on earth and thanks God for letting him live as long as He has. He prays:

Hello God, may I have a few minutes with you, just the two of us? I won't ask much of your time because already you have given it to me so freely for 22 years. I think perhaps you have been working overtime to make me happy. I want to thank you, God, for what you have given me. You have given me life, my family, and the ability to think, act, work and to love. Material possessions are something that can be obtained with your help, but that is not what I ask for. God, throughout the years let me be a man worthy to be called a man. Help me to have the patience, wisdom, and devotion a man should have to live.

Soldiers live and soldiers die. Six months have passed by. Six more months and life will begin again for this soldier.

COMPENSATION

By Mary Jo Brown

Fall has gone, ebbing
But with it, not so life,
  nor hope,
    nor joy—
Not so beauty for one whose soul
has apprehended the essence of
  lingering crispness,
    straggling leaves once glorious,
      scrawny limbs etched against cold skies,
        saturated brilliance now flown.
Season of death, near decay,
  Life crumbling, crackling,
    life loathe to expire,
      creeping paralysis,
Invading the soul, but to whisper
  Yet a little while,
    after sleep,
      after nurture and quiet growth,
Unfolding, rebirth,
  death turned life.

THE SILVER PLATTER

Prize Winning Short Story
By John E. Durham

The editors of the STUDENT *magazine take pleasure in announcing that the prize winning story of the recently sponsored short story contest was submitted by John E. Durham for his story "The Silver Platter." The story was selected from among twelve entries submitted by Wake Forest students.*

Durham, a sophomore from Mocksville, N. C., is an English major and plans upon a teaching and writing career following graduation from Wake Forest. His story, which was drawn from an actual occurence, appears below.

The prize for second place resulted in a three-way tie between "The Show Off" by Tony Wrenn, "And the Moon into Blood" by Bob Pratt, and "The Conflict" by Patsy Pearce.

The editors of the STUDENT *express sincere appreciation for the great amount of student interest in the contest. In addition, a hand of thanks is extended to Dr. Edward Wilson and Prof. Dalma A. Brown for their co-operation in judging the contest.*

THE AUTUMN had come early this year. Already the leaves which should still have had their greenness had taken on the color of death. The elm, with leaves sparsely covering it like the frantic attempts of an aging woman to cling to her beauty, was the first thing Nick saw when he woke up. The little clock by the bed pointed to five-fifteen. He could stand the half-light and the bed no longer and jumped up, padded barefoot across the floor, opened the closet and pulled out an old tweed coat and some patched flannels, sat down on the bed and slipped on saddle shoes. Opening his door, he went cautiously down the stairs not wanting to wake his parents. A light rain was falling as he went out into the yard, but the air was still warm with a touch of Indian summer. He felt rebellion suddenly at the calmness of nature, who never noticed crises, but went right on with the same old magic, unperturbed. He cut across the corner of the yard and began walking up the sidewalk toward the town. On the highway a few early cars were out, and one of the drivers looked at him curiously, seeing a tall, skinny youth, with tousled hair and a head too large for his body, striding along hump-shouldered, and noticed that he had on a red polka dot pajama top for a shirt. The wind was blowing, and mist began to hit Nick in the face, condensing on his eyebrows and lips. He walked past Doctor Burton's house. Some scraps of paper were blowing down the street, and a piece blew against his leg, and when he stooped to peel it off the paper was so soggy he had to pick it off in small pieces. Yesterday came flooding back to him . . . like a little toy boat. . . .

Doc Burton had had a son, a brilliant boy who was going to take over the practice. When WW2 came along, the boy was in his last year of high school, but he enlisted. He lost both legs to the hips in the Italian campaign. There was a big reception and parade for him when he came home, the whole town was out, gave him the key to the city, and then he went into the big house and never came out again. Doc never told jokes up at the drugstore anymore, but he kept right on working after the boy killed himself.

Yesterday Nick had been packing some things away, and had found a book he had forgotten he had. He opened it and found the inscription "Hoping you make the team. Sam Burton." He knew he would never have any use for football technique now, and he suddenly thought perhaps Mr. Burton would like to have it. Late that afternoon, he was standing on the Burton porch, ringing the doorbell.

The maid came to the door.

"Is Mrs. Burton in?"

"Yes, I think so. Won't you come in? I'll call her."

He went in and stood awkwardly in the hallway, wishing now that he hadn't come. He heard her coming down the stairs.

"Oh, it's you, Nicky. How are you?"

"Fine—uh—Mrs. Burton, I was packing some of my stuff away and I found this book that Sam gave me. I thought you might like to have it."

She stood very still for a long minute, and there was something unfathomable in her eyes. Then she recovered herself and said: "That's very nice of you, Nick. I'll put it in his room." She took the book, then impulsively, "Would you like to come up?"

Nick was thinking: seven years and still "his" room.

"OH—yes—I would."

She turned and led the way upstairs, saying: "You're leaving tomorrow, aren't you? I believe I read it in the paper last week."

"Yes, tomorrow." Tomorrow, tomorow.

She was saying: "I never changed anything in the room at all. It's still just the way he left it." She went into her room, got a key and unlocked the door.

The room was still a boy's room, a model airplane tied by sewing thread to the ceiling, a high school banner taped over the head of the bed, and a pair of battered football shoes in one corner. The closet was full of clothes, and there were a couple pinups fastened to the door. There was a picture on the desk of an old man in a white coat and a young one in a football uniform standing with arms around each other in front of a scoreboard which read: Mocton 7 Racine 0. (They still talked in town about the doctor running out on the field after his son won that game. It seems that he had just finished an operation, and he still had on his white surgeon's pants which he never would wear suspenders with . . . and when he picked up the boy in a bear hug, his pants fell off. Doc never wore underwear during an operation.) There was a big chair facing the single bay window, and little traces of mud were on the sill. Other than that the room was spotless.

Mrs. Burton said: "He never came up here after he got back. In fact, he never came upstairs." Her eyes were shining. "I never understood him, for he wouldn't talk at all. Just sat. We used to try to get him interested in something again and his father even tried making him angry, but nothing helped."

Nick said: "Didn't he ever tell you how he felt about the war or getting hurt—not ever?"

Mrs. Burton sat down in the big chair and looked out the window. Nick noticed ashes on the arm of the chair. The wind was stirring, and the last dead leaves were blowing off the trees, one by one.

"Just one time did I see him let go. One of his friends he had made overseas came by. Sam seemed very glad to see him. They went into the library, built a fire, and got very drunk. I could hear him singing and laughing all the way upstairs." She stopped. "His friend left about two o'clock and I went down. He was sitting in front of the fire staring at it. I went over and touched him and all at once he was a little boy again. He began talking, almost raving about the war, about Italy, about some general. Clark, I think. I don't remember all he said, but one thing I will never forget. He was talking about being hit, and he said: 'When I looked back, one of my shoes was floating downstream like a little toy boat, like a little toy boat.' "

Nick suddenly saw old Doc climbing the stairs after work, sitting in the big chair with his feet propped in the window, and looking out into the night.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Burton. I shouldn't have come."

"Oh, no, Nick, I'm glad you did. I talk too much. It's all been such a long time ago. Sometimes I don't even believe it happened."

The sky was leaden as he walked home and he wasn't thinking about Sam or the war at all, he was thinking about a party he had been to once, how he had forgotten something, and gone back after everyone had gone home. He had been struck with a desolate loneliness as he looked at all the gay paper and coke bottles with bright, lipsticked straws still in them and thought sadly that all the gaiety and warmth was gone and lost forever. . . .

The rain began to come down harder and he felt his shoulders getting wet. The street lights went, and the first hint of dawn began to redden the sky. Nick began to think about the night before and the talk with his father. He began going back over the conversation. . . .

"Well, it was your own decision," his father said. "You had a chance to stay in school. I would have paid your way."

And he never could answer that bit of logic in a way they would understand. How could he tell them of that mixed feeling of anger and fear which made him sick when he woke up, of those long, sleepless nights thinking about and despising the enormous hypocrisy of men, or of that fear that somehow he would never get a chance to live, of his dreaming of velvet carpets and naked women, of that insatiate hunger within him to devour all the sweetness of life up now, now before it was too late.

"I just couldn't, Dad."

"But did you have to say what you did to Rev. Tims? Do you have to insult every friend I've got?"

"I'm sorry. I don't know why I said it. I'll call him and apologize."

After he had flunked school, his father, concerned over what was happening to his son when he picked him up in a hotel drunk, had asked the minister to talk to him. Nick had liked Tims, but while they were talking, the old furious rage had welled up in him, and he had said quietly, venomously, yeshell you comfortable littlemanbuti'm no crusader and you'll get up on sunday morning andshaveandyourwifewillfixyoubreakfastandyou'llgopreachyoursermon and maybe

I'll be dead and it won't mean a thing not a damn thing.

His father was saying: "I wish you would. I'm sure he'd feel better about it and so would you. What time do you leave tomorrow?"

"Nine-thirty from the courthouse."

"Would you like to take the car and drive around for a while tonight?"

"No, but thanks. I think I'll turn in."

"Well, good night, then."

"Good night—and, Dad, I'm sorry."

"So am I." . . .

He was getting into town now and he could see the light from Sam's cafe. How often when he was a paperboy had he felt the sudden, aching happiness at entering that door and being caught up in the luscious, rich smell of breakfast, the wonderful yellow color of new scrambled eggs, the warm, pleasant smell of coffee, and coming suddenly from the cold had felt the joy brim up in him, like a wine glass poured dripping full, at the anticipation of all the great and good things he was to achieve.

Sam was cooking hamburgers, patting the meat down gently, and slipping the hot ovals into buns. Two carpenters were sitting at the end of the counter, huge, scaly hands gripping mugs of coffee. One of them was reading a newspaper. Sam slid the sandwiches to them, turned and saw Nick.

" 'Morning, Nick. You're out awful early."

"Yeah. Coffee, Sam, please."

"MacArthur gave it to them yesterday, didn't he?" said the man with the newspaper.

The other one said: "Yeah, but I don't know. This Korea mess — I don't believe it'll ever prove anything—and I'm telling you we can't pay taxes this high much longer."

"Ah, Korea is big business war, but still we never had it so good—that's the trouble with people, they've had it so good for so long, they've lost their guts. Why I was working twelve hours a day when I was sixeen, but kids today gotta have a car and everything else handed to 'em on a silver platter."

The rain had stopped and the sunlight began to filter through the windows of the cafe, slowly at first for they were dirty, but finally flooding the floor with a strong, yellow light.

Charles Williams, a first year law stude from Erwin, makes his first appearance in th STUDENT *with "To a Lost Love" which wa accepted for publication in the Nation Anthology of College Poetry this year.*

THE CRIME

By OTIS GOSSMAN, JR.

Outside the room the father paces, unshaven,
cigarette butts and compressed smoke hangin
like an uncertain cloud against the ceiling.
And then the wail from the other room and the
long suppressed happiness of the smoker bubbling . . .
Confused emotions: a smile then
in twenty years vanished
into a tear
by the father and the mother
for the crime.

POETRY

TO A LOST LOVE

The accidental incident of yesterday's gaiety
Like a rigid sentry stands—
A guardian to keep us close.

For the myriad of days and nights,
While Fortune stays us worlds apart,
Would be but eternities
  Without a nostalgic ecstasy
Proclaiming a oneness.

But move on the longest of winters!—
Dreary, longing, sad.
A new season will blossom forth:
And green—
And spring.
Thus is my love retold, foretelling,
  Of yesterday's happiness,
  Of today's wishfulness,
  Of tomorrow's joy—
Endless.

Charles R. Williams

FATE

We go swirling through the mess
ever downward we go like weeds
tumbled, swirled, twisted, torn
wrapped in nothing
ever downward

the engineers, the men of tomorrow
falling, twisted into nothing by nothing
MAN, master of himself turned inside out by himself
ragged bloody emaciated, falling
ever downward.

what once was is no more
what could have been is lost
what was straight is twisted
man the maker, destroyed and he falls
ever downward

Tom Mezger

THE SOUTHERNERS

By Norwood "Red" Pope

I PLAY with The Southeners. My American Federation of Musicians union card says I'm a drummer, and as long as I pay my dues and keep a beat that's right, that's what I'll be . . . until a better one comes along anyway. This band business is a novelty to me, it always has been, and I get a kick out of playing on the weekends. There are twelve other guys playing too, and we have a great time and make a little spending money so we can keep our uniforms clean and have a date every now and then. But it's more than that which keeps The Southerners alive. It's an intangible thing, something I can't put my finger on, or anyone else in the band. There is just something in our blood, mixed in with the red and white corpuscles, that tells us that it's fun and something to keep. Maybe that's why we have kept our crew alive and built a reputation for ourselves; anyway, we think it's a great thing and we're proud to play in it.

I still laugh when I think of the crazy way we got started back in March, 1951. While some of the guys were up in the attic of the K A House one night working on Homecoming decorations, four of us decided to break open our instrument cases, wipe the dust left over from high school off the instruments, and make a little noise we could possibly call music. I set up my drums, Bill Tomlinson took out a sax as did Hugh Pearson, and Roy Fulcher fixed the slide on his trombone and we sat down to do some serious playing. At first it was just one of those crazy notions that the guys get around a fraternity house when you look for things to do other than study, but it caught fire.

The four of us used to talk about that "egg" we had up in the attic, that "Golden Egg" that we were going to sit on and hatch one of these days. That egg was our band, and we had that "can't miss" attitude that some day it would hatch into something real. Of course it appealed to us at first that we'd just have a four or five piece combo for fun, but wilder ideas entered the conversation. We had to have a piano, and then a trumpet is almost essential. Pretty soon we figured that a couple of more saxes and another trumpet would make great harmony, and a bass fiddle would add to the rhythm. There you have it. We started out to kill a night, and wound up with ideas for a full dance orchestra. The idea sounded good when we discussed it, but on paper it looked expensive, and a long way off. Then too, we only had four sure musicians.

While we were still beating the idea around in our heads we were also looking for other guys who thought along the same musical lines as we did. In this respect we were fortunate, for pretty soon we were assembling the men we needed. Jack Rogers used to play his

Norwood "Red" Pope, a senior from Raleigh, made his first appearance in the STUDENT *two years ago with a feature on trainer Ernie McKenzie. "Red" was sports editor on the "Old Gold and Black" and has been a cheerleader for two years now. This is "Red's" second year as drummer with the Southerners. An English major, "Red" plans to spend a couple of years with the army following graduation in June.*

trumpet for kicks out of his dorm window, and one of us heard him. He liked the idea and joined up. Aggie Hanzas was pretty good on the piano, looked like a good prospect, and wanted to join the ranks. Al Dew was soliciated from the marching band of the College, and sounded anxious, and Dave Dickie had strummed a bass fiddle in an Army band in Japan and needed the extra dough. A fellow named Mack Matthews could read music like it was English in a book, and jumped on the bandwagon. Phil Cook could handle a sax so he enlisted. I remembered that Joe Ward had played in the high school band back home, and so he brought his trumpet and we had the pieces we needed. This was the first Southerners, the first independent dance band on the campus of Wake Forest College, completely apart from the College's music department, and free of any interference whatsoever. From here on it was up to us.

Someone had to be the leader, because most all bands have one. We were no different, so Tomlinson and Fulcher decided they would be the leaders since it had been their idea. After all, someone had to put money into the band and no one else had any at the time, so they were unanimously elected. This one factor alone proved later to be the deciding factor in our survival. Two good men with experience and high hopes held the reigns, and the "horses" were ready to pull. Since both of these boys and the other two original members, Pearson and myself, were all members of a southern fraternity, the leaders decided to call the group The Southerners, with music in the Southern style, whatever that is. From now on we had to play music in the southern style whether we liked it or not. Bill nor Roy had any contracts on us. We could quit any time we pleased. We didn't have to go to practices if we didn't feel like it, because we weren't bound to the band in any way. That is, in any way except through our consciences and love for dance music. We thought we had a great idea, and we wanted to see it materialize through our combined efforts.

Roy was from Rocky Mount and knew where we could get some old music and some used stands from a dead band. For almost nothing we bought them both and began rehearsals. All the music was the stuff they used to dance to back in the early forties, but most of it was more or less immortal. All of the arrangements were strictly stock, and fairly easy to play. We needed a place to rehearse, and the Recreation Room seemed the most likely. About twice a week we would move our equipment in, all except a bass which we didn't have and couldn't afford, and began rehearsals. The sound bounced all around the room and hit us in the faces, but that was alright, for at last something was underway. For some two months we practiced in the Music-Religion building, sending broken notes all over the place until what we had feared happened. Since we had no affiliation with the College at all, no sanctioning by the College, we did not belong to the College. We were disturbing others we were told, and promptly moved from the premises. Now the drive was on to locate another rehearsal hall. But still another drive was motivated, and that was a drive to make good in spite of all obstacles.

After a two-week lay-off, plans and arrangements

were made with the local American Legion group to facilitate our using their hall if we would be responsible for any possible damages and buy the oil for the stove. This seemed a satisfactory bargain so we moved to "The Hut" as we called it. Actually it was just that. Made of cinder brick, it was located in a damp, muddy field one block behind the city jail, a perfect place we figured, since we were considered by some as outlaws. We were independent, and what we did had to be done on an independent basis.

Through the entire winter we practiced twice a week in The Hut. The one oil stove gave poor heat, and so we crowded around it to practice. More times than not it was so cold that some of the men had to wear gloves to play. Vapor would come out of the bells of the horns from the breaths of the men it was so chilly. The floor and walls were so damp that the skins on my drums sounded like wet cardboard, and it was next to impossible to tighten them enough. The cardboard stands even molded when left for awhile. After a big rain we had to carry the instruments in from the paved street over a block away since the roads were so muddy we couldn't drive a car near it. Still, whatever it is that's mixed in with those corpuscles stayed with us, and the band continued to function. All this time Bill and Roy were writing for jobs. Few of them answered, and those who did fell through for the most part. Things looked bad during February.

Grades came out pretty soon, and a couple of the boys decided it wasn't worth it. We were left without two or three men, but we looked for new ones. Then it happened! Bill received a letter wanting us to play, and the grades were forgotten and we began to do more serious work. The job was in Red Oak, N. C., and was for a high school alumni organization. We figured that some fifty folks in overalls would be there yelling for a square dance. When the big night arrived we almost dropped dead. Some three hundred people, yearning for all types of music, crowded into the well-decorated gym, and we felt faint. It's a funny feeling to play your first job. I guess it's kinda' like taking a quiz you're not sure you know. You might hit the prof on the questions, you might guess enough to pass, or you might flunk. Right then, we were all ready to drop the course.

After we set up and started playing it came natural to us. Those nights of practice came in mighty good, and we thought we sounded pretty good. The folks must have thought so too because they asked us back the following year. One funny thing did happen though. The dance chairman asked us to play a Grand March. We didn't anticipate such, so he caught us right off our guard, and we were stumped as to what would fit. We only had some thirty pieces in our repetoire, and they were just dance numbers. Roy came to the rescue. The day before he had bought five booklets entitled "Handy Tunes For All Occasions," and in them were The Star Spangled Banner, Jingle Bells, Auld Lang Syne, and that sort of stuff. Finally, all ten men looked on five books and sight-read for the first time the French National Anthhem, *La Marseilles*. We played it thirteen times through without stopping until the March had ended, and then we collapsed. The crowd applauded, the dance chairman congratulated us, and we all breathed a sigh of relief. We had started, and now we would never give up. As long as we could possibly continue on this path, we'd never quit the idea.

The rest of that spring was pretty fair. We practiced still, and the warm weather made the Hut bearable, and actually we got better and better. There were two more jobs that spring, but we were looking forward to the next fall. The fall came alright, and with it more troubles. There had been a few changes in personnel, and pressure was being put on us from different sources. It was now necessary for us to join the musicians' union. Not that we were so good, but in the event we wanted to play for any colleges or in a number of select places, we had to be union. We all got together one night, voted, and decided to join up with Petrillo and his crew. This, too, proved to be a major factor in our success. In a few days we were all in the American Federation of Musicians, Local 500 . . . bona fide, dues-paying professionals, so it said on the card. Now the time came to live up to the name professional and also to draw those tangible things that professionals draw, namely cash.

The Wake Forest set as yet hadn't realized that we were around. Most of the folks knew that a bunch of us got together ever so often and played, but few knew that we really had a big band. Mars Hill sent us Joe Taylor to play the piano, and "Tiny" Mimms came to us from Greensboro. Both were terrific, and "Tiny" even took a first chair position on the sax. The only Yankee on the roster became our bass fiddle man. Rogers' new roommate was a baseball playing New Jersey lad with the name of Lucarella. This sounded like a musician, so Chuck became our bass man, and the only Yankee with The Southerners. Every now and then someone from the union had to fill in due to illness or for some other reason, but basically, this was the band that was to do the big stuff. These were the boys who were to put the name of The Southerners on top in North Carolina social circles. But it took hard work to do it.

The Monogram Club and the Woman's Government helped us to get off to a start by engaging us for some local dances in the Community House, and then we really started to send out the publicity. We engaged Pumphrey-Allsbrook Agency in Richmond, the one that started Johnny Long and Johnny Satterfield up the ladder, and "Duck" Lewis from Burlington to help us with our bookings. We printed some 1,000 attractive publi-

city folders which we went to a special mailing list. Hundreds of letters were written to high schools and civic clubs throuhout the state and part of Virginia. More money went into the latest music, and new stands were purchased, both at a handsome sum. Members of the band bought new instruments on the pay-as-you-go plan, and the heavy work for the "big" year was underway.

Soon the letters began coming in. The telephone was for Roy or Bill three-fourths of the time, and most of the time the calls were for jobs. Things were looking up. The men themselves became even more enthusiastic, if this was possible, and we were ready to hit the circuit. Since the spring is the biggest dance season, the jobs were few and far between for the fall, but enough came in to pay off the debts. Still there were no contracts on us, and Bill and Roy trusted that we would be there at all times, which we were. Every night after a dance the two of them would approach each of us, take out a roll of bills, pay us in cash, and keep the rest. Of course the rest sounds like a lot when you figure some two hundred dollars per job, but when you pay ten men three dollars per hour, the leaders double according to union rolls, rent on a bass fiddle and a sound system, a vocalist, transportation, out of district percentage, and incidentals, there isn't a great deal left. Little by little they paid for the stands and the music, and even bought some new equipment and scores. Now our corpuscles were being pushed out by whatever it is mixed in with our blood that makes us want to play.

Our Richmond agency came through for us on a New Year's Eve job in Cherry Point which netted each man twenty bucks, so we were feeling fine. Woman's College in Greensboro gave us a job in the gym, and that was worth playing for without money. One can't imagine the thrill of playing for folks you used to be in high school with or for some 500 Marines just back from Korea. It was all like a dream come true for us, for we really felt as if we were accomplishing something now. The spring season was just around the corner, and we couldn't wait.

The Student Chapel Committee gave us what we thought was our biggest break. Aftcr months of trying and persuading the faculty and others, we were scheduled to play a chapel concert for the entire Student Body. This doesn't sound like much to some, but to us it was almost the top. Now we could show the students that The Southerners were real. They were still independent of the College, but an integral part of it. We were all students like they were, but we had something more; we had a dance band that was going places. A dance band that fought and struggled to stay alive, and now was able to show what it really was. For the first time in the history of Wake Forest College, for the first time since the chapel had been built, a dance band, playing popular music was to perform on the campus. Never before had such a thing happened here. We played like professionals that day, and we proved that there was more to The Southerners than just an idea or a lot of hot air. The students liked us that morning, and not just because we were something different from a boring speaker. Now they knew that we were able to represent them "out there." The same committee again honored us in a similar fashion in the fall of this year.

During the spring we played for more than twenty high schools, again for a society dance at W.C., for the annual Leaksville Cotton festival, for a fraternity dance in Chapel Hill and for one in Wake Forest, and for the granddaddy of them all, the annual June-German. But better than all of these was the fact that our own Wake Forest Inter-fraternity Council believed in us and contracted us to play for their annual Spring Dance. Of course we tried our best, and folks said we did well; anyway, we thought so. Now, almost a year later, this same group proved that they still believe that we are good, for they again engaged us for their Christmas Dance. When your own friends and classmates back you, you can't miss if you try, and we sure try.

We all got a big charge out of the high school Junior-Seniors. To the younger folks we were like Ray Anthony or Ralph Flanagan are to college folks. When Rogers would stand up with the stage spots gleaming off his trumpet and with the notes of our theme song "Tenderly" floating through the crowd, goose bumps went popping out all over us, and a chilly sensation went through our spines, no matter how often we did it. Although we played the same music over and over on different nights, none of it ever got old to us, and we always tried to play them better. The girls would crowd around the stage on special numbers, and all the guys got a kick out of that. When one of us would take a ride and everyone would stop dancing, gather around the bandstand and watch, and then clap, it was the greatest feeling in the world. I guess this was what they call "sitting on top of the world."

Junior-Seniors are big events to those high school kids, so we acted as if they were just as big to us. Decorations would always fascinate us, and one night we would play "in China," the next night "in Hawaii," and the next weekend we'd play from the deck of some ship. Many of us collected the programs which had our names in them, and some of the guys even have some of the oriental lanterns that were hung around the gyms on the "China" night. This all might sound foolish, but to us it was a lot of fun and something to look back on. None of us were music majors, and these things

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THE GARDEN

By Tom Mezger

The tenants on the big farm had not moved. Their's was the last house standing, and they were staying as long as they could. Everyday they watched the bulldozers and carryalls move closer, spiralling in lumbering, concentric circles. Everyday they watched the steel blades roll back rich topsoil. Everyday they watched the surveyor, moving ahead of the machines, drive in more stakes. Everyday moving closer to their little truck garden neatly laid out in weedless rows of vegetables.

The white frame house and the patch of green was all that was left of once fertile acres. All else was yellow clay.

Six children gathered around the survey party and eyed every movement made. They joked with them and told them all sorts of tall tales. In return they let them look through the transit. One at a time the men held them up to let them squint through the barrel of the gun.

"What's this do?" and a small hand twisted the vernier screw.

"Don't touch that, you'll upset the works."

But it was too late. We took another sight and turned another angle.

"Okay, you've all seen it now, so scram," Mackson chased them in a good-natured manner.

Mackson was head of the party. This airport job was a government job and Mackson was doing it to make sure that there were no mixups. He was a big guy about fifty. His face was always a red-brown and his hands were big and rough. And he liked his work. He looked like the kind of guy who lives outside all the time.

The kids stood off for awhile, but they finally began edging up to the gun again.

"What're you doin'?"

"We're building a great big swimming pool."

"Ah, we are not. We're making a river."

That made the six kids laugh.

"What's the matter, don't you believe us?"

"Ma says you're making an airport. She says we got to move soon."

"Yeah, you're goin' to knock our house down just like you did to that big one over there."

"No, we're not going to knock your house down."

"Ma says you are."

Tom Mezger, co-editor of the STUDENT, *is a senior from Sewell, New Jersey, and a Psychology-Philosophy major. Tom was art and layout editor of the magazine last year and is handling that end again this year. In addition to art work Mezger has contributed both short stories and poetry for previous issues. His poem "Fate" was selected for publication in the 1952 National Anthology of College Poetry. Tom plans to do graduate work upon graduation from Wake Forest.*

"Go on, scram. I've got too much to do to talk to you all day," and Mackson opened his field book and began to figure.

He looked up from his book.

"Lets run this road through."

Running the road through meant pounding center stakes every fifty feet, and curb stakes fifteen feet from the center stake on each side. Mackson squinted into the gun. The cross-hairs hit a spot in the middle of the front door of the house.

"Let's knock off for lunch. It's getting hot. Leave the gun set up where it is. We can run the road through after lunch."

The men lounged as well as they could in the station wagon and chewed sandwiches without talking. When he was through eating Mackson filled his pipe, lit it, slumped down under the wheel and smoked deeply drawing the smoke into his mouth and then letting it bellow forth and escape slowly through drawn lips.

The machinery began to roll again. More soil was scraped away. Mackson watched and smoked. Finally he knocked his pipe against his heel. He sat looking at the salt and pepper ashes on the yellow ground. Deliberately he placed his pipe above the sun visor.

"Well," he breathed, "let's get back to work. We have to run that road through this afternoon."

Mackson slowly reset the gun. He twisted each screw until the bubbles showed that it was all level. The rodmen measured ahead. Thud, thud, thud as the men drove each stake into the baked yellow clay. Four stakes. The fifth point fell just inside the edge of the garden. Three good blows drove it into the receptive soil, and five heads appeared in the windows of the house. The next stake in the middle of the garden. Mackson raised the telescope. The cross-hairs hit along side the door. The rodman marked the spot with blue crayon, and then he walked quietly across the porch and down the steps, glad the job was done. But ten eyes followed him, and he knew . . .

"Good. Now lets set up in back of the house and go right on," Mackson spoke softly to the men.

The rest of the party pushed ahead, but Mackson remained behind to look over plans and to make additional entries in the field book.

There was the twang of a door spring and then the inevitable slap of the door. A woman *was standing* on the porch of the house. Then she walked to the garden to see what had been done. Mackson looked up.

"Lady, would you be careful when you hoe not to move the stakes."

"Yeah, I'll be careful," she menaced.

"Well look lady. This is government property now, and you'll have to take any troubles up with them. It might not be too good an idea to move the stakes much."

"This here is my garden. Now get out. Do you hear. Get out!"

"All right, lady, but it you move the stakes . . . well, just don't, please."

She stood still, her arms folded across her stomach. Her grey eyes drove through and beyond Mackson, and he turned and walked away.

He reached the car and turned. The woman was still standing and still staring. He started the motor and drove behind the house. The road was behind him now and he worked ahead with his back to the house, but he felt the eyes of the children on his back. "Yeah, You're goin' to knock our house down just like you did to that big one over there. Ma says you are."

Ma says you are.

1,000 more feet of road — stakes every fifty feet.

Ma says you are.

Mackson looked at his watch. 3:30.

"Okay fellows, lets quit for the day." I want to see

Polsky before I leave. Pack up the stuff and meet over in section 215."

Mackson walked across the yellow clay toward the spot where the bulldozers were *grinding* away the earth.

"Hey Polsky! Polsky!" Mackson vied with the roar of the diesels. "Come here a minute. I want to see you."

Polsky stopped the dozer and climbed from the grumbling heap.

"We've had some trouble over in the gulley. I figured it out again last night and that section won't drain if there is a heavy rain. Instead of going over to the house tomorow, stop by the gulley. We've got to push some more fill in. See you in the morning."

The station wagon drove up. Mackson got in.

No one spoke, then Phil, one of the rodman broke the silence.

"Polsky going to tear up the garden tomorrow?"

"No, there's some trouble in the gulley. Polsky will be down there with us all day. Another day. Damn, but that gulley is a headache."

At home Mackson's son and daughter, both home from college for the summer, greeted him at the door. At din-

ner he was preoccupied. The family knew it, but it often happened.

Ma says you are.

Mackson made it a practice not to talk of field or office problems at home. But . . .

"There's a woman out at the airport job. . . . That one you saw last Sunday. The one where the old farm was. Well, the house is gone now. But the tenant house is still there. That woman's the darndest thing I've ever seen. Seems as though she won't leave. She's got a little garden there and the way she looks after it you might think that its all she's got in the world. And that's not even hers," he tried to joke, but no one thought it funny.

"Carl," his wife spoke. "When will that job be done?"

"If all goes as well as it is going now, I'll be out of there by next week."

"That's good."

Even at home he could not escape the woman. He looked at his children. Ma says you are. Ma says you are.

On the way to the project the next morning Mackson stopped by the house. He had expected just what he found. His stakes were pulled and lying in a neat pile at the edge of the garden. He sent one of the rodmen to tell Polsky he'd be over in about an hour.

"Let's set up again. Get a sight on the monument. We'll have to put these stakes in again. Polsky will be over here tomorrow and he'll need the stakes."

The door spring again and then the slam. Mackson turned. The woman strode toward him.

"What d'ya think you're doin'? Get out and stay out."

"Look lady . . ."

"Get out. This is my property. I've got rights the same as anybody else. If you don't get out quick you'll wish you did."

"Look lady," Mackson tried again, "we've got to put put these stakes in and they've got to stay in. I waited till last to do your house, but now it's got to go."

"Try it. That's all I've got to say. Try it," she spat at him.

"Lady, this is government work. Just let us do what we have to do."

"Get out. You heard."

Mackson hesitated a minute. The law was with him, but he didn't want to call anybody, and even less did he want to threaten the woman.

"Lady, either you let us alone, or I'll get that State cop over there. I don't want to get you in trouble, so let us alone. The stakes won't hurt your garden, and the dozers won't be around for a couple more days."

She turned abruptly from Mackson and looked toward the house where six pairs of eyes peered through all the downstairs windows.

"Kids, come on out here."

Twang, slam.

"Okay, lets get this stuff up."

Hands grabbed, pulling carrots, beets, stripping pea and bean vines. And Mackson looked on not knowing what to say.

"Lady, you don't have to do that. Wait a while."

She looked up then stood up.

"What do you want I should do? Let them things dig 'em up?"

"Lady, I've got to put the stakes back in now."

"Get out, I told you before. Now get."

"Lady, do you see that cop there. Now you move in or I'm going to get him."

The woman looked and saw the cop talking to one of the contractors. She turned quickly.

"Come on kids, let's go in."

The surveyors started putting in stakes again. The rodmen were in the center of the garden and the door twanged and then slammed. Everyone turned in the direction of the house.

The woman was advancing slowly with a leveled rifle. The barrel shone flashing blue in the sunlight — the same sunlight that was reflecting from the silver hair of the woman. Mackson looked at her. She was not an old woman. Perhaps 35. But her life showed in every line of her face and in her tired but defiant eyes.

"Get. I mean business this time. The first one that puts a foot in this here garden's gonna get shot," her words burst staccato-like.

"Lady, you're going to get in trouble. Put down that gun."

"Get out of here."

Mackson watched her closely. He knew she meant business. He had been in spots like this one before and for him there was only one recourse.

"Hey, Pete! Come on over here."

The cop didn't hear.

Mackson looked at the woman. Her eyes were filling with tears.

"Let me have the gun," he pleaded.

The woman handed him the rifle. He broke it, then closed it again and gave it back to here. She turned and walked back to the porch. Slumped on the steps, she watched the men drive stakes into the garden. Her children crept from the house and gathered around her.

Around the house on all sides the bulldozers roared and moved earth from one spot to another, laying bare the yellow clay and filling the air with stiffling yellow dust.

On the porch huddled the group.

"My poor little garden. All this land and they got to take my poor damn little garden. My poor damn little garden . . ."

By Allyn Gibson

Down into the deep, dank dark
I whirled
Meeting queer, quiet objects
of my mind.
They swam 'round my head
so daringly that
I fought . . .

More dizzyingly than e'er before
I fell,
Passed swirling specters
in the night,
Smoke billowed through the
clammy air—
My nostrils . . .

My eyes grew weary
at the sight
Of swirling specters
in the night.
A flickering flame
flew round about—
I watched . . .

A mass of mangled objects
danced—
The flame of Hell
grew high—
A twisted form o'ertook me
and
I fell . . .

The air was filled with a
rotten stench;
A molten form
arose . . .
The mightiest of the
motley crew—
Death!

THE PUBLICITY MAN

BY HAROLD POWELL

TOM BOST'S business is selling Wake Forest College to the nation. From his words people from Boston to Fort Worth form definite opinions of Wake Forest, her students, faculty, and athletics.

Since he took over here in 1946 as Wake's first full-time publicity man, the five-foot, seven-inch dynamo named Bost has traveled over 36,000 miles, mostly by air to tell the nation of her tradition, sports, and academics.

If the authority of the pen supercedes the power of the sword, then Bost's typewriter must outclass a machine gun in the business of public opinion. The Wake Forest News Bureau, in the rotunda of Wait Hall, issues forth 1,800 newspaper stories, 2,000 pictures and stacks of assorted correspondence each year to tell the nation that Wake Forest College is making her bid for prominence.

A small frame, prodigious memory, and keen sense of humor characterize the man named Bost. Once on a television program in Boston before a Boston College-Wake Forest football game, Tom Bost was interviewed with the Boston College coach, Denny Meyers. Meyers' team was the underdog and the B. C. coach was "crying" in no uncertain terms over the coming game with a Wake team which boasted among other things a 212-pound line. Meyers was going into the fourth stanza of his funeral dirge about the middle of the show when the unpredictable Mr. Bost pulled a large white towel from under the table and handed it to Meyers. The towel was marked in big black letters, "WAKE FOREST CRYING TOWEL." Meyers countered quickly, however, and claimed that the only bright ray was that the big Wake Forest team would tilt the field, thus making it possible for the Boston College players to run down hill.

As part of the sports publicity phase of Bost's double-barreled job, he travels ahead of the football team to distant games to make sure that local sports pages will boost Wake Forest and to insure the football gate receipts which support the entire athletic and intra-mural program of the school.

Consequently, when fall and football season arrive each year, said T. Bost packs his blue travel case, a gift of Pan American Airlines, gets a new supply of "No-Doz" tablets and begins a "Tub-Thumping" crusade which annually takes him to distant points to build interest and ticket sales for Demon Deacon football games.

In his seven seasons, since coming here from the U. N. C. News Bureau, Bost has covered 69 consecutive Wake football games, a record which no other person here holds. His major trips have been to Philadelphia, Boston, Pittsburgh, Knoxville, Fort Worth, Chattanooga, Witchita, Dallas, Birmingham, and Washington, D. C.

Aside from his writing and personal contacts, public speaking takes a good portion of Bost's time. He has toured North Carolina to make 40 speeches, 12 television appearances, and 300 radio shows as part of "Tub-Thumping" crusade.

Wake Foresters have a right to be proud of Tom Bost because in his business he is among the top. In fact, he has obtained three distinctive honors, including national leadership, while here in the publicity field. He was elected President of the Athletic Collegiate Publicity men of the nation in 1949 and staged two national conventions that year of the American College Public Relations Association at New York and Ann Arbor, Michigan.

The preceding year he had been director of District IV (N. C., Virginia, W. Virginia, Maryland, Washington, and Delaware) of the ACPRA.

It was in 1950, however, that Bost won for himself and Wake Forest the highest possible honor in the collegiate publicity field. He was chosen then, "The outstanding sports publicist among the medium-sized (enrollment less than 3,000) colleges and universities of the nation." At Kansas City on March 13, 1950, he received the presentation of the Helms Athletic Foundation Award. Selection was made from a poll of all radio and news writers of the nation.

Every student will receive publicity this year from the

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Harold Powell is better known around the "Old Gold and Black" office than the STUDENT *although his feature on Tom Bost above marks his third appearance in the pages of the magazine. Harold is a senior from Raleigh, an English major, and plans a career of journalism following graduation in June.*

Review

THE OLD MAN AND THE SEA

By Ernest Hemingway, Reviewed by Otis Gossman, Jr.

FOR MORE than a decade now novelists, both American and European, have leaned heavily in the direction of a thorough-going pessimism, an attitude by and large manifesting but a minimum of hope for an intellectually and morally damned mankind. More than not this has been perpetuated with an especial emphasis upon man's sexual nature and all the connotations, base and otherwise, contingent with such a one-sided materialistic attitude.

Then in the midst of all this comes one of the great American writers who cries out that man is not licked, that you may beat him physically, but you can never touch the one essential aspect about which his whole being revolves, his spirit and his courage. Hemingway's *The Old Man and the Sea* bobs up like a raft of hope in a writer's sea of despair and futility. For a man of Hemingway's intellectual and artistic stature openly to illustrate this great truth, to restore faith in man's inherent ability to arise through courage from the almost overwhelming material burdens, inflicted upon him by a materialistic "don't give a damned world," is like a breath of fresh air in a T. S. Eliot Wasteland.

Ten years ago Hemingway wrote in the Introduction to *Men at War,* "A writer's job is to tell the truth. His standard of fidelity to the truth should be so high that his invention, out of his experience, should produce a truer account than anything factual can be. For facts can be observed badly; but when a good writer is creating something, he has time and scope to make it an absolute truth. If, during a war, conditions are such that a writer cannot publish the truth because its publication would do harm to the state he should write and not publish. If he cannot make a living without publishing he can work at something else. But if he ever writes what he knows in his inner self is not true, for no matter what patriotic motives, then he is finished. After the war the people will have none of him because he, whose obligation is to tell the truth, has lied to them. And he will never be at peace with himself because he has deserted his one complete obligation."

And then two years ago William Faulkner, in his Nobel Prize speech, carried this a step further.

"I decline to accept the end of man. It is easy enough to say that man is immortal simply because he will endure; that when the last ding-dong of doom has clanged and faded from the last worthless rock hanging tideless in the last red dying evening, that even then there will be one more sound: that of his puny inexhaustible voice, still talking. I decline to accept this. I believe that man will not merely endure: he will prevail. He is immortal, not because he alone among creatures has an inexhaustible voice but he has a soul, a spirit capable of compassion and sacrifice and endurance. The poet's, the writer's, duty is to write about these things."

Santiago, the tragic protagonist of *The Old Man and the Sea,* after eighty-four consecutive days without a strike still refuses to relinquish a clinging attachment that the next day or the next will bring the fish. And on the eighty-fifth day his hope blossoms into a reality when a giant marlin takes the bait at a hundred fathoms on a warm September morning. For three days the battle between the giant fish and the old Cuban fisherman rages, Santiago attempting to maintain his ebbing strength on peices of raw fish flushed down with hasty swallows from the water bottle while the marlin lifts the skiff like a top over the miles of the blue green waters of the Gulf Stream. And then on noon of the third day the battle expires and Santiago lashes the fish, two feet longer than the boat, to the side. Feeling a certain warmness inside that pushes the weariness from his body, the old man turns the boat back toward the harbor.

Within the hour the first shark struck, ripping a forty pound hunk from the side of the marlin. Santiago's harpoon flashed true but already the scent of the blood had spread through the water. Another came, and another. The old man fought with all the strength and courage left in his rapidly weakening body, but to no avail. All that remained the next morning was the skeleton. Santiago climbed from the boat at the dock, his face and hands still bearing testimony of the conflict, took up the mast and walked home to sleep a long tired sleep. There would be other days. It was still September, the month of the big fish.

No other contemporary writer could equal Hemingway's simplicity of prose style in the development of the courageous Santiago. From the first sentence the reader is plunged into the character of the quiet old man thrust against the background of the mighty Gulf Stream. And when he has read the last line of the 27,000 words he has the quiet assurance of having read and lived a mighty prose poem about a man who would not say die.

Hemingway has long been attracted by the intangible

(Continued on page twenty-seven)

Otis Gossman, a senior English-Philosophy major from South Florida, begins his second year on Publications Row as Literary editor for the STUDENT *and business manager on "Old Gold and Black." Gossman is a regular contributor of short stories, poems, and features to the* STUDENT. *His poem "Autumn" in the October issue was selected for publication in the National Anthology of College Poetry this fall. He plans a writing career after leaving Wake Forest.*

EXECUTIVE SUITE. By Cameron Hawley. 346 pp. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. Clothbound, $3. New York: Ballantine Books. Paperbound, 35c.

THIS IS the first book to appear under the imprint of Ballantine Books, the most recent and best publicized effort to promote simultaneous publication of both hard-cover and paperback editions. Paperback books are still comparatively new on the American market. Although many readers have come to take them for granted, paperback editions of current novels and reprints of outstanding works were not always available—at any price.

It was in the late thirties that paperbacks were introduced into this country. Penguin books, printed in England, were imported for domestic sale. Results were amazing. During World War II, the government aided in the promotion of paperback books by ordering tons of them for shipment to members of the armed forces overseas. The big deluge of paperbacks came on the American news-stand shortly after the close of the war.

Some figures released recently by Ian Ballantine, now head of Ballantine Books and formerly head of Bantam Books, seem almost unbelievable. Paperback editions are produced at the rate of 250,000 per printing. This figure is only the beginning. Whether the book is an original novel or a reprint, the initial publication figure is the same. Additional printings may vary according to demand, and there are frequent demands.

Mr. Ballantine was a pioneer in the paperback field in the beginning. He is now pioneering in the field of joint publication in paperback and hardback editions. Houghton Mifflin is one of few, very few hardback publishers, who have seen fit to co-operate in his venture.

The basic problem confronting large hardback publishers is one of simple economics. It costs more to buy a manuscript, print it, bind it and produce it than the average reader is willing to pay. The basic problem confronting the paperback publishers is one of quality. It is easier to attract second-rate authors or use material on which copyrights have expired than it is to pay for the first quality work of today's outstanding authors.

Conceivably, the venture which Mr. Ballantine is launching through the co-operation of Houghton Mifflin can help to solve the problem.

Sales on paperback books have now reached a point which permits paperback publishers to bid effectively for some first-class work. Hardback publishers apparently are recognizing the new and growing competition and are seeking also to share in the profits which are to be made from paperback editions.

There is no pat answer to the problem of book publishing. Authors are faced with the problem of giving up the "respectability" of being published by better-known and perhaps better advertised hardback houses in return for the guaranteed profits of paperbacks.

(Continued on page twenty-six)

L. M. Wright, editor of "Old Gold and Black," is a senior English major and has been at both Wingate and George Washington University. L. M. contributed several short stories to last years magazine and was a student last summer at the Bread Loaf Writer's Conference. The only married man on Publications Row, L. M. plans upon a career in journalism and creative writing. Incidentially, in February he will become a father.

THE BICYCLE RIDER IN BEVERLY HILLS
By William Saroyan—Reviewed by Camp Mason

THIS IS a book that is, without any disguise, about William Saroyan. The author as a father watches his son repeat the activities and responses of his own youth and drifts into a reverie of recollection. As the Saroyan of today contemplates the Saroyan of yesterday there appear certain vivid images, a bridge, a phonograph, a typewriter, a fire, the family, and streets around which group the beginningless and endless patterns of thought that are characteristic free flow of remembrances. Experiences with his family, selling newspapers, delivering telegrams, living in the orphanage, are all linked to these images in a manner that is keynoted by the sense that one is, as on a bright sunny morning, noticing and understanding things that had never impressed him before. The atmosphere is one of warm fondness for life itself and of a joyful comprehension of it.

The book is filled with passages of vivid description, such as those that present the teacher in the school and the clothing salesman late to the fire that are both convincing and meaningful. These passages mark the points at which the artist asserts himself and dominates the sentimental father who feels that his childhood is of interest to others because it has contributed toward making him the worthwhile man that he must believe he is if he is to be at all content.

Saroyan tells of an episode in which he tries to force water to flow from one tin can to another by sheer willpower, feeling that if he could do so that the dead could be brought back to life again. The experiment concludes with an energetic game of kick-the-can, and is dropped so abruptly that one is inclined to ask, "So what?" Saroyan's reflections on the meaning of such incidents in the development of himself as man and artist are inclined to be incomplete enough to prompt the reader to ask the above question more times than seems to be necessary. The presence of the loving and sensitive man is apparent but the artist appears only sporadically.

Camp Mason, a History-Government major from Plymouth Meeting, Pa., has contributed book reviews to the STUDENT *for several semesters now.*

Winter

by Blevyn Hathcock

There is something in Bare limbs that I think eternally beautiful. There is something in dead leaves . . . their music as I walk in them and observe their falling, one by one . . . or in flocks, depending on the mood of the breeze. There is something in the grey stark bareness of Winter that appeals to me and causes me to laud it.

My favorite season? Yes, I know. Spring is yours and yours and yours. Winter is a necessary evil of transition from the beauties of fall to the balminess and intoxication of Spring. Winter is something to be tolerated, endured, mumbled about and wished to go away . . . something escaped from by those with means. Winter is an intruder. The inspiration of cocoons and the disintegrating force of activities and cliques.

There are cocoons of people inside barriers of wraps . . . and even the eyes are downcast and the pace hurried . . . never looking right or left, never taking the long way home or even the most beautiful . . . but the one that will get you inside another cocoon quickly.

There is illness . . . not from the cold, but from the dread . . . weakness of spirit . . . cherishing no battle with the elements, cherishing no emotional reliefs by the strong wind in your hair and your face tingling and the air clean and raw in your nostrils.

Only when there is the climax of snow are people expressive of tolerance. Without realizing it, they spontaneously chatter with each other and exclaim. It is a common phenomena . . . something outside themselves, and they emerge from their separate worlds and compare sentiments. Rarely, with the snow's first day, are the sentiments negative. They are all caught up in the same hilarious mood.

From my window I watched, day by day, the transition, the coming of winter. And day by day, as the raging beauty disintegrated, there grew inside me a respect, a recognition of Winter that had never before existed. In comparison, I saw Fall as an exploiter, splashing beauty and creating a supremeness of everything . . . for a brief spell stealing the show as the most beautiful and remarkable of dramas. Winter wasn't an anti-climax at all.

There is a bare tree immediately in front of the moonrise. White and strong and tall. It is alive, with soul bared. No camouflage or superficial exterior. Nothing to hide from any eyes. No need for dressing up or flavoring. It is natural and genuine.

Some see . . . some don't. For they are so indoctrinated with ungenuine, frivolous superficial existence which demands persons to adopt traits and mannerisms that aren't natural . . . but have evolved as accepted social niceties. They are those who are afraid to be honest and open.

Why do persons so conscientiously rake up their leaves? Leaving the ground bare and hard. They have misplaced their appreciation for bareness. Why do persons not regard a snowflake's perfect starshape and be awed by the beauty . . . or the magnificence of a mountain peak, silver in the new morning after the snow . . . or the brilliance of night sky and the stars of the winter . . . or the frozen prisms of ice in a little stream . . . or the harmony in the very greyness . . . or how much better one can see and love the sunset through the barren trees? . . . Or why can't they think there beauty in the moan of the wind and the melancholy creak of the toolshed door . . . and in the way the sun slants obliquely into the classroom? Why cannot they be inspired by the Majesty and Strength and Freedom and not ever close themselves up in cocoons and wait for Spring?

THE SOUTHERNERS

(Continued from page thirteen)

were all that would remind us materially of those "good old days" with The Southerners.

It's not all fun and no work, that's for sure. For instance, one weekend we traveled over 125 miles to play a Junior-Senior after classes ended on Friday. The dance was from eight until twelve, so after it was over we packed up and returned the distance to school. The next day, Saturday, we left after classes for Leaksville, way up past Greensboro, and almost to Virginia. After four hours playing there we packed up again and headed back to Wake Forest, arriving around dawn. For three months we adhered to such a schedule. Playing every Friday and Saturday night for such a long period while you go to school in the day can get rough on a person, physically and mentally. However, none of the guys complained because this was fun to us. Miraculously none of the men failed a subject because of the band, and many of them profited by their experience, one of the profits being monetary.

The Southerners are good-will ambassadors each time they leave the campus. Although the college does not recognize them in any way as an offical part of the annual "rushing" program, the band does a lot to encourage students to come to Deacon Hollow. If any member of the group, or the group as a whole, acts in a manner unbecoming a gentleman, then there is a reflection on the school. That is the reason that we do our best for the school as well as for ourselves. We talk to approximately ten people each time we play for a high school dance, encouraging them to come to Wake Forest. In fact, there are three boys who might come to this school next fall if they think they can make the grade with our band. They thought enough of us to make that stipulation, and we, of course, assured them there would be a place for them. There are times when we don't really help the college due to the lack of time, but many are the times when we could hurt it. Even though we are independent of the college, the boys themselves made as one of their policies "The betterment of our college through our band." So far we hope it's paid off, somehow.

When the members of the Carolina Cotillion Club began searching for a college dance band to precede Johnny Long's orchestra for the 79th annual June-German in Rocky Mount, they came to hear The Southerner's. We didn't even know they were around in the town in which we were playing, in fact we wouldn't have known any of them had we seen them. Nevertheless, they interviewed us audibly as they did every other collegiate dance band in the entire state. Some time later we received a letter from them informing us that the Club had decided that we were the best college dance band in the state and that we had the opportunity to play for the big affair. It was that chance in a lifetime, and we jumped for it. Words can't describe the thrill it is to play for such an event, but we felt that thrill. For months we had played the same music to dancers all over the state, but that night was different. The same numbers sounded different, better, richer, fuller, and more professional. We put everything into it, and we got more than mere money. When Johnny Long told us that we had a fine band and the makings of a great one, we couldn't even

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Blevyn Hathcock, a senior English major, is a transfer from Appalachian. A frequent contributor last year under Carl Meigs as a feature writer, Blevyn rose to co-editorship of the STUDENT *this semester. Her short story, "The Discovery," appeared in the first issue this semester. Blevyn, probably one of the most sensitive writers to ever write for the magazine, plans on a teaching and writing career following graduation.*

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WAKE FOREST

thank him. We just stood with our mouths open. You can't appreciate such a commendation unless you are a part of The Southerners. That night we were celebrities, and we acted the part. We should have all received Academy Awards.

Many funny things have happened to us, and many serious ones. We realized that they were all a part of a dance band and coped with them the best we could. We had two words which described us perfectly, and they were "ups and downs."

After the spring season was over, the summer took nine of us to The Surf Club on Atlantic Beach near Morehead City. There we played a four-night stand with great success, each man having the time of his life doing nothing but playing music, swimming, playing some more music, sleeping, eating, and playing still more music. Even with this nightly job, we practiced five hours a day. During the summer we played also for the Wake Forest summer dance which was held in the Sir Walter Hotel in Raleigh. Now that the fall has arrived and we already have one private dance under our belts, we have nine jobs booked. These days we don't have to get out and search as much, the jobs are coming to us more and more. All of this means one thing, and that is the fact that we never said "die."

The draft hit Roy and graduation took our other trombone man, Al. Mack had to drop out to work in the cafeteria, and Hugh went to Med School. Vander Warner, who was added after Ward dropped and who became a great second trumpet, married and went to the Seminary. Our third trumpet man who was also added later was Bud Hames, now moved to the second chair. An arranger, composer, and all-'round musician, Ken Jolls, joined the band late in the spring, but has taken a scholarship to Peabody Conservatory and left school.

All of this looks tough someone might say, but such is not the case. One good thing about having the band around a college is the fact that there are always new men coming in. Barry Eubanks took one of the sax seats. Dick Beech received the baritone sax job. Another reed man who was a freshman was taken in this year, Joe Mims. We have some other additions along the line, but basically its the same group that started off two years ago. As long as there's a guy who likes to play music, there'll be a group called The Southerners.

Personalities have made the band what it is. No one person can receive all the credit for its being successful, even though some were more instrumental than others. Take Bill Tomlinson for instance. Bill took the burden of the publicity, talked with the two booking agents, directed the rehearsals, ordered the music, found new talent, acted as liaison officer with the union, and paid most of the bills. Bill started playing the sax after he gave up the flute as sissy in grammer school. The sax looked more sophisticated and grown up to him, and "I wanted to have a uniform like they had in high school." Bill

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played with a small combo in Thomasville until he went to Staunton Military Academy and there joined the Academy dance band. He figured it was better to sit and play the sax than march with a rifle, so he stuck to this idea when he enrolled in the ROTC last year. Through his never-say-die attitude and endless efforts, The Southerners have progressed to the point they attain today.

The band is made up of ministerial students, business majors, and journalism aspirants. None of us are music majors, and few of us will ever touch an instrument after we leave Wake Forest. Yet, we act as one, we work as a team. As one of the guys said the other night, "when one of us progresses, all of us do. No one man is much better or much worse than any other one. We play for the good of the band as a whole, and not for the glory of the individual." There is no question as to who the leader is. There's no griping about solos, we all know who is the most capable. That's why we are where we are, we all play together on the same team.

Its a comforting thought to us to know that we came all the way by ourselves. We didn't have any help from the outside in any way, materially or financially. The College decided that it would be best if we didn't use the Grand piano in the chapel, so we searched the town and found one. It hadn't been used for more than twelve years, but the lady let us have it for the price of having it tuned. That ran to $30 and we've played a lot of tunes with it.

What is in the preceding paragraphs is what I think of The Southerners. Actually this is what I think from experience, and it is in words. What we all really believe and understand about the outfit can't be put into typed words on paper, but just has to be beat around in our heads or shown by playing. Until we leave Wake Forest in one way or the other, we'll try to show our real feelings for the band in the same ways as we have in the past few years.

In my wallet there's a light green card with the number 419 boldly printed in the upper corner. There are a couple of dignified signatures on it, and some pretty script. That card costs more than a couple of shows or a meal or two, even in Wake Forest, but to me I can't put a value on what its brought. That is my union card, and is proof that I am still a drummer in good standing. The only thing I regret is that there is nowhere mentioned that I play with The Southerners, the best crew of hard-working, energetic, talented, conscientious, good-natured boys I know of. The truth is, we've proven ourselves, and we're proud of it.

THE PUBLICITY MAN

(Continued from page nineteen)

Wake Forest News Bureau. Each spring the Bureau turns all its attention to a two-month task of preparing home town releases for the papers back home on each Wake Forest student. Group pictures of students are taken by county groups and stories are written from a local-angle viewpoint. 300 pictures and an equal number of stories are distributed to home papers to tell family and friends of the activities, academic and

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extra-curricular, of the 1,500 enrolled Wake Forest students. Papers welcome these stories and have valued this project—which no other North Carolina school undertakes—as the best form of home-angle publicity. Other local publicity lies in the preparation of full-length feature stories on all outstanding varsity athletes for their home area. It is no accident that Wake Forest receives more publicity proportionately to its size than any other school in this state.

Notwithstanding that the job done by Tom Bost here has been a tremendous one which requires many man-hours labor, it has for the most part been a thankless endeavor. Despite the fact that the Wake Bureau turns out as much publicity as any other college Bureau, it is the only one without a full-time assistant or secretary. Three student assistants constitute the whole of Bost's hired help. The work of Margaret Wilson, who writes general news; Julie Alford, who handles everything but the writing of stories; and a guy named Powell, who is combination janitor, sports writer, and office boy, is of great assistance but the main part of the labor falls and has fallen for seven years on the shoulders of the Tub-Thumping dynamo, Tom Bost.

EXECUTIVE SUITE

(Continued from page twenty-one)

A contract to have a book reprinted in paperbacks can bring an author several thousand dollars. It has even reached the point that the matter of reprint rights is considered and considered seriously before a book is accepted for publication by a hardback publisher.

Where all this is leading in the American book publishing business is difficult to determine. The present status of the industry is certainly one which will bear some constructive criticism. Congress is currently investigating the trends toward obscenity and pornography in paperback books. In some cases there is perhaps due cause for questioning. On the other hand, it is strange that the paperback publishers as such should be in need of an investigation when no similar concern is being expressed in the hardback field. But then, the wheels of justice grind slowly.

Let it be said here and now that few investigations into the literature of a people have ever resulted in anything more than an index of forbidden books. Those books which are not permitted on today's market will surely be available tomorrow, the intentions of the Congress of the United States notwithstanding.

As printing costs continue to increase it will be interesting to watch developments in the book publishing industry. Paperbacks are here to stay, that much is certain. It is to be hoped that hardbacks are also here to stay, but if they are, there must be found some way of increasing sales to the point that it will be economically feasible to produce hardback editions of good novels.

Aside from the economic considerations of the matter,

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one other point should be mentioned. Regardless of the direction of the development, the reader will eventually be the winner. Obviously the answer will be found when ways of selling more and more books to more and more readers are found. Mass distribution of good fiction is the ultimate ideal. Unfortunately, we are at present a considerable distance from the goal.

In the presentation of the first co-published novel, it would have been wise to offer a more solid, a more recommendable novel. *"Executive Suite"* is not a first-rate novel. It is not the sort of novel which will call attention to the high purpose of the dual publishing venture. In that respect, it is disappointing.

The book opens with the death of Avery Bullard, president of the Tredway Corporation. No vice-president (although there were several available) had been designated for succession to the throne.

The meeting of the board of directors is held the day after the death. The puzzle of the novel is: who will get Bullard's job?

Although Mr. Hawley does some competent writing at times, he does not succeed in keeping the reader actively interested in the answer to his question. By the time the story has advanced to somewhere between pages 75 to 100, those who miss the point should have their knuckles rapped and be sent to the foot of the line.

Mr. Howley shows considerable ability when it comes to writing about the intricacies of big business. His characters are fairly well drawn, but tend to be more simple character studies than participants in a living story. His vignettes of big business are excellent. But all this in one book does not automatically result in a good novel.

As a work of art, *"Executive Suite"* would get no votes. Yet it contains a sympathetic and apparently realistic study of the values which individuals are able to retain in business situations where stakes are high.

OLD MAN AND THE SEA

(Continued from page twenty)

element of certain great men, greatness not in the sense of material achievement but rather a greatness of character, that "something" in man which enables him to arise morally when all else is absorbed in defeat. It would seem as if he has taken the essential underlying symbolism existent in the Spaniards attitude toward bull-fighting, that of courage in the face of death. His novel, *Death in the Afternoon,* is perhaps still one of the best examples where he has handled this theme. But it is recurrent in the others, in *The Sun Also Rises, For Whom the Bell Tolls,* and *Farewell to Arms.* Santiago, however, will probably prove to be a greater character than any of the others. Certainly he is one of the great characters of twentieth century American Literature.

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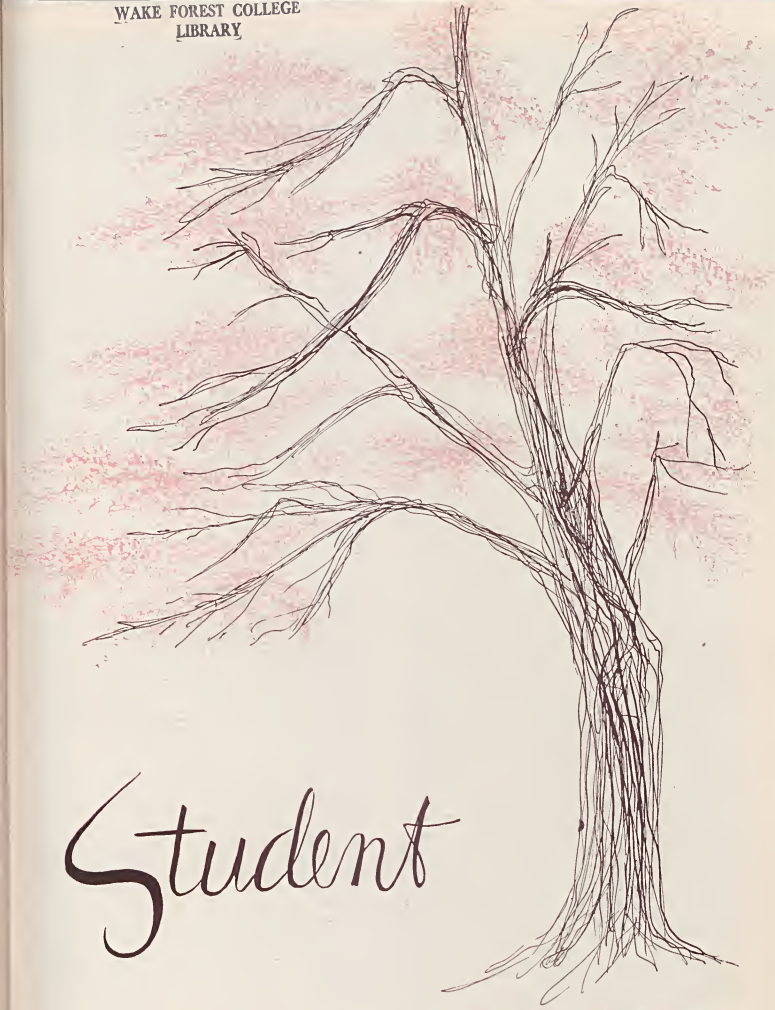

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VOLUME 68, NO. 3

Wanted: A Generation of Rebels

THE student of the American college has recently become the object of criticism leveled by laymen and educators alike that he is all too frequently a person not adequately prepared to pursue the long and arduous process of education. The criticism carries over, too, into the lives of the individuals after they are graduated from the American colleges. Because the student has been improperly prepared for it, the college education itself then tends to loose some of its effectiveness. And, consequently, the graduate, ready to embark upon his life's career, becomes not the shining hope of the dying world but rather merely another intellectual burden to be added to the heap which is currently called struggling humanity.

That much of the criticism which is leveled at the college student is justified cannot be denied. The student is frequently not the sort of mental giant that being in the "upper six per cent who go to college" is supposed to make of him. That the student, then, frequently fails to reach his peak potential in intellectual development is a fact readily admitted on all sides.

Basically, the idea is that the student, with all of his shortcomings, is, after all, only the product of the educational system which has, supposedly, educated him.

The idea is not advanced so that it may serve in any sense as an excuse for what the student lacks. It is advanced, rather, under the harsh terms of the realistic point of view — a point of view which, somehow, is frequently pushed aside as one which has no place in the idealistic realm known as the academic world.

Through elementary school, through high school, the student is spoon-fed. His objective is to pass, to obtain a diploma — a diploma is, for some reason yet unexplained, almost universally recognized as the possession of the person who is "educated." The student is not trained to think, either in elementary or in high school. He is not taught to appreciate the beauty and depth of the subjects which he presumably studies and "masters." He learns facts because it is the adequate recitation (perhaps the word is regurgitation) of facts which earns the good grades. And it is good grades which earn credit toward the ultimate — the diploma.

Unfortunately, when the student enters college, his intellectual standards are predicated upon the same standards used for the previous twelve years. The college, in many, many cases, follows the example of the public school system and awards a degree upon the satisfactory recitation (or regurgitation) of facts. College, for the most part, then, becomes little more than a glorified and extended high school. Thinking continues to be the ingredient in the educational process which is ignored altogether. Today, the possession of a college degree frequently means only that the student who holds the degree has learned and recited a sufficient number of facts. The facts equal hours and quality points. Hours and quality points equal minimum requirements. Presto. A degree is granted. And, mumbo-jumbo, the possessor is "educated."

The cry is heard that the college student is apathetic, that he is just not interested. He is condemned on all sides for these ignoble attributes. Forgotten is the truth that these qualities which are so undesirable are the same qualities which have been growing and developing for years, fostered by the ever loving hand which holds the spoon.

The effectiveness of the present educational system can easily be determined. Outside the stone walls (where the people of the world actually live and work) appreciation of music, painting, literature are for only a select few who have managed, miraculously, to escape the scourge of education. Even conversation, for centuries one of the most interesting and effective means of communication, is rapidly dying. People are afraid to share ideas with one another. And, most of all, there is that fear of being alone for long periods of time.

It is simpler (and currently more popular) to sit quietly and look at the passing parade which flashes upon the television screen.

Truly, the student is the product of the system of education which his society has provided for him. And, when the degree is earned, when all the knowledge is properly stored in the cranial crevices, he goes back into that society. He works in it, lives in it, becomes a part of it. And, usually, he permits the society to sweep him along with the current because he is, despite his "education," still unable to think in any other terms, still unable to become an individual.

These comments are not intended to lift the burden of guilt from the shoulders of the student and place it upon the shoulders of the big bad system. Certainly not, for the student, once he leaves college, plays too large a part in the perpetration of the same system. College graduates do make up a select minority of society. From this limited group come many of the leaders of the society — the society which provides the educational system.

The student must bear his share of the guilt. And it is a guilt of which he must be made aware while he is still a student so that he will not become a leader in society without knowing of its existence.

The student is guilty because he repeatedly permits the system to engulf him. He is guilty because he refuses to think in spite of and not because of his educational training. He is guilty because he has not enough tenacity to cause him to persevere until a true sense of appreciation is attained.

The student then is subject to indictment not for what he is but for what he refuses to be. The student will continue to stand indicted until he learns to think in spite of the obstacles which the present system of education places in his way.

God give us a generation of rebels.

the student

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Cover by Tom Mezger

The Student, founded January 1882, is published during the months of October, December, February, March and May by Students of Wake Forest College as directed by the college Publications Board. Entered as second-class matter at Wake Forest, N. C. Subscriptions rate: $1.50 per year. Editorial correspondence should be addressed to The Editor, Box 32, Wake Forest, N. C.

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Miller *Eliot* *Hemingway*

T. S. Eliot's "panorama of futility and anarchy which is contemporary history" has done little in the way of stifling the output of the writers of the last three decades. But while the quantity, and to a certain extent the quality, has suffered no appreciable decrease, the tone and theme of many of these men in their work has reflected the "futility and anarchy" illustrated by the author of *The Waste Land.*

Three works of literature have arisen out of the last three decades, each of which by virtue of both thematic content and artistic acumen lend themselves to an interpretation in sympathy with Eliot's statement.

The works are Ernest Hemingway's *The Sun Also Rises,* Thomas Stearns Eliot's *The Waste Land,* and Arthur Miller's *Death of a Salesman.* The classification includes three literary mediums, novel, poetry and drama, the literary range or breadth in itself indicative of the essential under-current of tragedy largely prevalent in contemporary literature.

The dates of publication range from the mid-twenties to the late forties. Two of the authors, Hemingway and Eliot, by consistently publishing works of a high literary caliber in their respective mediums, have established reputations placing them virtually on top of the literary pile. This is not to say, however, that Hemingway is the ranking novelist and Eliot the ranking poet. Ezra Pound and William Butler Yeats are certainly equal, if not superior, poets; and novelists of the Thomas Mann, James Joyce, John Steinbeck, William Faulkner, W. Somerset Maugham caliber, to mention only a handful, might well relegate Hemingway to a secondary position of literary eminence. Hemingway, especially, has a great deal more competition than Nobel Prize winner Eliot. But, at any rate, both men are tried and established authors. Arthur Miller, on the other hand, has but a single first-rate literary work to recommend him. And while *Death of a Salesman* is undeniably one of the major plays of the last decade, there have been other major plays, and plays by authors much more firmly entrenched in the theater than Miller. The inclusion of Miller then, is three-fourths personal preference; but at the same time he represents an effort to include a young author who is carrying out the identical theme of Eliot and Hemingway.

The theme is paramount. The method of development, the artistic expression, is a vital factor, but only insofar as it succeeds in conveying the essential theme which the author is striving to effect in the mind of the reader.

Hemingway, through masterful usage of the first person means of perception in *The Sun Also Rises,* succeeds thoroughly in obtaining the desired result. Eliot, by virtue of the historical and mythological imagery in *The Waste Land,* achieved a similiarly desired end. And Miller, through the effective utilization of the flashback technique in which the life of his central character, Willie Loman, came to fore, succeeded equally well in vehicling his theme into the proper proportion.

ONE IDEA IN THREE FORMS

By Otis Gossman

First of all the three authors decided upon their themes; they had something to say and adopted the most efficient means of saying it, the artistic structure which would provide the most capable transition process from the mind of the author to the printed word. The ultimate function of writing is communcation. The vehicle of this communication should in no way serve to attract attention to itself.

The underlying theme of all three pieces of writing is tragedy. Not tragedy in the doomed or fatalistic sense, that is, the conception of tragedy illustrated by the Aristotelians or the early Elizabethans. According to the modern concept, which stems from the later Elizabethans and finds its greatest expression in contemporary writing, the characters involved are not thrust into a position from which all roads of extrication are barred. This is not tragedy but pathos.

Tragedy arises when it becomes apparent to the reader what the character *could* have become rather than what he actually *did* become under the circumstances, and the means by which he personally, in conflict with his environment, paved the way to mental or physical destruction or deterioration. Also of essential importance is the moral undertone. The author must trace, step-by-step, through whatever literary device comes closest to approximating this end, the path leading to the tragic conclusion. For example, if a man walks directly before an onrushing automobile and is killed—spectators of the incident would immediately cry out, "What a tragedy!" But this would not be tragedy in the dramatic sense because of the absence of the moral element attached to the death. This is not tragedy but pathos. Tragedy arises when there is a definite plan to be followed in its development and not by virtue of a quirk accident by which the character meets his destruction. Here we have the basis for melodrama.

The tragedy inherent in Hemingway's *The Sun Also Rises* is more subjective than the tragedy of *Death of a Salesman. The Waste Land,* in turn, is more subjective than either of the other two, despite the universiality of its theme. Of the three, however, the tragedy rising from Miller's play is capable of the most instant recognition. The reader observes its unfolding in the progression of scene to scene, whereas in Eliot and Hemingway a certain degree of trenchant application on the part of the reader is necessitated.

On the first level, *The Sun Also Rises* is a story about a group of people in the days following the first world war, the days of the "lost generation." These characters assumed the "damned" position and led their lives accordingly. "If we are damned then let us make the most of it," is what they seem to be saying, and indeed, did say throughout every page of the book.

The group of Gertrude Stein's *Lost Generation* travel around France and Spain, spend most of their time going to bullfights in Pamplona, fighting and loving

among each other, drinking large quantities of benedictine and cognac and beer, and deriving as much hedonistic pleasure as possible from their self-imposed damned condition. The plot, if such exists, has Jake Barnes as the tragic protagonist. The conflict arises from Jake's physical impotence, the result of a war wound in Italy ("You have given more than your life," the Italian officer told him upon his discharge) which creates a gulf between Jake and Brett Ashley. Despite a love of sorts existing between the two, Brett involves herself in open relationships with the other men of the party. Here, basically, is the elemental plot which sets the stage for the evolving tragedy.

Hemingway, in a later work, *Death in the Afternoon,* stated that a bullfight from the vantage point of the bull is essentially a tragedy because the bull has no alternative but death. He may be successful in killing or maiming the matador, which is largely up to the matador, but by law the bull itself must be killed in the corral immediately following. So, from the moment the bull leaves the ranch to be transported to the bull ring, he is a doomed animal.

And so the plight of the bull might be extended to include the characters of *The Sun Also Rises.* From the moment they assume the position of damnation they have no alternative but to carry it through to its ultimate realization, which is tragedy through and through. They go into the bull ring and fight the matador for all they are worth and in so doing derive some degree of satisfaction from this manifestation of courage. But they lose, and that cannot be denied. Their tragedy was their personal damnation.

T. S. Eliot wrote a long poem called *The Waste Land* in which he handled the same problem from the vantage point of Christianity. His characters, all humanity, were lost because they had separated themselves from the saving grace of Christianity. The tragic element inherent in this poem is greater than that contained in either *The Sun Also Rises* or *Death of a Salesman.* It is more tragic because it involves more people. It concerns all people who, according to Eliot, must return to the saving grace manifested in Jesus Christ. The ultimate or relative truth of Eliot's concept is not a subject for discussion within narrow-outline range. But granting the verity of his theme as theme, just as we are doing with Hemingway and Miller and the themes contained in their expositions, it is tragedy and tragedy in its highest manifestation. The tragedy of *The The Sun Also Rises* and *Death of a Salesman* is confined to a select group of people, where as Eliot's tragedy encompasses all mankind.

Eliot's theme in *The Waste Land,* at the time of its writing, became associated, like Hemingway's, with the "lost generation" maxim. It was a generation which had placed infinite hope in the successful end of World War I, the war to end all wars (as all wars are so predicated), and a generation sunk into the abyss of despair when their hope failed to become a reality. And when it did not become a reality they assumed the motto of Eva Tanguay: "I don't care." According to the leading writers of the generation, care they did not. F. Scott Fitzgerald's novels, especially *The Beautiful and the Damned,* the American counterpart of *The Sun Also Rises* (geographically speaking), gave this idea its fullest expression, untrue though it may have been.

And so it was in the case of Eliot. He has often been accused of assuming the role of the lost generation in his works purely because it provided him with an excellent literary device. Further, his life, from boyhood in St. Louis to Groton and later Harvard, finally to New York, France and England, back to America and then to England again and into the arms of the Anglican Church and British citizenship, a country of long tradition and peace, is said to have evidenced his lifelong desire toward the realization of security. The latter part of this may be true: he may have, and probably did, experience a lifelong sense of insecurity, an insecurity which he succeeded in assuaging through an identification with the old and venerable Anglican Church. The pattern of his life would certainly seem to indicate this. But not so the selection of the theme for *The Waste Land.* I hold that he did this in a full realization of intellectual honesty, not merely as a vehicle to literary fame. His poetry, considered as a totality, will not substantiate such a view. There are strong indications in his earlier poems, *The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock* and others, that are carried to their final realization in the later poems, *The Four Quartets* and the remainder.

Nevertheless, the tragic pattern so strongly inherent in *The Waste Land* becomes high tragedy in that humanity has sufficient freedom of the will to accept faith and to follow it to its ultimate realization, or not to accept faith. In *The Waste Land* they do not accept it and consequently are doomed. Indeed, it is a poem of doom, and doom of the worst conceivable kind—eternal doom. The beginning lines of the first part, "The Burial of the Dead" provide some indication of the undertone of despair prevalent throughout the poem:

April is the cruellest month, breeding
Lilacs out of the dead land, mixing
Memory and desire, stirring
Dull roots with spring rain.
Winter kept us warm, covering
Earth in forgetfull snow, feeding
A little life with dried tubers.

Or the concluding lines of "The Burial of the Dead":

That corpse you planted last year in your garden,
Has it begun to sprout? Will it bloom this year?
Or has the sudden frost disturbed its bed?
Oh keep the Dog far hence, that's friend to men,
Or with his nails he'll dig it up again!

In the first part, Eliot is saying that with the awakening of nature in the spring there is no corresponding awakening of man. There is, rather, the desire to return to the apathy and oblivion of the winter months. Spring frightens him with the thought of the renewal of life. Winter symbolizes the living death of the waste land.

In the second quotation the dog is the symbol of the aid to rebirth. And man entertains no desire in his present condition for any such rebirth.

Eliot is accusing the world of impotence and sterility because, for the most part, it has refused to accept the human heritage of tradition. Here lies the tragedy. Man has an out, so to speak, but he refuses to accept it.

The tragedy of Willie Loman in *Death of a Salesman* is much more obvious and capable of more instant recognition than that underlying either of the previous works. Through Arthur Miller's excellent use of the flashback device the life and thoughts of the protagonist are revealed to the audience in all their commonplace intensity. By bringing to the fore the gradual moral degeneration of Wille Loman, Miller builds, step-by-step, the ladder which carries Loman upward to the jumping-off point, the tragic conclusion. Loman, of course, as Miller illustrated quite clearly, was not entirely responsible for his own fate. The ground-work for this was also supplied to a large extent by the society in which he lived, for the most part cold and materialistic, where the dollar was the symbol of success. Loman, falling into line (he could have resisted) made this his symbol and implanted it into the lives of his two sons. Finally, he committed suicide. But the suicide in itself did not constitute the tragedy; it would have been a tragedy without it. It did, however, culminate the tragedy.

"Under the perpetual smile of modernity there is the grimace of disillusion and cynicism," Reinhold Neibuhr once stated. This may or may not be true; but it is, I believe, revelant to the works just discussed.

I never think of green molded dirt
And white stones of death
Without yesterday's sunset
If today's a mist.

The bumps in green carpet
Passing out of sight
If today's a cloud
Or the sun is a night

I will have the same (tomorrow the same) spires of grass
When death (shivering and smoking a cigarette on faraway mountain) will come down and drag me, resisting,
To confer with him and immortality.

Hunter James

HE BUILT THE TANGIBLES

By HAROLD POWELL

Photograph by Charles M. Allen, Jr

YOU'VE NEVER HAD a class under him. You've never heard him speak in chapel. You rarely have seen him on campus. But the tangible Wake Forest—the grounds, the buildings, the trees, the rock wall, manifest his handiwork. He is the scene-changer, unobtrusive, but indispensable.

For thirty-nine years he has managed the very vital physical Wake Forest, seeing that all of the various parts functioned smoothly and efficiently and that nothing be allowed to inhibit the health and beauty of the intangible.

He is Walter D. Holliday, and he is retiring this year.

His service to Wake Forest started in 1914 when he was requested to return to take over the Buildings and Grounds Department of the college, which then had an enrollment of less than 300 male students. He was once a student here. Since then he has shaped the college and created tradition and atmosphere with his own hands. His mind is like an encyclopedia. He is the only man who knows all about both the terrain and the subterranean of Wake Forest . . . there are many maps there, never drawn on paper and many incidents of Wake Forest growth never recorded elsewhere.

When he is seated behind his desk at the Buildings and Grounds office and you are asking him questions about the past, his eyes have a faraway look and the past slowly unfolds, and you realize how permeated he is with the college. . . . How years of dedication to the college have caused a synthesis so that they are intertwined and bear testimony to each other.

The east half of the campus was a massive cow pasture which stretched to the railroad tracks when he first became a faculty member. The tall grass on the pasture and the rest of the campus was cut only twice a year then—at fall registration and spring graduation—by a horse-drawn hay mower.

An open well stood just to the left of the place which is now the Wait Hall circle. A cleared space close to the well was designated as the wood lot. Each student had to draw his own water and chop his own wood back in those early years. There were no brick walks then, trees were unkempt, and the farmlike campus sprawled indefinitely without the girding of a stone wall. In time the walks, a lane of trees to the various buildings, the well, cultivated grass, and the stone wall were added.

He could remember well all of the pranks of boys in an era of the college when hopping freights was the only method of transportation, imaginations were well used to create amusement and boys were really boys and boldness had no boundaries. There was the time when the students carried a milk cow up to the

third floor of old Wait Hall, or the time students filled the sixty-foot well full of stove-wood, or. . . . But wait, we have forgotten to mention Mr. Holliday's most faithful helper and best friend, Dr. Tom Young.

Doctor Tom was a tall, thin Negro gentleman who worked for Buildings and Grounds for many years. He had won an honorary Doctorate of Human Nature by knowing and loving everyone he came in contact with. His sayings and homespun philosophy, along with his manufactured vocabulary will live and grow with each retelling.

Mr. Holliday had to close his eyes and laugh openly when he remembered Dr. Tom (everyone called him that), rushing into his office after the wood incident and exclaiming, "De students dey is filled the well most five-fourths full of wood." On another occasion Dr. Tom was called on to make a speech at the annual society day when a number of Meredith girls were invited. The old darky removed his straw hat and said in eloquence: "Young ladies, Wake Forest's young men is the finest in the world. Dey is most prolific." He meant of course that there were many of them spread all over the country. But the crowd was in for a good laugh, anyway.

Doctor Tom did much of the actual building of the rock wall. Back in the days when money was scarce, Mr. Holliday arranged for farmers to bring the large rocks by wagon some three or four miles to the campus for $1.50 per load. But, that was good money in those days, Mr. Holliday interjected.

"When Dr. Tom died," he said, "one of the greatest Wake Foresters of all time passed away." There is a bronze plaque set in the stone wall over by the Chemistry Building which bears the inscription "HIS MEMORIAM THESE ROCKS AND TREES" and is an everlasting memorial to the old Negro gentleman who did much to set the pattern of Wake Forest's tradition.

Other incidents of the progression of Wake Forest personalities and events crowd the memory of W. D. Holliday. Like the time when a student feigned suicide and a fellow student, Arthur Gallimore, was almost to the point of tears when a professor entered the supposed suicide-chamber and the "victim" leaped off the floor and yelled, "Lemme out of here!"

Mr. Holliday was born about nine miles from Wake Forest, "over there where the sun is setting." In stature he is big and his face is strong. It is easy to understand how he has been able to master such a huge job, keeping the long progression of Wake Foresters happy, warm, free from exterior concerns. He has seen the college grow and, indeed, helped it grow, from a shaky infancy, through an enriching adolescence and into a noble maturity.

Speaking of his retirement he said, "Like Dr. Tom used to say (he was a fine old man), 'I've served my day and generation and now it's time to be moving on.' " The master builder will put down his hammer and trowel and see that the house that he has built is a good one. And the rocks and the trees will preserve his work for immortality.

His Poetry

THE SNOW

In this north country in the flaming wind
A thousand acres are enclosed in ice,
And ten thousand acres in whirling snow.
Behold both sides of the Great Wall—
There is only a vast desolation left.
On the upper and lower reaches of the Yellow River
Only a great tumbling of waves.
The silver serpents career on the plains:
We desire to compare our height with the skies.

O wait for the pure sky!
See how charming is the earth
Like a red-faced girl clothed in white!
Such is the charm of these mountains and rivers
Calling innumerable heroes to vie with each other
in pursuing her.

The Emperors Shih Huang and Wu Ti were hardly
lettered,
The Emperors T'as Tsung and T'sai Tsu were barely
chivalrous,
For a whole generation Genghis Khan was a favorite
of Heaven,
But he knew only how to bend his bow at the eagles.
All have passed away—only today are there men of
great feeling. —Mao Tse-tung.

THE END OF THE JOURNEY

The sky is high, the clouds are winnowing,
I gaze southwards at the wild geese disappearing
over the horizon.
I count on my fingers, a distance of twenty
thousand li.
I say we are not heroes if we do not reach the
Great Wall.
Standing on the highest peak of Six Mountains,
The red flag streaming in the west wind,
Today with a long rope in my hand,
I wonder how soon before we can bind up the
monster. —Mao Tse-tung.

THE LONG MARCH

No one in the Red Army fears the hardships of the
Long March.
We looked lightly on the thousand peaks and the
ten thousand rivers.
The five mountains rose and fell like rippling
waves.
The Wu Meng mountains were no more than small
green pebbles,
Warm were the sheer precipices when Gold Sand
River dashed into them,
Gold were the iron-chained bridges over the
Tatu River.
Delighting in the thousand snowy folds of the
Min mountains.
The last pass vanquished, the Three Armies
smiled. —Mao Tse-tung.

THE MAN MAO:

IN THE WINTER of 1920 a young Hunanese, who had been an assistant librarian in Peking University, wandered over the southern portions of the provinces of Hunan and Kiangsi in China. He carried no arms. He wore rice-straw sandals, baggy white trousers, a thick blue padded cotton coat, and a sun helmet. He was broad-shouldered and swarthy, like nearly all Hunanese, and he had a passion for eating red peppers. He carried in his pocket a history of the American War of Independence and the *Story of the Three Kingdoms,* an immense epic written to celebrate the quarrels of Chinese frontier dynasties in the southwest. Occasionally, sitting on a stone by the road-side, he would write a poem on a slip of paper, then slowly crunch it into a ball and throw it in a rice field. He was twenty-two years of age. There was not yet a price on his head, for he was still an unknown.

He was Mao Tse-tung, the man who now rules China, a country which has nearly one-fourth of the world's population.

In the fifteen years which elapsed between 1920 and 1935, Mao Tse-tung learned rapidly and rose rapidly. From an obscure poverty-stricken student he rose in 1935 to be one of the major leaders of the Long March, an event which has now assumed legendary proportions in the minds of many Chinese. It was the Long March which marked the turning point not only in the fortunes of Mao Tse-tung, but also in the fortunes of the entire Communist movement in China.

At the beginning of the Long March, Communist forces had set out from Kiangsi 100,000 strong. They marched, fought, died and retreated over more than six thousand miles of the sub-continent which is China. At the end there were 20,000 men remaining, and many of the 20,000 were new recruits picked up along the way.

The March had begun in October, 1934, when Chinese Nationalists, under Chiang Kai-shek, launched the Fifth Extermination Campaign against the Communists. For his Fifth Campaign, Chiang Kai-shek mobilized nearly one million men.

Adventure and discovery, human courage and cowardice, triumph and suffering, sacrifice and loyalty, and through it all, like unquenchable flame, that undimmed and undying ardor and hope and that amazing revolutionary optimism of those thousands of young Communists who would not and did not admit defeat either by man or nature or God or death—all this and more is embodied in the history of an Odyssey unequalled in modern times.

The March, continued against all odds, had the effect of placing the Chinese Communists in the path of the

LEADER, POET

By L. M. Wright, Jr.

Japanese invasion. The epic gave authority to the rule of the Communists. It also provided a hard but good training ground for the future Red Army; and it settled, once and for all, Mao Tse-tung's dominance within the party.

From a military standpoint, the Long March was a failure. Nationalist forces were able to keep Communist forces on the run for virtually all of the six thousand miles. Yet it was not altogether unsuccessful. For it created a legend. And it is a legend almost without parallel in Chinese history.

Since 1935, Mao has been able to make good use of the legendary qualities of the Long March which he and his Communist forces staged. Only ten years later Communists were virtually in complete control of all of China. Since 1948 there has been little argument over even the lesser areas of China. Since 1950, there has been no argument at all. Nationalist forces under Chiang Kai-shek are on the island of Formosa, waiting for an opportunity to return to the mainland and once again try to do battle with the Communists.

Mao Tse-tung is chairman of the Communist Party of China. The Communists rule China. Who, then, is this man Mao? What manner of man is he who could rise from peasant poverty to rule nearly one-fourth of the world's population? Where did he come from? What influences have made him the sort of man he is? What does he read? What does he think? What does he believe?

Unfortunately, very few of these questions can be answered with any accuracy. Yet, they are questions which are of the utmost importance today. Soldiers under Mao Tse-tung are the very Chinese Communits who are fighting and killing American soldiers in Korea today. They are the same soldiers which the Wake Forest unit of the Reserve Officers Training Corps is now training men to fight. They are the same soldiers which many students at Wake Forest may be facing in a year or so.

Yet, what do we really know of these people? And, most important of all because of the known fanatical devotion of Communists to their leaders, what do we know of Mao Tse-tung?

Mao Tse-tung, despite his brutal political tendencies, is a scholar. He has, at various times in his life, done some writing. He has written any number of political pamphlets, is the author of five books, all dealing with his political theories, and has also published a volume of poetry, *Wind Sand Poems,* as well as a brief work on *Art and Literature.*

The fact that only one of Mao's books has ever

(*Continued on page ten*)

About His Poetry

We are often able to understand a man best by his sensitivity to the arts. Of everything Mao Tse-tung has written (which is available in this country), nothing seems to be more revealing of his inner-self than his poems. They seem to show clearly some of his attitudes toward the culture, the new culture, which has been developing in China for many years. Mao Tse-tung is probably more capable of expressing an informed opinion of this new culture than is any other man, for he, more than any other man, has for years been an active participant—first as a follower, then as a leader—in the movement designed to bring a new era to the life of a China which has already lived longer than any other nation in the world.

Those who have been close to Mao Tse-tung for a number of years say they can never remember a time when he did not write poetry. He wrote verses as a boy, and kept on writing poems throughout the revolutionary wars which have occupied a large portion of his adult life.

What is curious about Mao's poems is that they are written in the strict meters of classical Chinese prosody. There are no innovations, no experiments. His classical mind seems to recoil from the so-called dangerous temptations of free verse.

Publicly, Mao inveighs against all poetry which does not possess a social content and is not written according to the modern idiom. Privately, he is the master of a kind of classical verse which will probably remain, because it possesses qualities which free verse can never acquire, and because it is possible, as he has proved, to write classical poetry with modern feeling in much the same way that it is possible to write sonnets with modern feeling.

Speaking in May, 1942, Mao declared: "Our primary duty is not to 'add flowers to the embroidery,' but to 'send coal to the snowbound'." Art, he insists, must be placed wholly at the service of the revolution; it can have no purpose other than to extol and educate the peasants and the workers.

"The End of the Journey," "The Long March" and "The Snow" are the three Mao Tse-tung poems which have been widely circulated. They were reportedly smuggled out of China. Mao published seventy poems in a collection titled *Wind Sand Poems;* but since he became chairman of the Communist Party in China he will not permit a re-issue of the volume. He insists that his poems were badly written and fears the people will read them only because he is chairman of the Party.

It was near the end of the Long March that Mao wrote "The End of the Journey." It is a strange mixture of beautiful, even sensitive descriptions of nature and political ideas about China.

Since the publication of "The End of the Journey," Mao has been careful to explain that by "monster" he did not mean Chiang Kai-shek alone. "I meant all the

(*Continued on page twenty-seven*)

LEADER, POET

(*Continued from page nine*)

been published in this country is a commentary within itself on the unfortunate attitude of Americans toward China in general.

Art and Literature was given one brief printing in New York in 1950. It is not readily available, even in larger libraries. Not one of Mao's books dealing with political theory has ever been translated and published in this country. Of his seventy *Wind Sand Poems,* only three, the three which accompany this article, are available outside of China.

On a Prolonged War, The New Democracy, The Strategic Problems of China's Revolutionary Wars, The Chinese Revolution and the Communist Party in China and *Coalition Government* are the titles of the books which would, perhaps, if they were available in this country, give some insight into the mind of the man who rules China.

But even before a study is made of those writings which are available, it is first necessary to know something of Mao himself.

Mao Tse-tung was born in the village of Shao Shan, in Hsiang T'an Hsien, Hunan province, in 1893. His father was a poor peasant and had while still young been obliged to join the army because of heavy debts. The father returned to the village where Mao was born, and by saving carefully and gathering together a little money through small trading was able to buy back his land.

Mao began studying at the local primary school when he was eight. He had been working at farming tasks since he was six. He remained in the local school until he was thirteen years old. His teacher was frequently harsh and severe. Because he disliked the teacher, Mao ran away from home when he was ten. He wandered for three days before his family found him.

Mao later wrote of the incident: "After my return to the family, however, to my surprise, conditions somewhat improved. My father was slightly more considerate and the teacher was more inclined to moderation. The result of my act of protest impressed me very much. It was a successful 'strike'."

Mao's father was a strict task-master. He wanted the boy to learn bookkeeping so he could assist with the accounts needed in the rice-selling business.

When he was thirteen, Mao learned that in debating with his father he could frequently win by quoting the classics. It was an experience which inspired the boy to more and more learning.

Mao left school at thirteen and began working long hours on his father's farm. Yet he continued to read fervently. Mao's father decided to apprentice the boy to a rice shop in Hsiang T'an. Mao had other ideas. He had heard of a new school in Hsiang Hsiang. It was a place where his cousin was then attending and learning under a new system of "modern education." There was less emphasis on the classics and more was taught of the "new knowledge" of the West.

Mao went to the school in Hsiang Hsiang and found himself the object of immediate criticism. The school was for the upper classes. He was a peasant who had to wear his ragged trousers and coat to classes. Nevertheless, Mao was able to make some fast friends at the school. A few of them were friends which later turned up in the Communist movement.

From Hsiang Hsiang, Mao went to a higher school in Changsha. It was in Changsha that Mao read his first newspaper, the *People's Strength,* a nationalist revolutionary journal which told of the Canton Uprising against the Manchu Dynasty, and of the death of the Seventy-Two Heroes. Here he also learned of Sun Yat-sen, known at one time as the father of the Chinese Republic. It was in Changsha, then, that Mao first became actively interested in political affairs.

After six months at the school in Changsha, Mao left to join one of the revolutionary armies which were opposing the ruling dynasty. The attempt at revolution was unsuccessful, however, and Mao soon left the army and returned to school. He spent a month in a commercial school only to discover that most of the lectures were delivered in English, a language which he did not then and does not now know.

After six months and another school, Mao decided that he could more profitably study alone. He began spending each day in the Hunan Provincial Library, reading. Of the period, he later said, "At noon I paused only long enough to buy and consume two rice cakes, which were my daily lunch. I stayed in the library each day reading until it closed."

It was during this period that Mao read Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations,* Darwin's *Origin of Species* and a book on ethics by John Stuart Mill. Here he also read Spencer's *Logic,* Rousseau, Montesquieu, and mixed in the serious study were poetry and romances, the tales of ancient Greece. Here, too, he made a serious study of history and geography of Russia, America, England, France and other countries.

It was then that Mao decided to become a teacher. He entered the Hunan Normal School and, with some financial support from his family, remained for five years and obtained a degree.

Of his entry at Hunan Normal, Mao says: "Two of my friends were urging me to enter. They wanted my help in preparing entrance essays. I wrote of my intention to my family and received their consent. I composed essays for my two friends, and wrote one of my own. All were acepted—in reality, therefore, I was

accepted three times. I did not then think my act of substituting for my friends an immoral one; it was merely a matter of friendship."

While at Hunan Normal School, Mao aided in the formation of a secret patriotic society. Mao has said, ". . . gradually I did build up a group of students around myself, and the nucleus was formed of what later was to become a society that was to have a widespread influence on the affairs and destiny of China. It was a serious-minded little group of men and they had not time to discuss trivialities. Everything they did or said must have a purpose. They had no time for love or 'romance' and considered the times too critical and the need for knowledge too urgent to discuss women or personal matters. I was not interested in women. My parents had married me when I was fourteen to a girl of twenty, but I have never lived with her—and never subsequently did. I did not consider her my wife. . . . Quite aside from the discussions of feminine charm, which usually play an important role in the lives of young men of this age, my companions even rejected talk of ordinary matters of daily life. . . .

"I remember once being in the house of a youth who began to talk to me about buying some meat, and in my presence called in his servant and discussed the matter with him, then ordering him to buy a piece. I was annoyed and did not see this fellow again. My friends and I preferred to talk only of large matters—the nature of men, of human society, of China, the world, and the universe!"

It was during this same period that Mao became something of a physical culturist, too. He and his friends frequently walked without shirts for hours in the winter weather, swam in the icy streams, and did any number of things to build up their bodies. Each of them seemed, somehow, to have a sense which told him of the hard struggles ahead—days, for example, like those of the Long March when their physical training served them well.

Mao is now a man sixty years old and is still in remarkably good health, according to latest reports.

Of his later student days, Mao has said that his mind was a curious mixture of ideas of "liberalism, democratic reformism, and Utopian Socialism. I had somewhat vague passions about 'nineteenth century democracy', Utopianism and old-fashioned liberalism, and I was definitely anti-militarist and anti-imperialist."

From Hunan Normal, Mao moved in 1919 to Peking, where he worked for a time aiding in the organization of student trips to France. But Mao stayed in China, because he felt that he had not learned enough about his native country.

In Peking, his living conditions were miserable. He shared a room with seven other students. Of sleeping arrangements Mao says, "I used to have to warn people on each side of me when I wanted to turn over."

Several trips to Shanghai came in 1919 before Mao settled in Changsha to take a more direct role in politics. He became editor of the *Hsiang Chiang Review*, the Hunan students' newspaper, which had considerable influence on the student movement in South China. He helped form a society for the study of modern cultural and political trends. The society was violently opposed by the governor of Hunan, and Mao helped lead a general strike against the governor, demanding his removal and sending student groups into the southwest regions to agitate. In retaliation, the governor suppressed Mao's *Hsiang Chiang Review*.

Later in 1919 Mao went to Peking where he served for a brief time as head of a news agency, one devoted largely to anti-militarist agitation against the governor who had suppressed his student paper.

It was in Shanghai, late in 1919, that Mao first came in contact with Ch'en Tu-hsiu, founder and chief promoter of the Communist Party movement in China and one of the ranking literary figures of his day. Mao discussed his ideas for student resistance to the militarists with Ch'en Tu-hsiu and returned to Changsha to take a position as a teacher.

In the winter of 1920, Mao says, "I organized workers politically for the first time, and began to be guided in this by the influence of Marxist theory and the history of the Russian Revolution. During my second visit to Peking (in 1919) I had read much about the events in Russia, and had eagerly sought out what little Communist literature was then available in Chinese. Three books especially deeply carved my mind, and built up in me a faith in Marxism, from which, once I had accepted it as the correct interpretation of history, I did not afterwards waver. These books were *The Communist Manifesto*, the first Marxist book ever published in Chinese; *Class Struggle*, by Kautsky; and a *History of Socialism*, by Kirkupp. By the summer of 1920 I had become, in theory and to some extent in action, a Marxist, and from this time on I considered myself a Marxist."

Mao was, then, in 1920 a Marxist but not a Communist—simply because there did not then exist in China a Communist Party as such. It was in May of 1921 that Mao went to Shanghai to attend the founding meeting of the Communist Party. The following October the first provincial branch of the Communist Party was organized in Hunan and Mao became a member of it.

In May of 1922, the Hunan Party, of which Mao was then serving as secretary, had succeeded in organizing more than twenty trade unions among miners,

(*Continued on page twenty-five*)

JOHN STEINBECK: A NOVELIST

By L. M. Wright, Jr.

THE SALINAS VALLEY is in northern California. It is a long, narrow swale between two ranges of mountains, and the Salinas River winds and twists up the center until it falls at last into Monterey Bay.

"I remember my childhood names for grasses and secret flowers. I remember where a toad may live and what time the birds awaken in the summer—and what trees and seasons smelled like—how people looked and walked and smelled even. The memory of odors is very rich."

This is John Steinbeck writing in his latest and best novel.*

The mood of the opening of *East of Eden* is the mood of informal history. There is something informal about the entire novel, as a matter of fact, and it is, somehow, a striking and strengthening factor.

For many years John Steinbeck has been known as the brilliant sociological fictionist who wrote *Grapes of Wrath. Of Mice and Men,* a compact little novel, also enhanced his reputation. He wrote about the disreputable yet lovable sort of people in *Tortilla Flat.* There are many others, most of them good.

East of Eden is the novel Steinbeck has always wanted to write. "I feel a little numb about this book," Steinbeck said. "I think everything else I have written has been, in a sense, practice for this. I'm fifty years old. If *East of Eden* isn't good, then I've been wasting my time. It has in it everything I have been able to learn about my art or craft or profession in all these years. Do you know, I want terribly for people to read it and to like it. I'll be miserable if they don't."

John Steinbeck has nothing to worry about. He has not been wasting his time. If *Grapes of Wrath* is practice only, he can be forgiven for taking so much time to come to bat. People will read it, too. And they will like it.

The scope of *East of Eden* is huge. It is a family history which begins about 1860 and continues until about 1920. It is the story of the development of Mr. Steinbeck's own country, the Salinas Valley. Yet there are none of the political, sociological or regional implications which have become so familiar in his earlier works.

From his informal beginning, the description of his valley, Steinbeck, the novelist, reconstructs the history of his maternal grandfather, Samuel Hamilton, who came to Salinas Valley about 1870 with his wife and there settled to have his children.

Samuel Hamilton's story is one of economic failure,

* *East of Eden.* By John Steinbeck. New York: Viking Press. 602 pp. $4.50.

but at the same time it is one of rich family life set against the exacting background of poor land.

Interwoven in the bright and happy story of the Hamiltons is the story of Adam Trask.

Trask does not come to the Salinas Valley until about 1900. He brings a strange and pretty wife. Trask had come from a Connecticut farm which he could not share with his brother, Charles. There is definitely a likeness between the Adam and Charles Trask relationship and the original Cain and Abel relationship. Adam Trask found his wife, Cathy, almost beaten to death on his doorstep. He nursed her back to health, married her and took her to the West.

Cathy's own background already involves the murder of her parents and prostitution. But the background is not as surprising as is her course of action in Salinas Valley. She gives birth to twins, not Adam's, then deserts Adam and the twins to become one of the most noted brothel keepers in that section of the country.

It is Cathy's story which, somehow seems to be Mr. Steinbeck's chief concern. Yet, this is not altogether true, for the sum of all the stories certainly produces a novel greater than any single account of any brothel keeper can ever be.

There is, throughout *East of Eden,* the voice of Mr. Steinbeck as he speculates on the implications of the action. Yet, he manages to keep his speculations separate from the story, and never at any point does he seem to be in the way.

His observation at one point: "Our species is the only creative species, and it has only one creative instrument, the individual mind and spirit of a man. There are no good collaborations . . ."

Then there is Steinbeck the narrator, sinking into the thread of his own story, involving himself in his own ancestral history.

Then there is the family history, especially of Samuel Hamilton, through which a look is given at the social history of the valley. Hamilton, an Irishman, and Lee, his wise and eloquent Chinese servant, furnish the most moving characterizations of the story.

The story of Cathy is there, too. She takes the prize, easily, as one of the worst women in fiction.

Through it all, there is a freedom of expression, an ease of telling, a sense of reality which can come only in a story told by a master of the stature of a Steinbeck.

The use of Cathy as the emphasized figure to represent evil and especially evil woman seems to add a strength to the story which otherwise would not have been present.

The Chinese servant, Lee, furnishes most of the philosophical and religious observations. They are Steinbeck's, of course, but they ring true because of the manner in which they are presented. Lee says that every man is potentially a Cain. He says that it is impossible for one to live without feeling some guilt and without, at times, feeling rejected and unloved. He says, too, that every human being has within himself the power to choose. He says there is evil and there is good and that the individual can decide for evil or for good, or for any point between the two extremes.

There are many, many lesser characters in the novel. They do not in any way clutter the story. Instead, they add to the reality and the plausibility of the big and sprawling story which is *East of Eden.*

If all John Steinbeck wants is to have people read and like his novel, he should be happy. Why should people not read his novel? They read *Grapes of Wrath.* They read *In Dubious Battle.* They read *The Moon Is Down.* They read *Tortilla Flat.* They read *The Pastures of Heaven.* They read them, and they liked them, and they are still reading them.

Why, then, should they not read *East of Eden,* the best Steinbeck novel yet?

METAMORPHOSIS

Nature changed the molecules of rain
to new Life
called Spring.
Hibernating hearts
rejuvenated by blood warmed in
Spring's smile, the Sun, found
Companionship with complementary hearts.
And God looked down through azure skies
and smiled
at his ever-changing Creation.

Bob Pratt

Disintegration

A story by Otis Gossman, Jr.

HARRY LIFTED IS eyes, pointed them at the pair. Damn, why don't they stop it?

Jess and Julian poised on opposite sides of the single decent table in the small over-furnished room. A light dangled overhead from a long electric cord, the shade ripped down one side, letting the almost yellow light ooze out the side. The light undulated like a pendulum in the sweating summer breeze—from Julian's head to Jess, then slowly back, leaving one always shrouded in a semi-shadow. Jess sat tight, as if to explode with the next swinging of the light, eyes dark and tense with a fearful expectancy. Julian supported his chin in his hands, elbows planted in the table, staring.

A cigarette leaned from his left hand; smoke crawled along his face and spiralled into the bulb. Both sat silent now. Jess dropped her eyes to the table, moved them like a broom in a circle over the flat surface, shot them up, and directly into Julian's penetrating glare.

"I'm not going to argue with you any more, Julian. It's just no use." Her voice was monotone, then quivered, then shattered into a raspy scratch on the last word.

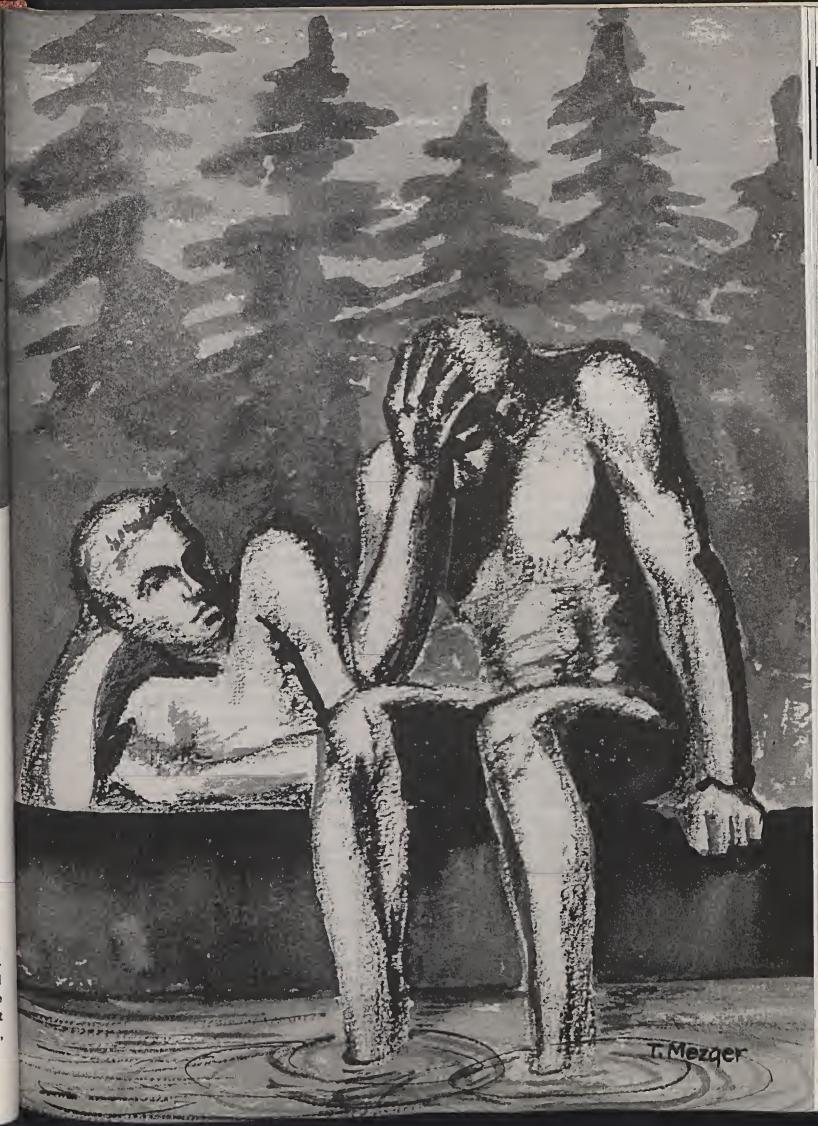
"Tired of losing, old woman?" Julian smiled, the smile forcing his hands to expand. He placed both hands flat on the table, turned them over, then back, admiring the long smooth fingers, the brown unblemished texture of the skin. Next to his intellect, Julian admired his hands most of all. His were the hands of an artist, long-fingered, smooth-skinned, womanish hands, masculine only in their strength. He clenched his fingers into a ball.

Jess watched, admiring her son's physical and mental beauty, hoping a wild vibrant mother's hope that the friction would diminish. Now that her own health had evaporated with the incessant tubercular coughing, leaving her gaunt and emaciated, she took on a renewed admiration for the clean-cut muscular development of her son. Her eyes, from childhood deep-set, now appeared sunken, sucked back into her small angular face, making her look as if she had just awakened from a hard sleep.

Jess stood up, moved the chair quietly back into position, and picked up the ash tray lying before Julian. Harry raised into a half-standing position.

"Never mind, Harry. I've got it."

Harry slunk back into the chair, relaxed now that some of the electric tension had disappeared from the room. He could not help but admire the old lady's spirit in attempting to fight on equal terms with the young intellectual, despite her sickness. Nor could he help but harbor an impassioned resentment against Julian for using his mother as a sounding board; he seemed to derive a certain sadistic delight in leading Jess into logical contradictions, then smashing her, like a rat caught in a trap. Looking at Jess and then at Julian,



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he wondered how they could belong to the same family. Julian was tall, over six feet, two inches taller than he himself, blond and Nordic-looking. Jess was diminutive and dark-skinned, even though the darkness had lately taken on a sallow tone, almost Oriental in color.

Jess placed the ash tray back on the table.

"I'm going to bed." She let the words hang to see if Julian would acknowledge. He glanced up, nodded, and returned his gaze to the table.

"Harry, you are planning to stay the night, aren't you?"

"I suppose so. It's too late to go home. The old man will say I've been out on another blast."

"Blast?"

"A drunk."

"You drink too much. You're going to ruin your health. You don't appreciate it until you lose it."

Julian looked up sharply.

"Quit preaching and go to bed. The clock is running out."

"Leave her alone, Julian."

Julian laughed. Jess walked toward the adjoining room, paused at the curtains used for a door, and turned slowly around.

"Goodnight."

* * *

Jess had been coughing for more than an hour now. It was a strange sounding cough, like a stopper sounds when it has been pulled from the sink and the water is sputtering and being sucked down through the pipe. But once every few moments it would sound like air escaping from a punctured tire.

Harry lay in bed and listened to her cough and fought hard to suppress the urge to spring from the bed and run from the room and out into the warm summer darkness. He sat in bed and looked at Julian sleeping quietly in the adjoining bed. During the last three years Julian had become accustomed to the sound, and it no longer bothered him. Harry wondered now why he had agreed to spend the night. It would have been different if there had been more than two rooms; but there weren't and the sound of her coughing shattering the stillness bothered him.

"Julian." Harry leaned on one elbow as he called in a hushed whisper to the sleeping body on his left. There was no movement. He swung his feet onto the floor with one motion, leaned over while still sitting on the edge of the bed, and touched Julian's shoulder.

"Julian. Wake up."

Julian mumbled an inaudible grunt and pulled himself to a half-sitting position. He rested upon his elbows.

"What is it?"

"It's too hot to sleep. Let's walk down to the lake and take a swim."

"Swim? Why?"

"Like I said, it's too hot to sleep. I haven't been to sleep yet. The moon's out. It will be easy to get down to the lake."

"All right. But don't make any noise. I don't want to wake up Jess."

In a few moments the two had pulled on their khakis and tennis shoes.

"Don't turn on any lights. We can see without any."

"I wasn't going to."

"Ready?"

"Yes."

"All right. Let's go."

They moved to the front door, eased the latch up, and walked out into the yard. The moon hung low as they walked with bobbing footsteps down the slight incline to the lake, and the pines stood like a black-green castle before the lake. A moment later they were among the thickly clustered Brazilian oaks and looking down into blue-black water, deep down to, some people said, a hundred feet or more in spots, reflecting like filtered sunlight off a mirror in the cricket-shattered summer darkness. It was a night when the ruffle of a breeze creasing the water could be felt and heard singing a whispering song through the leaves of the pines.

Harry, who had walked a step or two before Julian, reached the edge of the lake a second before, pushed back the mass of pine limbs with both hands and said:

"Looks good enough, don't you think?"

"A little chilly, the breeze is picking up. But it's been hot as hell all day and should be fine."

"Going in?"

"Might as well. That was the general idea."

"All right."

Seconds later the two stood naked on the edge of the bank, the moonlight turning their bodies a faded yellow hue. They stood side by side and looked first at the moon and then into the water.

"Ready?" Harry asked.

"Yes."

Julian plunged first and Harry waited until he surfaced twenty yards out before following.

"Let's make for the raft. It's lying in the middle."

"Good enough," Julian replied.

"Did you put the bottle there the other day?"

"Yes. And the glasses, too. Hope no one has taken it."

"Not a chance. No one ever comes down here anymore."

"Let's swim underwater."

"No."

"All right."

They sat on the edge of the raft, legs suspended in the water, and drank the bourbon. It burned a little as it went down, but it was good all the same, and they sipped it as if it would be the last they ever drank for a long time to come. Harry finished his first and reached for the bottle, filled the glass to the half-way mark, and then leaned back on his elbows.

"Julian."

"Yes."

"Why doesn't your mother go to the hospital?"

"She doesn't want to."

"She's a fool."

"Maybe."

"I like her. She's genuine."

"She's all right."

"If she had the money would she go to the hospital?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"It wouldn't do any good."

"I didn't know it was that bad."

"It is."

"I'm sorry."

"No need to be. Everybody dies. She won't be the first."

"Or the last."

"Or the last."

A black cloud passed over the moon and the shadows seemed to drop over the lake like a black curtain. The breeze had increased into a light wind and the sky looked dark with the promise of a rainstorm within the hour.

Julian thought about Jess and wondered how long it would be before she died.

* * *

She was going to die: that was certain. But she had faith and that made it easier. Somehow she had faith that Julian would come into his own. Now, that was all that kept her going. She no longer had much faith in herself—in her rapidly disentegrating, coughing, sputtering body. Looking into the mirror after another of the long, drawn out nights of lying awake and listening to the crickets chirp, stop and hum, with the noises blended together forming an incessant pattern of boredom shattered only by her coughing, she would look deep into the lines of her face. My face is like a plum drying out more and more with each night. Each morning was the same. Days followed one another in the monotonous, humdrum repetition of the crickets at night. The whippoorwill cooed at ten and after, near the house at first, then drifting far away as the night wore on. On into the night. Worse than the crickets. Much worse. The bird brought back Tennessee and the big house in the country. Good days, short days evaporating into each other, into months and years. Finally she was here. Yes, the nights were the worse. The doctor at the county clinic told her to sleep and rest and sleep and rest. But she refused to relinquish her hold on life by sleeping and resting. She hated it; but she would not give up. Damn, why do I have to die?

* * *

Julian took another drink of the bourbon. I wonder how long it will take? Hell, she can't hold on much longer. But she's got guts; she doesn't want to die. She's afraid for me.

Harry looked up at the blackening sky and then let his eyes fall on the water. The wind was kicking the water up a little now. He wondered if it would rain, decided it probably wouldn't. We don't have much rain in the summertime, some, but not a hell of a lot. He turned his head slowly from the water to Julian, sitting forward, holding his hands together. His face against the night shadows looked twisted and distorted like a mask that had been squeezed out of shape. The lips were screwed together as if he were about to spit. His short-cropped hair was still wet from the swim and reflected particles of the moonlight.

"Got a cigarette?" The voice startled Julian momentarily.

"No, they're on the bank. There were some here but now they're wet."

"Damn, I want one bad."

"Sorry."

Harry laughed short, relaxed his elbows, and lay flat on the raft.

"Bourbons not so great without them."

"Straight bourbons not so great, anyhow." Julian

(*Continued on page twenty-nine*)

TWO TOP DEBATERS

PHOTOGRAPH BY IRVIN GRIGG

WHETHER IT IS a mystical quality concurrent with alliteration, or whether it is skill and drudgery that makes a debate team a success is a question difficult to answer. However, from a cursory survey of the recent history of the Wake Forest debate squad, it appears that the alliteration element cannot be ignored.

Such teams as Caudle and Crouch, Mitchell and Moorefield, and now Mauney and Moorefield, seem to bear out this hypothesis. At least it is an interesting point for conjecture.

During the last year Joe Mauney and Virgil Moorefield have participated in nineteen debates losing only one to the University of Texas, or as Mauney says, "I won eighteen debates. Moorefield lost one."

In the Ohio State Invitational, Wake Forest's two-man team achieved the honor of a first place rating. Receding to the background, they left the Miami Invitational with second place honors. However, undaunted, they attended the West Point elimination debates at Emory University in Georgia. Here they were confronted with such opposition as Alabama State College, Florida State University, University of Alabama, Emory University, and Georgetown College. Again the team displayed its mettle to come back with a triumphant first place, remaining undefeated.

At this time Mauney and Moorefield have bowed to submission every team in the South which has journeyed to the West Point tourney. They will enter the National Invitational Tournament the first team of the Southern region. Last year Mauney and Moorefield placed among the top ten debaters at the same meet.

This sort of record hardly seems commensurate with the attitude the two men evinced when they were placed together as a team last year. In fact, the mutual reaction has now become a jest. When first confronted with each other, Moorefield pursuing a career as a minister and Mauney, a career as a lawyer, the initial response was, "What! do I have to debate with that?"

While each of the debaters possesses disparate interests in vocational choice, and each has his own personal habits and idiosyncrasies, on the speaker's platform they appear to cast aside differences to become

TWO TOP DEBATERS

Joe Mauney and Virgil Moorefield, the top debate team of the South, are preparing to debate the best teams of the Nation at the National Invitational Tournament held at West Point.

a difficult-to-defeat unity. Their speaking styles are as different as their personalities.

However, for Mauney and Moorefield, the debaters, co-operation does not begin at the lectern, but rather it commences with the initial research and general reading in the field of the topic which is to be debated. The two work separately. From the moment they meet to prepare the debate and to discuss the major issues involved they discard differences. During the primary discussions each man presents his ideas for mutual consideration, approval or disapproval. Any idea found to be lacking in force is readily dismissed from the material. This sort of co-operation, the debaters believe, provides an additional impetus to an already well functioning team.

Essentially a negative debater, Mauney addresses his opponents with the second constructive speech and the first rebuttal. On the other hand, Moorefield, more at ease aligned with the affirmative in argumentation, presents the first constructive speech and the final rebuttal. While this is not at all a most orthodox procedure, the Wake Forest team finds it effective in attaining victories. This system permits each man to assume the role he finds more comfortable.

Co-operation, then, combined with subtle strategy and sophistical rhetoric appear as the elements for a successful debate team. Well versed in the prerequisite intricacies of argumentation, the Mauney-Moorefield twosome will, for the second time, journey to New York and West Point to pit their skill against the best debate teams in the nation.

Both debaters are members of Pi Kappa Delta, honorary forensic fraternity. Moorefield has attained the Degree of Special Distinction. Mauney is now eligible for the same recognition. Such distinction is not without honor, for it is necessary to win two thirds of all the debates one has during a three year period to be considered for such merit.

These men are not exclusively debaters, however, for their names are often before the student body. Each is a member of Omicron Delta Kappa. Each was named this year an outstanding senior. Together they are co-managers of the Wake Forest debate squad.

These two men are only two members of a debate squad which has placed Wake Forest College among the famous colleges in the nation for forensic activities. In no small degree the man responsible for Wake Forest's strength in debate is Mr. Franklin Shirley of the Speech Department. He works unobtrusively behind the debaters and drives them in his car to debates all over the United States. With his constant patriarchal guidance and the team's dauntless enthusiasm, it is little wonder that Wake Forest is now known over the nation for its outstanding achievements in debate.

POEMS

A SUMMER DAY

The early morning air is as clean as if
winnowed by its master
As fresh and cool as the breath of
the north
And as pure as if pasteurized by God.
Trees and houses are gaunt shadows against
a dark expanse
And the landscape a study in white and gray
and black.
For a while a million candles vie for the favor
of the Creator
Then the moon vanishes through the
western gate of heaven
And the night reaches its culmination in the
glory of the sunrise.

Higher and still higher till
The middle aged sun beats unmercifully against
her enslaved servant.
It hardens and parches the earth and causes the air
to become again impure
It lingers on the trees which wither before its
angry stare
It drives the stream into the shadow of
its depth
And makes the work of man to complain against
the solar rashness.
It causes mankind to pant, to stop, to rest
and receive nourishment
And the sun has fulfilled her duty in
the noon.

Then toward the western horizon until
The air once more begins to cool, and the dust
to settle for the night.
The worker attains the acme of his day
and breathes a sigh
While all nature begins again to lift
its eyes to God.
The earth grows still and the returning moon prods
the master sun
Who lets him in to take his place through the
magnificent hues
Which only God could give to the
sunset.

Tony Wrenn

BITTER FRUIT

Coagulating blood
on a brick wall
softened by dew
washed away by rain
leaving the white red raw hand

Once guts
red guts
now starched
and hung and dried
snatched like a dirty sheet
in a dry wind

Unclench the fist
and lie down
(others have gone before)
and smoke a cigarette
. . . and sleep

Otis Gossman, Jr.

REGENERATION

Sun pierced the heart.
The glacier moved,
And a landslide set in . . .
Purified.
The ultra-violet rays,
As God's grace,
Broke the bonds of sin.
And an ocean in chaos
Was harnessed and tamed.
It emerged bubbling
fresh and cool,
As a spring released from earth's bowels
does.
Sun pierced the ocean,
As it did the heart,
And, now, impurities gone—
Hatred thrice removed—
It loves!

Bob Pratt

DANCERS IN WINTER WOODS

Skeleton trees stripped naked
massed and jumbled in gnarled confusion
like a city of dead men stretching octopus
arms to a wind rent sky
bellowing bull like with belly stuffed with
raw wind, sucking wind
extending fingers of ice
congealed, brittle, razor-edged
slicing deep.

Dancers in white sweep over white
pirouette, vibrate on rigid toes
the wind calls, beckons, hums
comecomecomecomecome
and they go
goodbygoodbygoodbygoodby
maybe the spring will serve bail.

Otis Gossman, Jr.

Here's What They Think:

Several weeks back, when the sunshine was only something one remembered as a pleasant phenomena of the previous summer, three or four of us were idly indulging in the familiar college pastime of casting both aspersions and praise upon the heads of various and sundry professors. The practice has been routine since the days of the ancient Greeks when it was the custom of students to sit at the feet of their teachers rather than like neatly placed statues in a classroom.

In view of this, we decided to go out and round up several members of the faculty and student body and get them to write their opinions of each other. Below is the result. Dr. J. Allen Easley and Dr. Henry S. Stroupe air their views from the professorial side, and Ed Christman, Mary Jo Brown and Pat Foote offer comments from the vantage point of the student.

DR J. ALLEN EASLEY
Religion Department

THERE ARE FEW things that can be said about the 1,400 Wake Forest College students that would be equally true of all of them, beyond the gratuitous remark that they are all human beings. What is true of one is often in no way true of another. Any generalizations that may be made have more than enough exceptions "to prove the rule," probably enough "to prove the rule" false. But the Editors of THE STUDENT have

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PROFESSORS

DR. HENRY S. STROUPE
History Department

FOUR YEARS in college should go a long way toward preparing a student to live a useful and enjoyable life in his community after graduation. Satisfactory results are most likely to be obtained by the student who pursues a broad course of study based on the liberal arts. Graduate and professional schools indicate on the forms they send out that they are interested in the student who has not specialized too early in his under-graduate career. Doctors, lawyers, ministers, and teachers frequently express the wish that they had registered for more non-professional courses in college.

How do Wake Forest students of today qualify in this respect? Do they approach the ideal? Occasionally a student is found devoting most of his time to science, foreign language, religion, or some other single field, but this is the exception. Wake Forest students as a whole do emphasize through their selection of courses the broad curriculum that those who have studied the question find so desirable.

There is, however, considerable doubt as to whether they make the best possible use of the opportunities available. Wake Forest students do far too little general reading. The staff of our library finds it necessary to report that the per-student circulation of books is the smallest of any major college in the state. It is not that Wake Forest lacks books, for the library is quite adequate in this respect, but simply that students do not seek out and read the standard works in the different fields. One student, presumably not a resident of the immediate college community, dropped a course recently because he could not find time to spend approximately one hour a week in the library. There needs to be a much greater desire for genuine understanding of basic subject matter.

In certain other respects Wake Forest students do approach the ideal. They are as friendly a group as can be found anywhere. A few years ago a member of the faculty sponsored on the campus a know-your-fellow-student contest, the results of which were gratifying. On a designated day about one hundred stu-

(*Continued on page thirty-two*)

STUDENTS

PAT FOOTE
Sociology Major

ANY CRITERIA WHICH a student prescribes regarding what he or she expects a professor to be is by its very nature highly subjective. What I anticipate deriving from a specific professor probably differs in many ways from another or any other student's anticipations.

During my four years in college—three at Wake Forest and one, my sophomore year, at George Washington University—I have attempted to evolve a definition of what the true essence and body of professor-student inter-personal relationships should be, ideally speaking.

What are the qualities which go to make up the "ideal" professor? The following "musts" are those which seem, to me, to be absolute necessities:

1. The professor must be a scholar in every sense of the word. Not only should his educational background be such to justify his being accorded the position of professor, but also he should never be satisfied with his educational status quo. Learning is a life time process which does not end with the awarding of a doctor's degree.

2. The professor must be skilled in the *art* of teaching. Many scholars are professors, but all too often, a professor is not a teacher. As I see it, to teach is to enlighten, to reveal new patterns of thought meaningfully. It also means to

(*Continued on page thirty-two*)

ED CHRISTMAN
Law Student

THE FACULTY OF Wake Forest College represents a collection of intellects and personalities ranging from the scholar to the scholastic misfit. Evaluating their individual and collective worth in terms of faculties elsewhere would be speculative and uncertain. The other alternative, appraising their merit by an absolute standard, compels the writer to create the necessary criteria and translate them in terms of Wake Forest profs.

When we compare ourselves with an "absolute" measuring rod, our failings often appear accentuated because we are self-conscious about our shortcomings. The following is not intended as a condemnation; rather, it indicates my "professorial ideal" (hereafter called

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MARY JO BROWN
Science Major

IT IS DIFFICULT for the student to see the professor in the light of pure reason, or through unprejudiced eyes. There is the prevailing tendency, unluckily, to judge him, all of him, merely on the basis of a grade, of an overt word or action, or even by a single lower bracket course (!). Here, however, the attempt is made to give an estimate of our professors as they compare with my ideal prof.

As a basis for comparison. I'll give a brief description of this ideal prof who is, incidentally, quite a man. First, he has the singular ability to communicate with his students. He knows that his is the privilege of introducing the student to and helping him become acquainted with his own broader world of thought. This prof of my dreams also is one who has such a wealth of integrated knowledge that he presents to the student not merely a skeleton of facts, but also offers meat—ideas. As the mind of the student unfolds, these ideas are hung onto the skeleton, forming a symmetrical, meaningful body of knowledge. The student then has a foundation of fact, and perhaps even more important, bases for inquiry—the beginning of wisdom.

But throughout all this, the student is not regarded impersonally as an automaton. His are qualities and abilities peculiar to himself, distinctive, and thus they are recognized. Every student is an individual soul torn between the real and the ideal; in his striving toward self-realization there is the inevitable struggle between potentiality and actuality. My ideal prof is one who is keenly aware of this struggle and at once recognizes that his ultimate raison d'etre, his meaning as a teacher, is wrapped up in the pupil, his purpose being to educe the student's possibilities, helping him on to a conscious-

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Review

HEYDEY. By W. M. Spackman. New York: Ballentine Books. 212 pp. Clothbound, $1.50. Paperbound, 35 cents.

Reviewed by L. M. Wright, Jr.

Mr. Spackman was a member of the Princeton class of 1927. His story is the story of himself and some of his classmates as they attended college, were graduated, went into business, searched for women, weathered the fitful, lonely Thirties and then entered World War II. To say the least, he covers a lot of ground.

While Mr. Spackman shows a marked ability to write at various points in this, his first novel, it is the method and manner of topic selection with which I find it necessary to quarrel.

Mr. Spackman says of his novel that it is "the spiritual biography of a generation, a statement about American values, an elegy upon the immemorial loneliness of man, a statement about the young American upper class in that era of its disaster, the 1930's."

When a book of the stature described above is written, it will deserve the praise of all the critics. In the meantime, Mr. Spackman has given us *Heydey* to read and to criticize. *Heydey* may be "the spiritual biography of a generation," but there is more of a sexual biography than spiritual biography unless my sense of modesty has become more strict than I think it has.

Heydey is told by Webb Fletcher. It is through him that all characters and incidents are conveyed to the reader.

Webb Fletcher works at a desk in Naval Intelligence in Washington. It is 1942. The story opens when information comes to Naval Intelligence that Mike Fletcher has been killed in the Pacific, in action in the Coral Sea.

Mike Fletcher was Webb Fletcher's cousin and also his Princeton classmate. Webb did not know Mike too well at Princeton and is able to reconstruct only a portion of the story of Mike's life through mutual friends, mostly women.

Webb's memory goes back to Princeton, back to 1927. Mike is something of a shadow (and, unfortunately, remains so throughout the entire effort to reconstruct his life and Webb's effort to compose a suitable obituary).

From Princeton, Webb went to Kitty, Stephanie, Jill and Barbara, to name a few. He also went to Paris for a hitch on the *Herald* before he settled in New York in 1931.

Mike had been in Paris, too. And it was through a casual encounter with Mike that Webb was first introduced to Barbara who later became his wife. (Not, however, before an interval of stylishly Fitzgeraldish adventures on the Continent.)

Mike got back to New York in 1931, too. He was an unemployed advertising man.

Webb goes to *The Tribune* in Chicago. Then:

"And so. We (Webb and Barbara) were married in October; in Chicago, where I had walked into a job on *The Tribune*. . . . Then by a stroke of luck I got a job on the *Sun* in New York. Barbara drove east to join me—and that was when it happened.

"Outside Washington, Pa., avoiding Pittsburgh traffic and thinking happily about me rather than the road, she drove head-on at 55 miles an hour into a column of rural Sunday school children being marched along to some religious prestidigitation or other, mashing three quite simply to bloody rags.

"As she said later to our lawyer, a kindly old gentleman who was doing his best to decide what explanation she was to offer the jury, 'But I was only thinking about *Webb*, Mr. Sattersall, I was *really* only thinking about Webb. How our new apartment in New York was going to be. And how we would make a sweet ceremony of our first night there—I couldn't just tell the jury that?'

" 'Dear Heaven,' said old Mr. Sattersall.

"The judge was of the same sect as the slaughtered children, said Barbara was an example to humanity, all other sects, and the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, and gave her seven years."

This is undoubtedly some of the bluntest, most rapid-moving and, at the same time, effective writing I have read in quite some time.

This incident—Barbara's accident—occurs on Page 25 of a 212-page work. The story then, deals with Webb and Mike during much of the seven years of Barbara's sentence. During the seven years, Webb learned about Mike by knowing most of the women Mike knew, casually and/or intimately.

It is in this portion of his story—the seven years which is actually three-fourths of the story—that Mr. Spackman falls down. His best writing is done in descriptions of bedroom scenes. (Perhaps someday some professor will make a scholarly study of the rise and reign of the bedroom scene in American fiction. It has best-seller possibilities, unfortunately.)

There is some good work in *Heydey*. The scenes which occur after Barbara is released and she and Webb are together again are touching, realistic.

Mr. Spackman is, however, prone to his dictionary to the point that his writing loses an ease which at times is greatly needed.

Perhaps in a future novel he will tell more of a story, give more character and spend less time in the bedroom. If he does, it will be a better novel than *Heydey*.

THE MAN MAO

(*Continued from page eleven*)

railway workers, municipal employees, printers and workers in the government mint.

The Second Congress of the Chinese Communist Party convened in the winter of 1922. It met in Shanghai, but Mao did not attend. He had intended to be present, but he forgot the name of the place where the meeting was to be held, was unable to find his friends, and thus was not present.

The historic decision to join the Kuomintang (the Nationalists) and co-operate with it came in the Party's Third Congress in Canton in 1923. In the spring of 1924, Mao attended the First National Congress of the Kuomintang as a representative of the Communists.

Efficient in politics and practiced in the ways of the revolutionary minded peasants, Mao had little difficulty in rising rapidly in the co-operative government. By 1925 he was editor of the *Political Weekly,* the official organ of the Kuomintang which was circulated only among higher party officials. Chiang Kai-shek was at that time just gaining his first major command, as the leader of the First Army.

Chiang was not a patient man. He attempted his first *coup d'etat* in March of 1926. By the spring of 1926, when the time came for the Second Congress of the Kuomintang, Chiang Kai-shek was emerging as the recognized leader. Mao, meantime, was busy making an inspection of land conditions in five nearby counties. He spent nearly six months living with and talking with the peasants. He knew them well. After all, he was one of them. Land reform was the chief need, according to Mao's survey. And land reform to this day is still one of the chief instruments for winning the peasants over to the Communists. Mao found, for example, some peasants who had been forced by greedy landlords to pay taxes for as many as sixty years in advance. It is little wonder, then, that this pepper loving revolutionary decided, with more fervor than ever, to work to aid the peasants.

The year 1927 marked another, and this time a successful, effort on the part of Chiang Kai-shek to take complete control of the Nationalist armies. And, even in 1927, Chiang began minor movements against the Communists—movements which culminated in a million-man attack in 1934-35. And a movement which, by 1950, found Chiang and his Nationalists holding only the island of Formosa.

And through it all, there was the man Mao. His radical ideas of land reform were rejected by his Party in a 1927 conference. But the same year, an All-China Peasants' Union was organized, and Mao was the first president of it.

(It should be remembered that Sun Yat-sen, leader of the movement to found the Chinese Republic, had died in 1925. His death produced a two-year struggle within the Nationalist Party, and it was Chiang Kai-shek who emerged in control of the Nationalist armies in 1927.)

The year 1927 marked the parting of the ways for the Nationalists and the Communists. The Communists decided that the Nationalists under Chiang Kai-shek were nothing more than the tools of the imperialists who could not carry out the responsibilities of a democratic revolution. The long open struggle for power began.

The struggle was to continue for twenty years. And it was a struggle which assumed, as it progressed, more and more importance. The gaining of China by the Communists is now generally conceded to be the biggest single victory in the last quarter century.

By 1928, the Nationalists were carrying on a shooting campaign to rid China of the Communists. Mao himself was captured and was being taken to Nationalist headquarters. Many of his friends had been shot, and he was sure that he, too, would be shot. He managed to escape the guards just at the last moment, however.

With the split between the Communists and the Kuomintang, the Communists began setting up provisional governments in the small areas which they controlled. The Nationalists set up governments, too. It was Chiang Kai-shek himself who promised the peasants free elections in 1928. The Communists, meanwhile, were quietly working in their areas bringing about the much needed land reforms. In 1935 there had not been one election in any Nationalist province. But the Communists, by 1935, had managed to effect land reforms in wide areas, and had also managed to gain control of areas formerly held by the Nationalists.

In Chingkanshan in 1928, Mao Tse-tung met with the Communist leader, Chu Teh. "Together we drew up a plan to establish a six-*hsien* Soviet area, to stabilize and consolidate gradually the Communist power in the Hunan-Kiangsi-Kwangtung border districts, and, with that as a base, to expand over greater areas. This strategy was in opposition to recommendations of the Party, which had grandiose ideas of rapid expansion. In the army itself Chu Teh and I had to fight against two tendencies: first, a desire to advance on Changsha (stronghold of the Nationalists) at once, which we considered adventurism; secondly, a desire to withdraw to the south of the Kwangtung border, which we regarded as 'retreatism.' Our main tasks, as we saw them then, were two: to divide the land, and to establish Soviets. We wanted to arm the masses to hasten those processes. Our policy called for free trade, generous treatment of captured enemy troops, and, in general, democratic moderation.

"A representative meeting was called at Chingkanshan in the autumn of 1928, and was attended by delegates from Soviet districts north of Chingkanshan. Some division of opinion still existed among Party men in the Soviet districts concerning the points mentioned above, and at this meeting differences were thoroughly aired. A minority argued that our future on this basis

was narrowly limited, but the majority had faith in the policy, and, when a resolution was proposed, declaring that the Soviet movement would be victorious, it was easily passed. The Party Central Committee, however, had not yet given the movement its sanction. This was not received until the winter of 1928, when the report of proceedings at the Sixth Congress of the Communist Party, held in Moscow, reached Chingkanshan.

"With the new line adopted at that Congress, Chu Teh and I were in complete agreement. From that time on, the differences between the leaders of the Party and the leaders of the Soviet movement in the agrarian districts disappeared. Party harmony was re-established."

Until 1930, Communist forces worked to establish only local governments. Mao recalls that "on February 7, 1930, an important local Party conference was called in South Kiangsi, to discuss the future program of the Soviets. It was attended by local representatives from the Party, the army and the government. Here the question of the land policy was argued at great length, and the struggle against 'opportunism,' led by those opposed to redistribution was overcome. It was resolved to carry out land redistribution and quicken the formation of Soviets. Until then the Red Army had formed only local and district Soviets. At this conference it was decided to establish the Kiangsi Provincial Soviet Government. To the new program the peasants responded with a warm, enthusastic support which helped, in the months ahead, to defeat the extermination campaigns of the Kuomintang armies."

Thus a political party, formed in 1921, found itself ten years later strong enough to set up a central government all its own. And it also found itself strong enough to become the object of repeated extermination campaigns by the Nationalists.

The direct quotations from Mao Tse-tung are something of an indication of the spirit of the movement. It should be observed that at the beginning there was the frequent mention of "I." Not so, once Mao became a member of the Communist Party. He and his friends lost themselves completely in the "we" movement. Quotations which were supposedly personal history of Mao's life, have gradually become the complete history of the entire movement in which he was engaged. He seems, somehow, as time progresses, to lose himself; no longer is it an account of Mao Tse-tung, but the Red Army.

Events began to move rapidly in 1930. Red armies were attacking on a small scale at various points throughout the area. Chiang Kai-shek was becoming more and more concerned over the revolutionary potentialities of the attacks.

In 1930 the Koumintang began its First Extermination Campaign against the Communists armies. Nationalist forces numbering about 100,000 men began to encircle the Red-held areas. Communists were able to mobilize about 40,000 men. The Reds opened their lines readily to the advance of the Nationalists, then quickly attacked in isolated groups. Always the Reds waited until they had enough men to attack the Nationalists on at least equal terms. By the end of 1931, the First Extermination Campaign was admittedly a failure so far as the Nationalists were concerned.

Four months later the Second Extermination Campaign began, this time with twice the army used in the first campaign. Mao recalls the second campaign: "Admitting the enemy columns well into Red territory, our main forces suddenly concentrated against the second route of the enemy, defeated several regiments, and destroyed their offensive power. Immediately afterwards we attacked in quick succession the third route, the sixth and seventh, defeating each of them in turn. The fourth route retreated without giving battle, and the fifth route was partly destroyed. Within fourteen

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—*in*—

WAKE FOREST

days the Red Army had fought six battles and marched eight days, ending with a decisive victory. . . .

"One month later, Chiang Kai-shek took command of an army of 300,000 men 'for the final extermination of the Red-bandits.'

". . . With a main force of only 30,000 men, by a series of brilliant maneuvers, our army attacked five different columns in five days. In the first battle the Red Army captured many enemy troops, and large amounts of ammunition, guns and equipment. By September, the Third Campaign had been admitted to be a failure and Chiang Kai-shek, in October, withdrew his troops."

The Fourth Extermination Campaign began in April, 1933. It, too, ended in victory for the Communists.

Mao was, during these campaigns, busy largely with political matters, leaving the fighting to others. He was working swiftly to organize and strengthen the Communist government in the Red-held territories. In 1932, between Extermination Campaigns, the Communists had been able to conduct offensives of their own and had expanded their holdings.

When the Fifth Extermination Campaign began in October, 1933, Chiang Kai-shek mobilized nearly a million men. His tactics utilized fortifications; his troops waited for the Communists to attack. The Communists were inexperienced at this sort of planned warfare. (Chiang was then acting on the advice of German military commanders.) Consequently, by January of 1934 it was necessary for the Party Congress to make plans for the Long March.

Of the March, Mao Tse-tung later said, "It was begun in October, 1934, just a year after Chiang Kai-shek launched his last Campaign—a year of almost constant fighting, struggle and enormous losses on both sides.

"By January, 1935, the main forces of the Red Army reached Tsun-yi, in Kweichow. For the next four months the army was almost constantly moving and the most energetic combat and fighting took place. Through many difficulties, across the longest and deepest and most dangerous rivers of China, across some of its highest and most hazardous mountain passes, through the country of fierce aborigines, through the empty grasslands, through cold and through intense heat, through wind and snow and rainstorm, pursued by half the White armies of China, through all these natural barriers, and fighting its way past the local troops of Kwangtung, Hunan, Kwangsi, Kweichow, Yunnan, Sikong, Szechuan, Kansu and Shensi, the Red Army at last reached northern Shensi in October, 1935, and enlarged the present (1937) base in China's great Northwest.

"The victorious march of the Red Army, and its triumphant arrival in Kansu and Shensi with its living forces still intact, was due first to the correct leadership of the Communist Party, and secondly to the great skill, courage, determination and almost super-human endurance and revolutionary ardor of the basic cadres of our Soviet people. The Communist Party of China was, is, and will ever be, faithful to Marxist-Leninism, and it will continue its struggle against every opportunist tendency. In this determination lies one explanation of its invincibility and the certainty of its final victory."

Thus spoke Mao Tse-tung in 1937, while his Red armies were still waiting in retreat. It is not difficult to understand how the armies were inspired to come back, however, and years later, to win the final victory which placed the Communist Party in complete control of China. And it is not difficult to understand, too, how Mao Tse-tung was the natural leader in such a movement.

It is at this point that Edgar Snow's account, found in *Red Star Over China,* ends. What has been written since has come largely from the pen of Robert Payne. Neither of these men, however, is able to give a complete account of what happened between 1937 and 1945—the year in which Mao emerged before the world as the leader of the party which had quietly but surely taken control of China.

LEADER, POET

(*Continued from page nine*)

evils—the Japanese, the Kuomintang, the terrible social system." Nor should the reference to the red flag be taken to mean only the Communist flag. For here is a deliberate confusion between the red flag and the red banner carried by the ancient Chinese generals. Mao delights in such confusions in much the same way that T'ang Dynasty (700 A. D.) poets deliberately wrote poems about the border warfare of their time, while pretending to be writing about wars a thousand years earlier.

The second widely-known Mao Tse-tung poem ap-

BOB'S

- *Quick Breakfasts*
- *Economical Lunches*
- *Steak Dinners*

THE COLLEGE INN

"Just Across the Campus"

pears to have been written in a mood of tranquil rejoicing some time after the Red Army had settled in Shensi, after the Long March. It is called simply "The Long March."

The geography of the March provides the necessary commentary on the names of the mountains and rivers in the poem. What is remarkable is the use of phrases like "the Three Armies," which was the number of armies possessed by the Chou Dynasty emperor, the traditional poetic name for the armies of the empire. In fact, at least four armies had taken part in the Long March.

The poem is within itself evidence of many things. The third and fourth lines, for instance, are traditional mountain descriptions which almost reach the point of triteness. The poetic imagination, so carefully based on archaic sources, rises slowly, and it is only in the last four lines that the poet's true imaginative powers are evidenced.

The significance of "The Long March" lies in its almost desperate invocation of the *whole* of the long epic march across China. It is partly the use of certain names which give resonance and depth to the poem. For the Chinese, the Min Mountains have the same kind of heraldic significance as the vast profusion of foreign names which Milton derived from the Near East. Mao is talking of great deserts and is deliberately employing the corpus of Chinese legends. They hover like enormous statues seen through the mists; his poems seem nearer because the legends are farther away. There is depth and a kind of permanence in the juxtaposition of the legendary past and the present. Then, too, Mao used numbers as the mystics use them, with a complete sense of definiteness. "The thousand snowy fields" are immediately more tangible, although a geographical survey would reveal concrete differences. By being mathematically inexact, the poem acquires an emotional accuracy.

The third well-known poem, "The Snow," was written in 1945 while Mao was flying between Yenan and Chungking. It was his first flight, and the Communist leader was going to Chungking for a conference with Chiang Kai-shek in an effort to bring about a truce between Nationalist and Communist forces.

"The Snow" shows clear signs of having been written under the strain of intense excitement. But Mao himself says simply that he wrote it to while away the time and to give as a present to a friend he had not seen since 1927 who would meet him at the airport.

The friend let the poem pass to the hands of the editor of *Ta Kung Pao*. After its publication hundreds of Chinese, and particularly university students, came to feel a great respect for Mao as a poet.

"The Snow" attempts something which had rarely, if ever, been attempted before. With a full consciousness of the entire weight of Chinese history, and with a full consciousness of his own place in that history, Mao apparently tried to write a poem which would embrace the whole of Chinese legend and Chinese history in a moment of time.

"The Snow" might be called a love poem addressed to the earth—the Chinese earth. There is, too, a hint of sexuality in the description of the "red-faced girl clothed in white," for everything about the description is certainly ambiguous, and the lines could be translated in many different ways.

As often happens in Chinese poetry, there are varying depths of meaning; yet these different meanings meet at a single point of fusion, and the implication is clear: there is a compact with the past for the sake of future inheritance, and a proud belief that the time has come when the Chinese will be masters of their own land. What is certain is that Mao deliberately attempted a poem which invokes the whole past history of his

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*
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WAKE FOREST

country, all its legend, all its landscapes. It is an astonishing achievement. In the shortest possible number of words, he has produced a most complete picture of the Chinese scene, and the method is peculiarly his own.

Mao Tse-tung's poetry shows a man who is well-educated in all the classical traditions of his country. Some of his methods also show traces of the earlier and greater European poets. He is a man quite sensitive, especially to the beauties of nature. But there is, too, a quality which, for lack of a better word, may be called steel. It shows in his lines when he dismisses the hardships of his life and the trials of the lives of those under him. In "The Long March" he says "no one in the Red Army fears the hardships of the Long March." But it was this same Long March which wiped out more than 100,000 of Mao's men. The absence of fear in the face of the 100,000 deaths could only be expressed by a man completely and totally devoted to a cause.

That cause, for Mao Tse-tung, is Communism.

DISINTEGRATION

(Continued from page seventeen)

talked without changing his head, lips moving—just enough to be heard, voice almost emotionless.

"I don't like bourbon."

"You bought it."

"I always buy it."

"Your old man can stand the loss."

"I'm not bitching."

"Shut up then."

"I thought you liked it."

"Bourbon?"

"Yes."

"I do—when it's mixed right."

"Too sweet. I like hard liquors."

"Go for a swim."

"Jess got mad the other night."

"When?"

"Listening to the symphony and drinking."

"She worries about you. She knows I employ a little sense. You drink like a fish."

"She liked the symphony. She was crying a little toward the end. Too bad."

"That she's going to die?"

"Well . . . that she's so damned sick all the time."

* * *

Jess turned over in bed and then was awake. For a fleeting second she thought she was in Tennessee. The whippoorwill moved in on the sweating air. John, tomorrow's Sunday. Let's take the boys and drive to Lookout Mountain. I could pack a small lunch. JOHN . . . John . . . john . . . the humming humming craw of the crickets shattered the illusion. For a moment she cried.

* * *

"The wind's picking up from the north."

Harry's eyes moved in a concentric circle from the cemetery on the hill to the north, back to the water and Julian's silhouetted faced against the mask of the rise on the hill.

"Yes." Julian turned his face to the cemetery and let his eyes rest a moment on the white mausoleum with the little iron fence around it which guarded the entrance. "It's got the odor of the cemetery on it."

Both glued their eyes on the hill. They could see no farther than the cemetery because of the heavy rain clouds blotting the horizon.

"Naranja cemetery," Harry said. "It's a beautiful name for a cemetery the way the Spanish pronounce it."

"How do the Spanish pronounce it?"

"They give the j and h sound. I like it; it sounds more poetic. The people around here butcher it the way they pronounce it."

"It doesn't matter. A cemetery shouldn't have such an idyllic sound in the first place."

"Don't be so damned materialistic."

"Realistic. Santayana was a materialist and it left him plenty of room. You confuse your words."

"Don't be so final. There might be something after. And your Santayana was a non-conforming materialist. He was a poet and a writer first and a philosopher second. And he wasn't consistent."

"Don't be an ass."

"Dad says the water in this lake drains down through there first. He won't let me swim here."

"Your father's an ass."

"He gets along."

"He's still an ass."

"Go to hell."

Harry didn't go on with the discussion. Julian's gaze returned to the water. Harry stared at his legs which he had lifted just above the level of the raft.

"We fight a lot over nothing."

"I'm sorry I called your old man an ass. He's a pretty good guy, I guess."

"Doesn't matter. I just don't like to see us fight so much. I'm the only friend you have and vice versa.

We ought to stick closer together. Let's take another swim before it starts raining."

"Go ahead. I'll follow in a few minutes."

Harry crawled to his feet. The raft shook a little causing Julian's end to submerge.

"Careful."

"Sorry."

Harry stood straight for a moment, then arched and plummetted into the reflecting whiteness. He dived deep, circled underwater, and shot to the surface. Five or six powerful strokes pulled him through the water and away from the raft. Turning on his back he watched Julian, still sitting with hands folded.

Julian dipped his hands into the water, flicked them in the air, then pressed them flat against his thighs. He rubbed them back and forth and down to his knees and underwater against the sides of his calves.

The raft rocked. Harry clammered over the side. The moonlight caught his shoulders as he pulled himself to a standing position, revealing the chest muscles rising and falling, rippling like the lake water on a windy afternoon. Julian watched him use his hands for a towel, then plumped down beside him.

"Waters nice. A bit chilly a first, but still nice. Thought you were coming in. Damn, I cut my hand on the side of the raft."

"Bad?"

"No. Just a scratch."

"You have hands like your father."

"Thanks for nothing. Dad's got the hands of a laborer. He's not a laborer anymore, but the money can't remove the signs. The old boy's got the roughest, strongest damned pair of meat hooks I think I've ever seen."

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"You're even built like him."

"I'm taller. He's only six feet. I'm six-two."

"Yes, but you have the same sun-baked complexion. Only he's a hell of a lot redder."

"Why this sudden concern with physical characteristics."

"No reason. I was just thinking about Jess and how she used to look before she got sick."

"How?"

"She's always been small and a bit thin. But she used to always be brown and scrubbed looking. She had small, almost perfect hands. They're red and lined now from all the work she does around the house."

"What happened to the finger on her right hand?"

"Lost it in a wreck on the trip down from Tennessee a couple years ago."

"The way she tucks it in her dress pocket when she's talking makes her look like a diminutive general directing troops. You talk about her as if you almost gave a damn whether she lived or died."

"I don't. One way or the other. It's all the same."

"Would you still swim down here if when she died she was buried in Naranja? I mean the water flowing down and all, even if it's not true."

"No. I wouldn't swim down here any more."

The first drops of rain began spattering on the lake. A bolt of thunder crackled across the sky and rumbled into the distance.

* * *

The rain blew into the open window by Jess' bed and splashed across her face. She opened her eyes suddenly, drew herself into a sitting position, and reached for the window. Leaning far forward she found herself unable to breathe without a violent welling up of fire pains in her chest and throat. She slunk back and rested her head against the pillow. The fire pains increased until she had to cough for air. The cough tasted warm and liquid in her mouth. Next she was spewing blood face down on the pillow, crying.

"Julian. God, God, God, help me!"

Her face relaxed on the pillow. The rain still poured through the open window, onto the bed, and across the motionless form.

* * *

"Let's get back to the house. The windows are all up and Jess probably won't wake up to close them."

"All right."

Julian rose to his feet and plunged. Harry slipped into the water from the edge of the raft.

"Damn, but it's pouring down."

"Careful. You can stand up here. Go any further and you'll bang your knees against the rocks."

"The raft must have drifted in a hell of a ways with that wind."

They pulled themselves from the lake and ran to the trees where their clothes hung dripping on a limb. Seconds later they had dressed and were running up the hill toward the house.

"Slow down. We're almost there."

Julian slowed to a trot and Harry followed. They reached the house and stopped before the front door. It was no longer raining.

"Careful opening the door. I don't want to wake Jess."

Harry lifted the outside latch and cracked the door open just enough for the two to squeeze through. Julian flicked on the light.

"I don't hear Jess coughing. She must be sleeping all right."

"Yes. She had a hard day. She must have been pretty tired."

DR. J. ALLEN EASLEY

(Continued from page twenty-two)

insisted that they wish some efforts at generalization to be attempted. So here is one of them.

The Wake Forest student is conspicuous for his courtesy. Gentlemen and ladies so far dominate the student body that one readily overlooks the exceptions, if exceptions there are. A faculty member cannot but be struck by the hearty friendliness of the average student he passes on the walk. The student speaks with the cordiality of an old friend. In the classroom student respectfulness is everywhere hailed as excellent. It is hard to imagine it better in any institution. In chapel, however, the courtesy rule does not always prevail.

The Wake Forest student impresses the instructor with his essentially high moral standard. The way in which the Honor System seems to be working at present is good evidence of the correctness of this impression. The tone of student-classroom discussions if further evidence.

Close akin to this moral standard is the essential seriousness of purpose of the majority of Wake Forest students. Many students on the campus evidently realize that the opportunity to get a college education is something to be taken seriously, and they are doing just that —Yes, I have seen the exception. The "lounge lizard" is here too. But he is not as numerous as he was a few years ago. Perhaps Uncle Sam is partly responsible. We have here in this student body a preponderance of clean cut, neatly turned-out students. They show a vigor, vitality, and genuine purposefulness that make it easy to believe that we have here a good thousand of the leading citizens of the future. There are few of the blasé, purposeless fops who adorn many colleges.

This seriousness of purpose is, however, often set upon secondary rather than primary ends. An instructor is often led to believe that many Wake Forest students are more concerned with getting good grades than with getting an education, with getting into a certain profession than with getting the wide outlook and culture of a really educated person. The major motive sometimes seems to be only to secure more butter for one's bread. Under our present system of education satisfactory grades, indeed, good grades, are highly important. But the student whose eyes are solely on his grades is likely to miss the values of true education.

Many students here have a small idea of what real scholastic excellence is. They often expect a high grade for work that is no more than satisfactory. Students, like everybody else, need their share of commendation, but it is often constructive criticism from which a person profits most, and many students have a hard time accepting the criticism that is involved in the grade of *C*.

We have in the students of Wake Forest an excellent example of school spirit and college loyalty. There is something remarkably contagious about attachment to Wake Forest. It has been widely remarked upon by outsiders for a long time. And everyone deeply interested in the College hopes that the move to Winston-Salem will in no way weaken it.

But like many virtues this one lends itself to easy perversion. Our school spirit sometimes leads to a boorish hostility and lack of sportsmanship toward visitors from rival institutions. Furthermore, this intense devotion to what belongs to Wake Forest often betrays a provincialism that seems to know little of the excellence of other schools or other sections of the country. It has been said that the State of North Carolina has been run by the University at Chapel Hill, ably assisted by Wake Forest College. It might be well to take note of a larger domain than North Carolina for which a competent leadership is needed. Provincials who take small account of what is going on north of Henderson or east of Hatteras will hardly be adequate.

Wake Forest students read all too little. The best newspapers and magazines appeal to too few. The circulation of our library is definitely below what it ought

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to be. The average student's vocabulary is too limited for highly effective communication. Nothing would help it more than wider, intelligent reading.

Whatever the limitations that now mark the Wake Forest student body as a whole, there is here a willingness to face up to facts and to apply effective remedies. Here are health and vigor which are able to throw off poisons and insure steady growth.

DR. HENRY S. STROUPE

(*Continued from page twenty-two*)

dents picked at random walked across the platform while their fellow-students wrote down their names and home towns. The winner of the contest scored nearly one hundred per cent and others made a good showing. The tradition thus illustrated of being interested in students outside one's own circle of friends to the point of knowing them and speaking to them is among the most admirable characteristics of our college community.

Wake Forest students as a whole maintain a commendable balance between interest in athletics and academic pursuits. Although many of our athletes leave much to be desired in the realm of scholarship, others whose names are not difficult to recall have disproved convincingly the validity of frequent references to a distinction between "students" and "football players."

How do Wake Forest men and women compare with the average adult and with other collegians in general knowledge and ability? On tests periodically given college students and selected non-college groups, our entering freshmen average about seven points above the man on the street but about two points below the average college freshman throughout the United States. This fact presents a challenge relative to improvement of which all should be acutely aware. Our women freshmen, because of greater selection due to limitations of space, come to Wake Forest considerably better prepared than our men freshmen, but the latter by putting forth greater effort, show more improvement while they are here.

It is often asserted that the freshman of today is much less well prepared for college than was his father or grandfather. This view cannot be substantiated. Although earlier generations of students may have been better prepared in languages and mathematics, they probably knew much less science and history. Their general knowledge of the world in which we live was not equal to that of present day entering students. Coming from a more widely dispersed geographic area and representing a broader diversification of social backgrounds, our present student body offers opportunities for liberalizing contacts and self-development not available to earlier generations of students.

It is inevitably true that Wake Forest men and women of today fall far short of the ideal in all too many respects. These shortcomings are not, however, so formidable as to discourage striving toward the ideal. With a student body that is essentially sound to the core, the basic ideals, traditions, and hopes of our college are not going to be abandoned anytime in the foreseeable future.

PAT FOOTE

(*Continued from page twenty-three*)

stimulate intellectual curiosity on the part of the one taught and to arouse interest beyond the confines of the classroom, the text book, and assigned reading. When a professor can capture the interest of a student and make him want to know more about a course than is actually required, then he has fulfilled his greatest obligation.

3. The professor must be unbiased in his presentation of material relative to the courses. There is nothing more maddening than a professor who skews a subject sharply to the left or right, ignoring the middle road of objectivity and free discussion. The student's right to question a statement or to introduce new streams of discussion which may not coincide with the professor's lecture orientation should not be denied.

4. To as great an extent as is possible, the professor must be aware of his individual pupil's capacities and limitations, the qualities which need to be cultivated and those which need to be repressed. Toward this end, the professor must show that his is a real interest in the pupil, that he is willing to assist the pupil outside the classroom when it is necessary, regardless of whether the assistance is applicable to a problem which the student encounters in the professor's class or whether it pertains to some personal problem. Constructive criticism by a professor is invaluable in helping a student adjust to a given situation within or without the realm of academic activity. Destructive criticism and sarcastic comment have no place in the classroom.

These are the ingredients which, I believe, go into the making of the ideal professor.

Relating it to my college experiences, I find that it is an ideal and an abstract, not an actuality. At Wake Forest, I have found a number of men who approximate the "ideal" professor by measuring up to two or three

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of the criteria listed, but as yet, I have found no professor to whom all four criteria apply. For example, a man may be a scholar, adept in the art of teaching and unbiased in his lecture presentation, yet he fails in that he does not have the time or the inclination to get to know his students as individuals. In this age of mass education, it may well be that such a degree of familiarity is not possible.

Then again, a professor may know and regard all his students as friends, being considered by the pupils as a fine fellow. Still he has failed in his obligation to teach, being too lax with his students, not stimulating the desire to know more than is required of them concerning any given subject.

A professor's failure as a professor should be obvious to him. Why is his name often prefixed by some derogatory term? Why do students shun his courses? How can he or his deportment possibly have the reputation for being a "crip" without his knowing it? Being "crip" is no student term for approval. It is a term of disrespect and derision. A professor who cannot command a student's respect has an almost insuperable stigma which reflects itself not only on the professor but also on his deportment.

I reiterate the fact that the ideal professor is just that—an ideal construct, an abstraction, and we all know that an ideal is seldom, if ever, realized. Democracy and equality are ideals, not realities, but that does not stop men from trying to achieve political equality or to live by democratic tenets. The same could be said for a professor who sets up a standard to live by. The virtue of such a standard would lie in the conscious striving to be the complete scholar, the better teacher, the impartial recorder of fact, the cultivator of intellect, and the student of human nature.

ED CHRISTMAN

(*Continued from page twenty-three*)

Able) by which the scholastics may compare themselves.

This magnificent composite should possess a boundless mental capacity and an amazing intellectual acumen. No one, unwilling to flex his intellectual muscle to the maximum, should judge himself fit to demand mental gymnastics by others. Able accepts all challenges to expand his capacity and perfect his reason. No subject is too diverse or minute if by attaching it he can enlarge his cranial power. Second, Able must possess a well of knowledge and ideas which deepens with every passing day. He believes "a man's reach should always exceed his grasp" and by exercising his reason, he relentlessly marshalls a storehouse of information and ideas. Third, Able must have the academic honesty to formulate propositions and theories subject to revision in the light of new facts and experiences. He must announce his views, not as dogma, but as considered concepts which the student may accept or reject. The unwillingness to construct theories and propositions sound the funeral march of civilization. The struggle for power and influence in the college circle, the desire to conform, and the ever-increasing threat of reprisal if you don't, combine, severely circumscribe the valid achievement of a liberal arts college. Fourth, Able must possess a simplicity of profound expression by which he can transmit his knowledge and theories accurately to the attentive student. He must provoke and agitate the mental processes of the student so that the examinaion may contain the "thought" question as well as the factual survey. The ideal prof must be able by the dynamics of his personality to compel the student to study and challenge him to create ideas and theories of his own. Able must make the student accomplish more than he believes himself capable. Fifth, Able must possess academic and social tolerance. Although he may not accept the ideas, he must be tolerant of their creator and his right of expression. He must endeavor to be positive in his attitudes toward others, as well as humble about his own capabilities.

Are you Able?

MARY JO BROWN

(*Continued from page twenty-three*)

ness of his own freedom, guiding his development, yet inducing the student to think independently and creatively. These are some of the characteristics of my perfect prof.

Of course, the situation just presented is most ideal, and can probably never be fully realized; however, I believe it could be more nearly so here at Wake Forest. There is a sore lack of that real communication, that vital sharing between the student and the professor. The barrier is an unbreakable-downable wall, diligently maintained by both. Evidently, the only means by which the student can scale this wall is academic perfection—at least sufficient progress in that direction to enable the prof to recognize his ability and appreciate his worth, or else well-timed aggressiveness on the part of the student. However, the average student will not qualify on these bases, but must be induced by the teacher to

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interest and participation. It is as if the only business of the professor is to impart facts, sustaining them with ample evidence and multitudinous illustrations. Students are seldom challenged and very often their questions go unanswered, and even unasked, because the personality of the professor does not lend itself wholeheartedly to the student.

As a result of this alienation, and in the tenor of our times, the student is left too much to drift placidly along on his side of the wall, neither knowing nor caring to know the real issues at stake, nor desirous of entering into the realms of higher knowledge. After all, reasons the student, the prof is not interested in me—I am merely that essential element in education, that direct object of teaching, the pupil. My thoughts are my own and no one is going to interfere with them. Original Ideas? There is no need for such superfluities. The student, then, instead of developing his individuality, becomes a prototype of our modern system of education.

In the name of Justice, I should say that by no means all of our professors are death-guilty. Though the above is the dominant attitude, most of our profs compare favorably with my ideal professor in several ways.

I think their ideals demand my first respect. They are obviously Christian ideals. Unless underlying their teaching, professors have these high moral standards, it is empty and aimless. In my opinion, one is the greatest farce who professes to be a teacher, yet has few, if any, of the characteristics of the Master teacher. I believe the latter is not the case at Wake Forest. I also respect our professors for their very great patience with the indolence and lassitude of some of us students. There would be nothing more frustrating, to my mind, than trying to teach one who wanted not knowledge, but a grade.

We also have at Wake Forest a few professors who are great teachers and great men. These create an atmosphere in which sheer love of the truth flourishes, and learning is its own reward. They are scholars. They have amassed a great store of knowledge, but this knowledge is not merely factual. Theirs is a sympathetic understanding of human nature, for they have explored their own personalities. And, though the student is often (more often than not) unaware of it, they have deep anxiety for the student's well-being. Their teaching is sound; they refuse to neglect basic issues. And their humility—it is wonderful to see. All this partially explains why students cannot help but feel the poignant, constraining force of their personalities.

Our professors—they frustrate, they awe; they disgust, they please. But we can learn from them if we will.

Man, six feet, 180 pounds, good mind, not brilliant,
walking over red bricks rubbed raw
under green and naked trees
and a wall closing all.
I feel like thinking today;
it is a nice cold day and I have a lot to think about;
the bell rings and the walk to class, or a cut,
and one more cut makes four.
Should I take the cut and complete the thought?
I came to college to think.
I feel like praying today
alone
or with 1,500 companions in a big, big room
and organ music.
Better go because five cuts are up and one more . . .
Postpone the prayer
and the thought
and go to class
and the big, big room.

By Otis Gossman, Jr.

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the student

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Cover by Tom Mezger

The Student, founded January 1882, is published during the months of October, December, February, March and May by Students of Wake Forest College as directed by the college Publications Board. Entered as second-class matter at Wake Forest, N. C. Subscriptions rate: $1.50 per year. Editorial correspondence should be addressed to The Editor, Box 32, Wake Forest, N. C.

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This is the Kaiser Wilhelm Memorial Church which stands at the foot of the Kurfürstendamm, a staggering comment in ruin. (Photo credit: Lt. A. H. Shuler.)

BERLIN 1953

By
Lt. H. L. Kirk

H. L. Kirk
Chief of Public Information

In the many days since your invitation to do a piece on Berlin arrived I have mulled the crowded memories of a year, trying desperately time and again to crystalize into reasonably simple sentences something of the dark wonder to me of that mutilated place.

It is sometimes easier for a man to sketch the essence of a human being he has loved than adequately to suggest for what reason and in what manner he has had a love affair with a great city.

Since I have been away, I have come to hate Berlin to a degree, the way one sometimes does when he has loved unwisely and unreasonably. I have seen some of the senseless ruin wrought upon human beings in that city by other human beings and it is a bitter thing to the heart. But that is the fault of man, not of location.

Every day's press limns a bit more of the terrible chronicle of thousands of humans who have passed beyond hopelessness into flight, and for whom east of a given longitude West Berlin represents the only tangible location of hope. For me Berlin is the place of a time and a kind of life, loved and well remembered. That is, I suppose, in itself a sort of hope in retrospect.

Take these reflections, then, if you think your readers will be interested.

Würzburg, Germany—I have been homesick for Berlin, that proud, cut-in-two city, scabbed with the rubble of war set a hundred miles inside the Iron Curtain, the most fascinating city in the world.

Not long ago I completed a year's duty as American military press officer there. Now I am serving with the proudest division of infantry in the American Army, in a headquarters situated among the pleasant vineyard-terraced hills which rise along the river Main as it flows through Lower Franconia.

For many weeks I have been trying to order in my own mind some reasonable explanation why any man well-possessed of his senses should hanker for his few feet of earth when that plot is surrounded by a hostile police state, closer to Poland than to the border of the American Zone of Western Germany. I haven't had much success.

But one thing I am convinced of, out of this expressly personal nostalgia: Berlin is the most fascinating city in the available world.

For every man there is some little place of earth that is simply, at any given moment, where he belongs. In such a place is a man most nearly satisfied. He may not dwell here and call it "home." He may, even, wish to be here only once in a while. But to his central location, from which vantage issues are less distorted, he must ultimately return—by a journey of the mind or by boarding a train or airplane for this special destination.

There is a house beside a lake in central Florida near which the sun and the rain and the soft wind have been kinder to me than anywhere else in the world. New York, for a thousand reasons, irrelevant here, is to me the most wonderful city in the world. Paris is betwiching and exciting and full of romance; I shall want to live there for a time; knowing it a bit already I can believe all the works of adoration inspired by Paris, from *Boheme* to Robert Ruark chattering away in *Esquire*.

There are startlingly lovely and picturesque villages in Bavaria, inviting a stay in the spring and re-kindling a faith in the scenery—if not the grotesquerie—of fairy tales. Salzburg is one of the most charming of cities, filled when I knew it with music and dazzling August sunshine and the sudden early clangor of hundreds of church bells.

But for me the split city of Berlin is a center for perspective in these days. There will come to be another place which will in other years take its role as a location for reference, because one changes and because the years will demand other emphases; in the abortive

Lt. H. Leldon Kirk, Wake Forest graduate and former regular on Publications Row, is currently serving as Chief of Public Information with the U. S. Army in the American zone of Berlin. His article, submitted at the request of the editors, has the authority of being written from first hand experience about a corner of the globe daily pregnant with controversial forces pitted against each other for the consumation of totally disparate ideals.

present there is no better place from which to stem understanding.

One comes to love Berlin the way (all mixed up together) one might begin to love a wonderful girl with a horribly deformed foot; the way one grows to love a little dog who is surrounded and bewildered by the forces of a world too big for him; with the pity half mingled with awe one knows for a fine artist past his prime ravaged by the forces which, without his willing, bring a man to helplessness.

When I came away from Berlin my first homesickness was a hunger to be part of the wonderful and tragic city again; soon I discovered how lonesome, too, I had become for some of the people I had known there—an assortment of wonderful people living in an unreal world.

The Brandenburg Gate. On top is the red flag of revolution (no hammer/sickle on it). Extending beyond is the Unter den Linden. The gate stands on the line dividing east and west Berlin.

I suppose, essentially, that is what fascinates me most about Berlin: it is unreal. It is, in a very terrible way, a concrete projection of the sense of unreality which is at the core of the present—the semi-hope one has, looking at the world, that he is perceiving a chapter from a kind of universal social nightmare, that shortly he will awake to discover he is actually living (as underneath our minds we all still suppose) in a universe where all humans are free within the law.

I came close to understanding that, during the clearest moments, in Berlin.

Shaking itself like a great beast which has been stunned, still in chains, west Berlin still is rebuilding—as it has been doing since 1945. Most of the old grandeur is gone. The Brandenburg Gate is badly damaged and the victory chariot which once stood upon it has disappeared somehwere into the east. The Kaiser-Wilhelm Memorial Church at the foot of the Kurfürstendamm stands a silent hulk. These are the only two remaining objective mementos of imperial Berlin which stun the sight and the mind.

A friend of mine, a British correspondent who has known Berlin for many years, says that the city has more dignity now, divided and wounded as it is, than it did "before": a certain bedraggled grandeur.

Before the war (one hears the phrase too often over here; too many people had rather look back to a certain previous greatness than ahead into the unkind mists of the present)—before Hitler and some friends drenched the world with the beginnings of agony, Berlin was the capital of the nation and the fourth largest city of the world. It had its proper place in the roster of the international cities, the capitals—with London, Paris, Vienna, Rome. The intellectual and artistic life of its cosmopolitan colony stood well with that of the rest of literate Europe. In the 1920s its night life came close to equaling Paris', reputedly; in some of the murkier categories the Berliners out-Parised the French.

Berlin was a prince among the great cities. It is still, despite present ruin and a threat from the east it cannot gauge, an inestimably proud city. Pocked all over the face of it with the damage of the war, it will probably retain signs of ravage for fifty years. Its face, indeed, will long carry the marks, but, within, the city retains its pride and a certain unquenchable aristocracy of spirit that it will never lose.

Berlin is particularly exciting in the spring. The melancholy of winter there, as in Vienna, is celebrated. Berlin winter has a certain not-unpleasant cast, a special kind of light which painters have been able to capture, which at once invites enjoyment of the pure grey of afternoon and drives one indoors in search of a fireside.

However, Berlin—like any other city—must be known in the spring. I have, in the word of my British friend's wife, a "thing" about spring: I contend that any city to be really known must at all costs be lived in during the spring of the year.

Especially Berlin. Spring sums up hope for the people who live there. About the city, and in the Soviet Zone which surrounds the city, the flowers suddenly appear in bloom; the new leaves appear on hundreds of slim silver birches. Every year the coming of spring gives a kind of reassurance that the flowers really do still return, underlining the hope of most Berliners—east and west—that one day the oppression which chains their friends and relatives who live outside the western sectors will be gone.

My flat, the first place which has been truly a home for me in nearly ten years, was located in a suburban

district of the city known as Zehlendorf. There were tall pines in a grove beside the house, and a wonderful garden, and just over a little hill the pleasant lake called Schlachtensee. There can be no lovelier or more peaceful place than among the villas and woods and gardens nearby when spring is upon the world.

In the city proper, spring is gay and happy. Here are some impressions of Berlin at Easter, from a broadcast written last spring: "There is a gala atmosphere about the heart of the western sector of the city. The broad avenue Unter den Linden which before the war was one of the great streets of the world, lies now flanked by ruined buildings in the east sector of the city. The Kurfürstendamm, a wide street in the British sector, is now the nearest thing this shaken city has to the old Unter den Linden.

"The Kurfürstendamm is gay and light-hearted this Easter—in many ways the most prosperous Easter in twelve years. The double-decked buses are trimmed with bunting and flowers and green boughs. The sidewalk cafes have blossomed under their awnings all along the double-width sidewalks, and every chair is occupied. There are thousands of people on this street today, families arm in arm, young couples, people alone and in groups—walking contentedly along watching the other people, looking into the well-stocked store windows.

"Kurfürstendamm has been called the Fifth Avenue of western Europe. It has been remarkably rebuilt since the end of the war, and the stores are brimming with new goods and fine antiques and rare objects of art. This avenue, down which the free Berliners walk this afternoon in a version of the Easter Parade, is actually a kind of show-window of the western world. Not only because the shops have plenty of food and luxury goods, but also because these people who live in the western portion of the city simply have a happier look to them.

"East Berliners—and some of them have come over to join the promenade—have an ample chance to see the difference between this street and the streets in their sector. There has been some rebuilding in the east, but not much, and the visitor there is faced with much depression. There is no Easter Parade in east Berlin today. For the people there—a few hundred meters beyond the Brandenburg Gate—this is just an ordinary kind of Sunday. There are people in west Berlin who are not able to afford new clothes for spring, but there are many more of them in east Berlin. . . .

"The Germans walk in the evenings and on Sundays to an extent which amazes the American. There are so few automobiles, of course, that people have to walk. But I have seen no European city in which so many people walk in such great numbers as they do in western Berlin. On Sunday afternoons the end station of the U-Bahn (underground) in southwest Berlin near my home disgorges hundreds of people headed for walks near the lovely lakes of Schlachtensee and Krumme Lanke. The outdoor cafes, where everyone partakes of the pleasant Berlin custom of having afternoon coffee and a pastry sometime during his walk, are not restricted to the down-town area near the Kurfürstendamm—they are to be found also near the Berlin lakes and in the woods where people take their holiday walks.

"Before the war the Berliner loved to tramp through the fields just outside the city, or take an excursion to Potsdam, fifteen kilometers away, on a Sunday afternoon. Now, since these places are closed to him, the Berliner still walks inside his city. There is the area near the lakes, and the great parks such as the Grunewald—once an imperial hunting preserve—and on Sundays and holidays these places are crowded with families on their holiday outings."

As is true concerning any other city, any hamlet, any south forty in the world, Berlin is a place to know by living in it. I have lived in Berlin; every day I saw more of the tragic and beautiful, brave and whimsical, heart-breaking and gay life there. Because I lived of necessity as an official and an American, cut off by a uniform and duties from probing about in the light and the dark as another reporter could, I caught only glimmers of what the city is and what is its meaning—enough for these and many more impressions and memories, but never the inner being of the place.

It is not a natural thing to live in Berlin today; less normal for an American soldier than to be stationed elsewhere in Germany, for instance, as a member of the alert force. There were times, especially late in the night, when one found himself deep in the heart of

Part of the May Day celebration (1952) in the Soviet section of Berlin.

the western portion of the city at which the most overwhelming sense he had was that of being unreal, of having been transplanted into a day and a place conjured up in the eerie creation of E.T.A. Hoffman, who also once lived here and loved the city.

Berlin cannot help but be unreal, stuck down as the one tangible pin-prick of free life behind the barrier that Mr. Churchill called a curtain of iron but which is worse—a spiritual and physical demarcation between a free world and state slavery.

In this time overloaded with meaningless symbols, Berlin is, itself, the gauntest symbol of our present days. The grimmest, starkest reminder of our half-incoherent struggle for freedom. And the most thrilling exemplar there is of the ability of men and women to cling to the concept of personal liberty.

The Soviet sector of the city is a merciless reminder that civic freedom as we conceive it can be forfeited or given away. It is unrelieved gloom and tension, present to the point of physical discomfort. I had not thought of Orwell's *1984* as more than a disturbing, rather sloppily-written novel until I saw the public loudspeakers along certain streets in the east city, loudspeakers which blared martial music and political pep-talks eighteen hours a day during state-sponsored periods of civic fervor. Then I began to see, as clearly as in delirium, what thought control can be.

A man who was perhaps the last radio correspondent to get out of Berlin during the war came to my flat to meet some friends, have a drink and relax for a bit. He had not been in Berlin for ten years. He had driven about in the east that day, and he was obviously shaken by what he had seen. "East Berlin," he said, "has the smell of a totalitarian city." A smell of cheap gasoline and stale food and many other things. Prague has that odor, he told us, and Moscow.

The building is the Reichstag, which Hitler had burned in 1933 and which has never been refurbished. The gun adorns one side of the front of the Russian War Memorial just inside the British sector (generally known to the west Berliners as the Memorial to the Unknown Raper). A hundred meters or so beyond the building is the Brandenberg Gate, which stands on the line dividing east from west in the city. (Photo was taken a couple of weeks ago by Cpl. Robert Abramson of my staff.)

There is food in plenty for those with the price, in the western sectors, good theater and excellent opera, night clubs and churches, rebuilding—and hope. In Berlin the West is another, far better, world.

Berlin is ripe with irony. It is as though the great Lord God, combining the humor of Swift and Al Capp and Kafka on a sort of heavenly level, is temporarily keeping His hands off and letting the characters who refuse to seek an author write their own script and follow it for a while.

The most familiar irony is the political. Here it is in the words of General Lucius Clay, himself still a legend in Berlin, spoken at the dedication of the Freedom Bell in its stubby tower over Ernst Reuter's city hall in Schoeneberg: "This city has known tyranny and was destroyed by tyranny. But this is also a city from whose ruins a new spirit has risen, with a new courage to resist oppression and all its shackling consequences."

There are others. Beyond the ruins of the governmental street, the Wilhelmstrasse, not far from Potsdamer Platz where three sectors converge, stands a dazzlingly whitewashed building which is the refurbished ministry in which Professor Goebbels' propaganda offices were housed—until the end of one chapter, that is. Until quite recently (when he also lost his tenancy) a little man called Gerhard Eisler held a power to control information even more terrifying than that of the Nazi.

Strangely enough, this city of Berlin is full of great music. There is fine opera, and excellent symphony, playing a season which lasts almost the whole year around. The famous and imposing opera house was destroyed in the war and exists no longer. But in the smaller houses in both east and west I have heard superlative music. It is a fact not without appealing overtones that the only place Wagner's overwhelming Easter piece, *Parisifal,* was sung last Good Friday was in an east sector opera house. Three other Americans went with me and endured the five-long hours. Beside me sat a German woman who munched tangerines at intervals, who reeked of sweat and rancid cooking grease. Four rows behind us and slightly to the right I noticed a private soldier in Russian uniform sitting quietly.

A few hours before I left Berlin the last time I went to Titania Palast, the largest auditorium in west Berlin, and heard a young east European exile play the Brahms violin concerto in a way that would have made Brahms beam with pleasure.

I have never walked from the Kurfürstendamm the two blocks or so over to the opera house that I have not been stopped by some woman in tattered clothing who said that she was from the east and that she was hungry, who sought of me money to buy bread.

One night a woman whose sorrow-eaten face will not leave my mind stood in my way. She did not hold out her hand for money; seeing the uniform she told me a long history of heart break. It was hard for me to understand all of it because her German was neither literary nor Berliner. Her daughter had gone to western Germany, she said, and died there. She had only one longing, to go and see the grave, yet she could not get the state's leave to go. She begged me through tears for the help I could not give. She must have been at least seventy years old. The remembering of her voice cut through the overstuffed delight of the *Rosenkavalier* I went on to see.

At that same opera house, not more than two months before I left, I saw Mayor Reuter for the last time. I was struck more than ever how much he and Dr. Hubert Poteat look alike. It was the Berlin premiere of Richard Strauss' last opera, a gruesomely tubby affair. That night his praetor's face had the same expression generations of Wake Forest students have watched, fascinated, reacting to inartistry on the part of evangelists, amateur musicians and inept Latin students.

Reuter—another Berlin irony—who was once a reasonably close colleague of Stalin, has been a kind of incarnate pillar of fire leading free Berlin in battle against the forces which would destroy it.

For several seasons the same opera company has staged, in German, the American opera, *The Consul.* Claude Rains', telling of the story of Rubashov in *Darkness at Noon,* in New York, brought the chill fingers of fear to the heart. To hear Menotti's parable of our police-threatened age, sung on the very ground which has seen twice, in the space of a single adolescence, men and women in abject flight from state police, brings the mind to close quarters with terror.

In this city, in a way that it cannot happen elsewhere in the world, the people of the west can see across town the threat to our way of being and know its consequences written bold on the face of life and death.

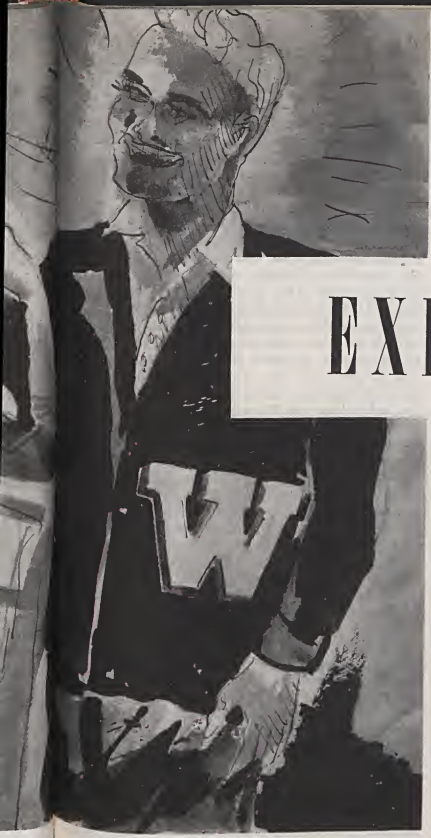
I said at the beginning that I have been homesick for Berlin. One turns, as he is directed, to other assignments. I am, with thousands of others, today an outlander put by the need of the time into Germany. I long for a respite from the military, which will always be somehow alien to me, and for time to formulate the answers to many questions.

But, at this particular juncture, none of us is being allowed time to sit down to comfortable speculation. The problem has been propounded: our fundamental idea is gravely threatened, our unshakable belief that life and liberty were given at the same time, that they can be destroyed but not disjoined.

In that way, if in no other, Berlin is valuable to tomorrow morning's history. Berlin is the Everyman, the Everycity, in the grim morality play of the mid-century.

Carried through, our determination to save the environment for any man's freedom in Berlin can salvage liberty for the whole world.

Guy Revelle, a sophomore from Conway, is a co-associate editor for this year's "Howler" and will be editor of the annual next year. He has worked with the College Theater and is a member of Kappa Alpha social fraternity. His short story marks his first contribution to the STUDENT.



EXPERIENCE

By
Guy Revelle

THE BELL in the tower of Wait Hall sounded its last dying toll as Dr. Blowe made his way into classroom number five of the Social Science Building and closed the door after him. It was sixth period, a hot and sleepy one for most people, but not for Don who sat wide awake in his seat but with his eyes not on the teacher but on an empty desk in the front row. Most of the students had found their way to class on this warm and almost spring afternoon in March. With the windows opened, a gentle breeze was flowing inside, keeping some students awake and making others wish they had taken history first period instead of late in the day. Don was not concerned with any of these things as he watched the empty desk and wondered where Jo could be today. It was Jo's fourth cut in the class, and he knew something must be wrong, or she would be there. Don kept hoping for the door to open and for Jo to appear, but Dr. Blowe was well into the roll and still no Jo. He called Davis, and after a second same quiet no answer he put a big A in his roll book. With his mind on Jo, Don almost forgot to answer to Watson when it was called. Stumbling a moment for a word, he said, "Here, Sir."

Doug White, the classroom wit, leaned over to Don and in an overgrown whisper said, "Don't go to sleep before roll call, Watson." The class laughed with Dr. Blowe smiling, too, while Don's face came forth with its usual tomato red color in times of embarrassment. With his black wavy hair, the red color of his face presented a picture of sharp contrast. It was Don's nature to be embarrassed easily, and his brown eyes seemed ready to fill with tears although he had stopped crying years before. Certainly, he wasn't a baby! He pretended to rearrange his notes, at the same time going down an inch or two in his seat.

The class became quiet as Dr. Blowe opened his old black notebook and began to lecture in a dry and monotonous voice about the Neanderthal man and his importance in the development of the race. At this in-

stant the door opened with a creak, and in stepped Jo, hair blown and face red and trying to pretend to be at ease as she moved to her seat on the front row. Dr. Blowe never stopped his lecture although it was evident no student was listening to the professor; all eyes were watching Jo. Taking several moments to straighten her hair and remove her light blue jacket, she took out her notebook, and after a few glances around the room and a few smiles at the two football players who sat at the back of the room, she leaned across to the boy next to her and asked with a whisper how many notes she had missed.

The class was at peace once more, and the fifty minutes passed with its usual routine. As always in history class, Don took the notes, but his mind was on other things, and these other things were usually Jo. Ever since their junior year in high school Jo had been the object of his thoughts, but thoughts had been as far as it had gone. Of course, they had had their times, the Junior-Senior Prom, the Senior Class Party, and then there had been several movies and teen-age club dates.

During his first year in college their relationship had been fine, but since Jo had come to Wake Forest, it seemed that she was always busy or at least too busy for him. There had been several movie dates, but she was always dated up for the big events. He had looked forward to his first fraternity dance with her, but she had preferred a member to a pledge. His roommate had told him all girls preferred members to pledges for there was always the chance for a fraternity pin, which was the prize of all co-eds. The bell brought Don from his thoughts, and he gathered up his books quickly and made his way to the front of the room so that he might speak to Jo.

Jo was having her usual after-class chat with one of the three-letter males who sat on the back row. He waited several moments before he moved near her while she asked Bill Smith, the freshman golf sensation, to teach her to play golf. Jo was his type girl, he thought, as he watched her in action. Jo had a wonderful personality and unlike many of the other girls on the campus she did not chase after the boys. Don believed her to be the perfect girl for him. Don followed Jo and Bill out of the building as she continued to tell Bill about the fabulous time they would have playing golf. As they parted in front of the Social Science Building, Don walked up beside Jo and said, "Hi, Jo! Wasn't history dull today?"

"Why, hello Don," replied Jo. "Old Blowe really was low today; not even his usual dry joke."

"Sure was," replied Don, shifting his weight from foot to foot. "It has been a beautiful day, hasn't it? Just the day for a set of tennis, don't you think? Would you like to play?"

"It is a lovely day for tennis, Don, and thanks so much, but I have a date with Bill to play golf. He is such a wonderful golfer, and he offered to teach me how. I'm so thrilled to be playing with such a golfer. Thanks, Don, you are so sweet to ask me. I must run now. 'Bye now'."

"Good-bye," said Don in a half mumbled voice as he turned toward the dormitory. He glanced down at his pledge pin and wished for his jewel pin. If he only had his membership pin, then Jo would want to date him sometimes. It shouldn't be long before his jewel pin should arrive. It had been ordered for three weeks now, and Bob, his roommate, had received his yesterday.

Still drying his hair, Don slammed the door after him and laid the soap on the old tin dresser which served for all purposes. He pulled up the chair to his desk, took out some stationery, and began a letter to his family. It had been a week or more since he had written, and he knew that his mother wanted to hear from him at least twice in each week. He finished several lines of it, and was reaching for his mother's last letter in order to answer any questions she had asked when he saw the picture of Jo. Don had many pictures that he had kept, but above all he kept this one near where he might look at it often. He didn't keep it on the desk for his roommates would tease him. Don disliked teasing; he preferred to keep it to himself. This picture of Jo was taken at her graduation from high school. She had had several of them made and given them to all her friends, and he had asked for one. It was small, but it was Jo! He kept it in the bottom of his stationery box because he didn't want his roommates to find it.

Since he didn't date her too much, it would be better if no one knew about them. He had told no one that there was anything between Jo and him, and he preferred to keep it this way. He held the picture for several moments thinking of what a wonderful girl Jo was and the plans he had for their future. After he had filled his system with enough to last him until he would pull out his treasure again, he placed the picture at the bottom of his letter box and returned to his letter home.

Don had finished his letter when Bob, his roommate, entered the room, giving his opinion of Old Baldy for the quiz that he had given in engineering and gave his lab book a fling across the room. Don sealed his letter and turned to Bob to find out the cause for all the excitement. He threw Bob the crying towel and listened for the sob story. Bob came forth as usual with the story of a real blow which they had gotten on their engineering quiz. Don listened and mockingly added a sigh and sob at every interval to show his grief for Bob's story.

Bob finished his story by throwing the soap at Don. He ducked, and it split into several pieces and landed behind the bed. Don had a good laugh and offered Bob his deepest sympathy with a swooping bow and jumped

behind the closet door before Bob could find something else convenient to throw. Then they fell to talking about the baseball prospects, a date for spring dances, and spring vacations.

The date idea seemed to take its share of time. Bob had a new suggestion for a date for Don. It was about the tenth suggestion that Bob had provided, and they all seemed to fail. Don listened with interest, but he really wasn't interested. If Jo turned him down, he wouldn't date. Of course, Don kept his invitations to Jo to himself, and Bob was trying only to get Don a date with someone so that he might have a little social life. At length supper was mentioned, and they agreed at once that it was a good idea.

Supper was the usual routine for Don with the exception that he was particularly hungry. The conversation ran about as usual for Don and Bob as they had joined two fraternity brothers. For Don, the meal was rather lifeless until the door of the restaurant opened, and Jo came in with one of her girl friends. Immediately Don became all excited inside, but he tried to keep eating without the boys noticing any change. He kept his eyes on Jo as she spoke to several boys in the front booth. She seemed to be enjoying herself greatly and was laughing heartily at some joke. Don looked quickly around the room and saw that there wasn't an empty booth. As Jo approached his booth, he stood up and said, "Hi Jo, how about joining us? I'm sure we can make room."

"Oh, thanks so much, Don, but Tom Riddle is holding us a seat in the back booth. It was so sweet of you to offer, Don. Did you hear about Anne Neal from home who goes to Swectbriar? She's pinned. Isn't that exciting! I just heard today. Mother wrote and told me. Don't let me keep you from eating, Don. See you Friday in history."

"Sure thing," said Don slowly as he sat down and quickly went to work on his shrimp .

"Who is she?" asked Bob.

"Quite a cute co-ed," added Ned, one of the other boys.

"Just a home town girl, a friend from high school; she is a nice girl," replied Don. "How about some dessert?" He changed the subject quickly before any more questions. He didn't have to look around to know that the Tom Riddle was the same one who was a member of Beta Pi fraternity and usually recognized by his red convertible.

After dessert Don suggested a trip to the post office, and the other boys agreed, and the trip for mail was begun. Don was hoping to hear something from his fraternity pin. He bent over and looked inside his box; there was something inside, but he couldn't tell exactly what. He reached for his key and with a nervous jerk opened his box. There lay the familiar slip of paper reading box 90 with his name on it and the letters C. O. D.; it must be his pin. He called to the other boys the good news. It was here! He could wear it proudly tomorrow, and then Jo would notice him! He must call Jo tonight and ask for a date.

He looked at his watch, and it showed seven. Jo wouldn't be back to her room until seven-thirty. He told Bob he had to call his mother and would stop by the drug store to make his call. He walked on ahead and reached the drug store where he sat down at one of the tables and nervously picked up the paper which he pretended to read. He had his mind on what he was going to say to Jo and not the news. He kept a constant watch on the drug store's clock, checking it with his watch, and at the sight of seven-thirty, he dialed the Bostwick number. He deposited his dime and gave Jo's name. After several minutes he heard Jo's voice at the other end.

He stumbled through the first several sentences, and with his fright gone he told her that he would like to see her in the library tomorrow night. Of course he knew that she couldn't date, but what he had to tell her was too important to wait for the week end. She was naturally floored at his question and the important sound of it. She told him since it sounded so important, she would be there. They planned on the middle table table of the south reading room at eight. Don hung up the telephone, and he felt like a new man. He had a date with Jo, and his fraternity pin was in the post office!

Sleep was slow coming to Don that night. He lay awake planning what he was going to say to Jo and how he must carry out his date. There must be no hitches. This night was to be the most important in his life. He must have everything planned in advance and see that all went according to plan. He thought for several moments about what to say and when to say it. The best way would be to suggest a drink from the soda shop. After a coke he could walk her back to the library and then at the corner of the library, they could stop for a moment. It would be full moon, and yes, this spot would be perfect, the moonlight coming through the magnolias. Here he could pin Jo! It would be wonderful, and wouldn't all the boys be surprised, especially Bob. He ran through his plans once more and dropped off to sleep.

The bell rang for chapel Thursday, but Don headed for the post office. It was an extra chapel service, and he could spare the cuts. Chapel could wait today because he was on his way to pick up his fraternity pin. Classes passed with their unusual slowness as Don wished for that night and his date with Jo. Tomorrow

(Continued on page twenty-six)

The Man Who Retired to Work

By
Dan Poole

Photograph by Irvin Grigg.

No one was in sight that bright sunny June day in 1940 when a lone man emerged from the north end of Wait Hall and stood pondering on the steps. Commencement was over and the last students had gone home for the summer. Activity and life on the campus had come to a halt; books had been laid aside until fall.

Only the small, grey-haired, distinguished-looking man was in sight as he stood gazing across the campus to the library in which he had worked many hours and for which he had made the first card catalogue. He glanced over to the social science building in which he had seen many basketball games when the building served as the college gymnasium and he was athletic director. He turned to the administration building wherein he had served as registrar and as bursar in years gone by. Then he leaned against the railing and looked at the closed door behind him. How many times had he entered here to conduct classes for countless students in Greek language and literature?

Now that door had closed for the last time. Class rooms and textbooks were left behind him. No more would he lecture about the magnificence of the golden age of Greece—the work which he had done for forty-four years. During those years, the seventy-year-old man had missed less than thirty days, only about ten of which were for sickness.

For many years he had taught Greek to more students per semester than any other person in the United States. That is, the classical Greek language and literature—the Greek of Homer, Euripides, and Plato—not counting lecture courses in mythology, for which the registration grew to more than one hundred students. He had become a recognized authority in Greek, and a beloved professor to his students.

With an almost incomparable record left at the school to which he has devoted his life, Dr. George W. Paschal had "retired." Retired? For many men that word would have had the conventional meaning, but for Dr. Paschal it merely meant the stepping from one life into another. He had no thought of slowing down or of resting; he had a life to live and a vital work to do.

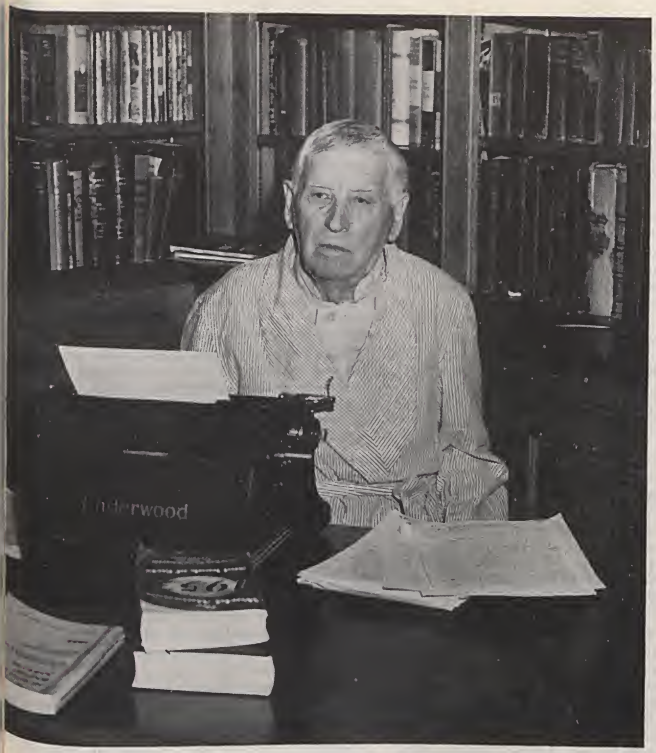
He retired not thinking of what he had done, but rather thinking of what he was going to do. One glorious career was behind him, but he was just beginning another. For Dr. Paschal, the age of retirement was the age of another opportunity. He already had plans for many books which he was going to write. At the age of seventy, he was still young and vigorous, and he was ready to begin his ultimate life work. Forty-four years as a professor had postponed this work, but now he could begin to achieve his ambition—that of writing.

For a time Dr. Paschal moved to a desk in the college library for his laborious task of writing. He could always be found, for the first few years after his retirement, at "his" desk in the library hard at work. His work required much tedious research, a good memory, and deep concentration. Dr. Paschal put his every faculty into the new work, for anything he attempts is done well and thoroughly. Thus, his work began to take form. Books began to materialize.

Dr. Paschal is said to know more about the history of Wake Forest College than any other living man. He has been called a walking encyclopedia of Wake Forest lore. In 1935, he had published the *History of Wake Forest College* (1832-1865). He was the only man who could have written such a book. Three years after his retirement, two more volumes came off the press bringing the history of the college from 1865 to 1905 and from 1905 to 1943, respectively. Thus, Dr. Paschal had contributed another of his invaluable services to his college.

With the publication of these volumes, however, there was no let-up in this remarkable man's work. In ad-

Dan Poole, a sophomore from Statesville—a newcomer to the pages of the STUDENT *magazine—has contributed regularly as a member of the "Old Gold and Black" staff. Dan is an English major and a member of Sigma Phi Epsilon social fraternity.*



dition to his contribution of many articles to the *North Carolina Historical Review* and to various Baptist publications, Dr. Paschal went to work on another book. In 1946, he published *A History of Printing in North Carolina.* This book contains an account of the pioneer printers from 1749 to 1800, and of the Edwards and Broughton Printing Company from 1871-1946, including a brief account of the connecting period. The introduction to the book was written by Josephus Daniels, a good friend of Dr. Paschal.

Dr. Paschal works furiously, as though he is constantly afraid he will not have time to complete all of the things he wants to do. He is constantly busy at some work. At present he has several books nearing completion. In 1930, he published the first volume of the *History of North Carolina Baptists* (1663-1805). Sometime in July of this year he plans to publish the second volume of this work which will include the period from 1805 to 1850. Also, he is in the process of finishing the third volume of the work which covers the period from 1850 to the present.

Dr. Paschal's research into the history of North Carolina Baptists has established him as a recognized authority on the subject. In addition to the aforesaid

work, Dr. Paschal has written a three-volume *History of the Foreign Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention,* which is now ready for publication.

Being a recognized authority on North Carolina Baptist history and on Wake Forest history, however, entails much extra work. Dr. Paschal is constantly requested to write articles or to provide material for people who want information on the subjects. Although this takes up much of his valuable time, he always willingly helps people who request him to do so. When anyone needs information on associations in the North Carolina Baptist Convention, or when anyone needs historical material on Wake Forest College, he always turns to Dr. Paschal, the man who knows.

Dr. Paschal is presently engaged, in addition to his other work, in the task of editing and preparing for publication the 496 pages of manuscript of Dr. Benjamin F. Sledd's poetry. Dr. Sledd was a very good friend of Dr. Paschal when he was a professor of English at Wake Forest. Dr. Paschal and Dr. E. E. Folk have assumed the responsibility of editing the work. Dr. Paschal is very enthusiastic about this new task, and he enjoys reading the poetry aloud.

Every day for Dr. Paschal presents a challenge to him. He works furiously and relaxes all too infrequently. A typical day for him includes incessant work and study. He gets up about 7:30 in the morning and reads the newspaper and listens to the news broadcasts and commentaries in keeping with his avid interest in current events. During the 1952 Republican and Democratic nominating conventions, Dr. Paschal kept both a radio and a television set on all the time, as he closely followed the events.

Before he broke his hip in the spring of 1950 while hastening home from a Wake Forest baseball game to hear a news program, Dr. Paschal had attended nearly every athletic event at Wake Forest. It is said that he saw every home football game that was ever played at Wake Forest until 1950. When asked which sport was his favorite, he said, "Whichever one is in season is my favorite."

Two of his prize possessions are a baseball, autographed by the Wake Forest baseball team, which was used in a game they played in Omaha; and the football which beat Duke in 1951 which is autographed by the team. Dr. Paschal is so proud of these two balls that he refused to let his persistent grandchildren play with them for fear that the names will be rubbed off.

When he can, Dr. Paschal attends out-of-town games of the college. When the football team played Baylor in 1949, he went on the airplane with the team. There, his twin brother Robert L. Paschal, who was principal of the Paschal High School in Fort Worth before he retired, met him and they attended the game together. The two brothers still maintain frequent correspondence, expressing to each other their views on politics, religion, and sports.

When this interviewer first met Dr. Paschal, he was much impressed with such an extraordinary man. The grey-haired man in a white robe was seated at his typewriter hard at work. His desk was piled high with manuscripts and books, and on the wall behind his desk was a map of North Carolina. He had everything he needs right there at his fingertips. As he talked about his work, he would pick up the book or article about which he was talking and would quickly flip to certain passages to illustrate a point. When he spoke of certain places, he would point them out on the map.

Dr. Paschal has an avid interest in all people. When asked about certain incidents, he would tell about them in perfect detail from memory, and in doing so he would bring in other interesting incidents and people and tell about them in his witty manner.

Even though Dr. Paschal is now eighty-three-years-old, he is still young in spirit. Although, since he broke his hip he has not been able to walk, he is not an "old man." Despite the fact that he has lost some of the physical prowness for which he was so well-known, his mental facilities are perfect. He now uses a "walker" to get around the house and can go anywhere he wants to except up and down stairs. His accident hardly slowed him down.

In fact, it gave him more time for his work and also more time to be with his wife who was his constant companion until she died last year. Mrs. Paschal, who previous to their marriage was Miss Laura Allen, was the daughter of Rev. Joel I. Allen, a prominent minister of Dillon, South Carolina. She was a graduate of Greenville Female College, which is now a part of Furman University. They were married in 1905.

Dr. Paschal's family includes six sons and four daughters. Dr. Paschal and every one of his ten children graduated from Wake Forest College. Two of his daughters were among the first girls ever to graduate from Wake Forest. While his children were in school, Dr. Paschal knew every subject taught in the college. He never liked anyone to get ahead of him. He continued to keep up with all the subjects in the college until Wake Forest added the medical school and the law school.

Someone once jokingly told Dr. Paschal that if one ever forgets his name, the best place to look for it is in the *Encyclopedia Brittanica.* He said, "I hadn't forgotten my name but I decided to look anyway. Sure

enough, there it was at the end of a piece I wrote about Greek literature."

This remarkable man was born one of twins on July 7, 1869, in Chatham County on a large plantation. His father, the High Sheriff of the county, was a very patriotic man, having had many relatives in both the Revolutionary War and the Civil War, so he named his sons George Washington and Robert Lee. The boys studied nature with great interest while they lived on the plantation, and they could name every tree on the place. Also, the boys liked the former slaves of the family, and they talked much with them as they worked with them.

The father had a good library, and the boys read about all of the books in their spare time. By the age of ten, they had never been to school more than ten months. Yet at the age of fifteen, they were ready to go to college, knowing French, Latin, German, mathematics, United States history, and English grammar. Most of their study was done on their own, and they had often studied by candle or in front of the open fireplace.

George entered Wake Forest College in 1889 and was interested in all phases of college life. He mastered English grammar and literature, and became very much interested in Greek language and literature. He edited THE STUDENT in 1891 and 1892 and proved himself to be a good writer. Before he graduated, Josephus Daniels offered him a job on the *State Chronicle*. He decided, however, to change the course of his life from journalism to higher Greek.

He went to the University of Chicago for his doctorate. While he was there, he was assistant librarian, and before he finished his work there, he was offered a permanent job in the library. He refused, however, and upon completion of his work for the degree, he came to Wake Forest as assistant professor of Greek and Latin.

He taught courses in Greek for several summer quarters at the University of Chicago. In 1907, Professor Paul Shorey, head of the Greek Department there, asked Dr. Paschal to accept a permanent position in that department, suggesting the probability that in a few years he would be asked to become Dr. Shorey's successor. Dr. Paschal refused, however, saying that he had a different plan for his life. He wanted to remain at Wake Forest.

In 1914, he took on additional duties at Wake Forest as athletic director. He strove to keep Wake Forest on a comparable athletic basis with Duke, U. N. C., and N. C. State. During that time, although Wake Forest and State were big rivals, Dr. Paschal and W. C. Riddick of N. C. State became very good friends and worked together.

Dr. Paschal was invested with the financial responsibilities of athletics at the college. Upon taking charge, he found that he had inherited bankruptcy—no assets and many debts. By diligent work and careful supervision, however, he brought the sports out of bankruptcy and started them toward self-support. During that time, Dr. Paschal also became the first official registrar at Wake Forest and he held that position for twenty years.

He kept on writing during that time, and for ten years he was editorial writer for the *Biblical Recorder*, state Baptist paper. Also, for two years he wrote editorials and reviewed the news for the *State Democrat*, a Raleigh newspaper which was edited by J. C. Caddell. After that, from 1912 to 1920, he wrote a front page editorial column of news analysis for the *State Journal* in Raleigh.

Dr. Paschal was just as active in town affairs as he was in school affairs. For a number of years he was on the Wake Forest Board of Town Commissioners. It has been said that for a time, he practically ran both the town and the college. Someone said, "Dr. Paschal was the best town commissioner we ever had. I voted for him every time he ran."

Dr. Paschal watched Wake Forest grow from a four-building institution to the recognized college it is today, and he played a large part in that growth. He is as integral a part of Wake Forest as the college is of him. His retirement after forty-four years of service marked the end of a long and magnificent career, but it far from marked the end of Dr. Paschal's work. He still works hard and masters anything he attempts, and although his most recent work is somewhat removed from the college itself, he remains a most ardent Wake Forest supporter.

DECORATION DAY

By
John Durham

It was May, but the weather was a mockery of spring. The rain came down in cold driving sheets before gusts of wind which swept across the drill field. The students were gathered in little groups, smoking and talking, in the brief interval before the officers formed them into companies. They marched in to the gun racks, getting their weapons with the quick, automatic gestures they had learned, came out, and formed the column. The rain slacked to a slight drizzle, cold and unrelenting to the chapped hands holding the rifles. The young men, shapeless in the big raincoats, stood stolidly silent with no expression. There was no sound except the soft patter of the rain, and the sudden hoarse shout of an officer at a man who had moved or gotten out of line with the man beside him. They waited.

The order came down the column. The battalion stepped off like one great animal. The hands were very cold now against the steel butt-plates of the rifles, and the rain got inside the coat collars and went down the warm back in icy trickles, and the men shivered a little. One private, marching in the rear company, thought how much they looked like one huge centipede with a thousand legs and guns bristling on his back.

They marched slowly through the little university town. There were flags out all along the street, and a few people stood, shoulders hunched, to watch them go by. There was no sound except the feet hitting the pavement with a measured tread, and the slow roll of one drum echoing eerily off the buildings which lined the silent street.

Old Man Oublinsky was waiting in the grocery store in front of the stove, talking to the other old men of the village, talking as he always did on the day they went out to fire the guns over his son, Willie. The old man was short and pot-bellied like the stove he stood warming his back against. He wore an incredibly dirty, greasy hat with wisps of his yellowish white hair sticking out from under the brim.

His face was withered as an old dried apple, with blue, rheumy eyes staring out at the world. The fire was warm on his back and he felt good and important amid the respectful silence of the other men. He was proud and grateful for Willie in the way that an old man can be grateful to the only incident or person whose memory lends any color to his drab existence.

He had never thought Willie would amount to much when he was a child, for Willie had none of what what he called "get up and go." Decent enough, he never cared for the things that the others of his age had. He would spend whole days in the woods alone, doing nothing, and when he was asked about it, answered as if it were the most natural thing in the world.

"Where the hell you been?"

"Down the bottom. Found these growing by the creek. Never saw any like them before. Brought 'em to Ma."

"Flowers, well, well, well, flowers. You still got your chores to do, you know."

"Yeah, reckon I'll have to use the lantern."

And on and on. The boy grew, but his ambition stayed the same. He never did well in his school work except in biology and that was because he loved animals. Sometimes he carried that too far, his father thought, like the time when he drowned half the army of kittens the boy kept around the house. Willie sat on the bank all night with a little fire by his side, looking dully at the swift river.

Willie's mother had worried a great deal about him,

(*Continued on page twenty-seven*)

POEMS

By
Hunter James

The soul of yesterday stands at the window of tomorrow
Lookng down the long dusty street at
Smoketime.
The days are falling off the calendar
He fights to catch them
Losing a violet victory.
His lung closes with a shock on his stomach
As Death unsentimental accosts him.

The soul of yesterday
And the emulous musical waves.
The rose-tone moonsilt overspreads the sea.
And the wild and whispering will of the wind
Has her way.

The supple-sinewed wind stretching
Through the leave detachments
From the straining rain.
The wind pursuing the rose dust.

Clouds clasp stretching tight
Elements getting the storm together
Trees counteracting their roots
Sky snow shrouded by soot.

The children of the jonquils under the grass, waiting; growing
Tense. Pins of the doors clicking.

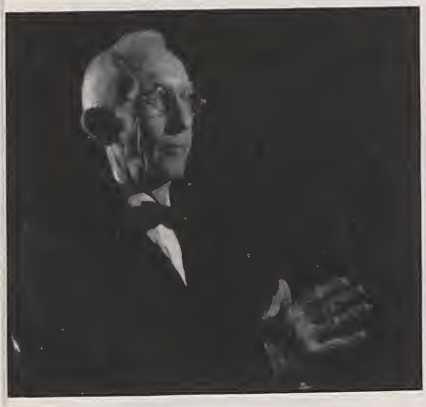
And then the smattering
Shocks of water
Tearing at the ground.
Spit sodden grass.

The rain
Came on a million wet feet and covered the grass like the grass covers the ground.
The grass does not care who it grows under (I have seen it by shacks in shanty town and on graves with dead men in them).
I have seen the grass surge past the scintillate moon gleam on the railroad track at night.
It has flocked in a myriad pointed spears and sat by the water and swayed in the wind by the woodland lyrist.
The grass is as well at the foot of the dead volcano as by the loamy earth in orchard groves.
The grass lives by day and by night and does not care who it grows under.

Hunter James, a junior from Winston-Salem, came to our attention when a friend of his dropped the comment that a fellow in the house "wrote poetry all the time." This marks the second time that Hunter has published in the STUDENT. *Although a poet first, Hunter has written a short story which will appear in the next issue.*

Teacher of Lawyers

By
Wilfred Winstead



AN ERA IN the history of the Wake Forest Law School will come to its close in June. Reaching back to May, 1906, the intervening years have been made notable, to a large degree, by the work of a man who is retiring at the end of this academic year—Professor Edgar Walter Timberlake, Jr.

About this man, a committee of the trustees, in recommending his election as an associate professor of law said 47 years ago, "There is every reason to believe that he is a splendidly equipped young lawyer, with an aptitude for imparting knowledge, and with tact, energy and enthusiasms that will be very valuable to the Law Department and incidentally very valuable to the College."

In 1953, Dean Carroll W. Weathers could say, "No man in our section of the nation has contributed more to legal education and to the Bar of our state than has Professor Timberlake. He has taught more lawyers than any other law teacher in the history of our state. He has not only taught students the Law, but by his noble character and gentle nature he has given young men fuller understanding of the true meaning of life. Our Law School will never claim among its faculty a more perfect Christian gentleman than Professor Timberlake. His excellence as a law teacher is only excelled by his excellence of character and spirit."

Who is the man who has done these things? What caused him to devote the major portion of his life in the service of Wake Forest College?

Professor Timberlake is a quiet, modest man. A "How do you do?" or a comment about the weather is about all a student will get if he chances to pass him on the campus. A man of slender build, Professor Timberlake's hair has been white for a quarter of a century. Rarely is he seen without a long, narrow bowtie.

Why has he spent so many years at Wake Forest, despite offers from other law schools? Professor Timberlake leans back in his office chair, brings his hands together with the finger-tips touching, and tranquilly replies that the answer lies in "my interest in Wake Forest and my love for it." Interest and love and 47 years of devotion sum up Professor Timberlake's work at Wake Forest—years of teaching such men as the late Governor Melville Broughton; former Lieutenant-Governor H. P. Taylor; D. G. Brummit, former state's Attorney General; Superior Court Judge Walter J. Bone; Congressman Charles B. Dean; Superior Court Judge Chester Morris; former President of the Board of Trustees of Wake Forest College and former Superior Court Judge, Hubert E. Olive.

Professor Timberlake is proud of these men who have gone far in the political and judicial worlds. But he never forgets the many others who are struggling for

Wilfred Winstead, a sophomore from Winston-Salem, is this year's managing editor of "Old Gold and Black," a member of the debate squad, and chairman of the Student Council. Next fall will find him behind the editor's desk in the "Old Gold and Black" office. His feature on Professor Timberlake is his first contribution to the STUDENT.

fees while upholding the profession through his code of ethics. In all, approximately 1,800 licensed attorneys in North Carolina have studied under Professor Timberlake. For a period of 30 years, his students composed more than 40 per cent of all attorneys licensed to practice in this state. No person has taught more North Carolina lawyers or taught for a longer period of time in North Carolina than Professor Timberlake.

Since the founding of the College in 1834, only three professors have taught longer than Professor Timberlake: Dr. William B. Royall for 62 years; Dr. William Louis Poteat for 55 years; and Dr. Benjamin Sledd for 50 years.

Professor Timberlake's services, however, have not been restricted to the Law School alone. He has offered since 1937 a course in business law which has been available to liberal arts students. He served as dean of the College, in addition to his duties as a law professor, from June 1919 to June 1922. During that time a new and elaborate system of student government was established. He served as chairman of the faculty and in that position performed the duties of the president's office during the summer of 1927, in the interim between the administrations of President Poteat and President Gaines.

Thus Professor Timberlake has left his mark upon the College, as well as the Law School.

Professor Timberlake enters the classroom with the dignity and reserve of his 47 years of teaching. After calling the roll and checking attendance with diligence, he arranges his lecture notes, many of which are yellowed with age, on the stand. Occasionally, a page is misplaced, but after carefully checking them, it is put in its proper position and the lecture begins.

His students bear testimony to his clear, concise lectures. One often hears such statements as "He presents law in the simplest manner," and "He puts the student at ease." At one time or another, Professor Timberlake has taught almost every course in the Law School curriculum, but the principal ones have been legal ethics, sales, municipal corporations, conflict of laws, and real property. Two courses, legal ethics and real property have been taught by Professor Timberlake since 1906. Real property law and future interests are the courses that Professor Timberlake says he has enjoyed teaching the most.

Professor Timberlake is a grandson of Dr. William Gaston Simmons, who taught natural sciences here for 35 years. His mother was Ada Lee Simmons, sister of Evabelle Simmons, who was the first co-ed and first woman graduate of the College; his father was E. W. Timberlake, Sr., a Louisburg attorney and Judge of the Superior Court of North Carolina from 1894 to 1902. Wake Forest's Museum of Art, housed in the Johnson Building, was given to the College by Thomas Jackson Simmons, brother of Professor Timberlake's mother. The art collection, according to the donor, was given in order "that my art museum, instead of being sold and scattered after my death, should in some way become the nucleus of a large and growing art museum, the cultural value of which would increase constantly through the years." It contains well over one hundred paintings and other art objects.

Professor Timberlake was born on February 24, 1882, in Franklin County, North Carolina. When he was two years old his parents moved to Louisburg, where they resided, until coming to Wake Forest in 1905. Professor Timberlake enrolled in Wake Forest College in the spring of 1898, graduating in June, 1901 with a B.A. degree. He was professor of English at Oak Ridge Institute for two years, 1901-1903. He attended the law school of the University of Virginia from 1903 to 1905 and received the LL.B. degree. After attending law classes given by Dean Needham Y. Gulley, of the Wake Forest Law School, during the fall and winter of 1905, he was admitted to the practice of North Carolina law. His election the following year brought the law school faculty to two members.

Professor Timberlake has not limited himself to the service of the College and Law School; he has also been active in civic, church, and fraternal organizations. He was a member of the Wake Forest City Council for 20 years. He has been a Sunday School teacher, assistant superintendent of the Sunday School and deacon in the Wake Forest Baptist Church. A member of the Masonic Order since 1905, Professor Timberlake became a thirty-third degree Mason in 1925 and has since served as Grand Master of Masons in North Carolina, Grand High Priest of the Grand Royal Arch Chapter for North Carolina and Grand Commander of the Grand Commandery of Knights Templar of North Carolina.

He is a member of the North Carolina Bar Association, the North Carolina State Bar, Inc., and the American Bar Association. He has had two articles published in the Virginia Law Review and an address published in the Reports of the North Carolina Bar Association.

The local Phi Alpha Delta Law Fraternity selected Professor Timberlake as the man for whom to name their chapter, when it was installed in 1947. The Raleigh, North Carolina, *News and Observer* named Professor Timberlake the "Tarheel of the Week" in 1952; the 1952 *Howler* was dedicated to him.

Professor Timberlake finds mental diversion and relaxation from his work in reading detective books and magazines and attending movies. In fact, he seldom misses a new picture at either of the two local theaters. His reason? "I just like to go; I find them interesting."

Thus this quiet, unassuming man, who has taught 1,800 lawyers, who spent 47 years of his life in the service of Wake Forest College, will retire.

Looking back over the years, Professor Timberlake says that Wake Forest has "meant a great deal to me."

And Professor Timberlake has meant a great deal to Wake Forest.

HERE'S HOW T

This is the season when all of the deserving are rewarded. The STUDENT *magazine takes advantage of the last opportunity to give you the benefit of their wisdom. And here is a story of those who succeeded in two realms in the world of college. The essay in the center is one person's idea of how to do it. The accompanying articles take a more realistic approach.*

ODK-TASSELS

Or—How to Be a Wheel

By
Dan Poole

WHEN PERCY THISTLEBAUM entered Wake Forest, he was a typically lost freshman. He did not know exactly what to expect from the upperclassmen — and especially was he apprehensive about those omnipotent beings known as professors. Of course, deep down inside Percy realized that if so many before him had been successful during their four year visits to institutions of higher learning, so could he.

I'm no longer Little Percy Starched-Collar Thistlebaum, he thought to himself. I don't have to cower under mother's protective wing. I've got to stand on my own two feet — and be a man. I am a man, he assured himself.

Percy had been unpopular in high school. Oh, he had graduated salutatorian and was a favorite with the teachers, but he never felt like one of the crowd. He was always called "bookworm" or "the intelligent one" because he stayed to himself reading most of the time and always used big words when he talked.

All of that's changed now, Percy decided. I'm going to become one of the boys. Butch, that damnably uncouth brother of mine, can't do anything but play football — but he's popular. Oh, he's not stupid, Percy told himself, he just doesn't study. He hasn't read a book in his life that he didn't have to — but he seems happy. I can't understand it.

Percy was sitting in his room as those thoughts ran through his mind. He was thinking of what the man at freshman orientation had said: "Get the most out of

HOW TO BE A

An essay in the abstract turned

Have you ever thought of what an effective student really is, or, still better, have you ever worked to be that kind of a student? All too many of us are satisfied with merely "getting through" college and getting that long-looked-forward-to degree. . . .

There's much more to being an effective student than making all A's. . . . A's are fine if other things go along with them: one's sports activities, his social life, his work on college publications, his work in religious fields, the work he does in helping pay his expenses, and probably his reading other than that assigned. On the other hand, a person should not take upon himself so many of these activities that he will be burdened and become bogged down until he is unable to do any of it well. He should take only the amount he can do well if he works hard. In most instances a person who has a heavy load will do more and better work than the person who doesn't have so much because he will usually realize the responsibility that is upon him and will try to carry it out better.

Now, with that brief statement of what an effective student is, let's consider the ways of becoming that kind of student. The most important factor is to learn to use one's time wisely; this includes getting in the proper amount of sleep. Procrastination among college students is

THY DID IT

college." Percy pondered those words. He wanted to do that — he wanted to take advantage of all his opportunities. But how? How does one go about changing his life?

The man at orientation had mentioned an article about "How to Be an Effective Student." Percy read the article and told Butch about it. They discussed it and decided that they wanted to be "effective students." They would try to follow the suggestions made by the upperclassman who had written the article. Certainly, he should know — he must be a good student and a leader. He had written an article telling how to do it, hadn't he?

Percy and Butch, however, disagreed on how to go about following the suggestions in the article. They could

(*Continued on page twenty-eight*)

EFFECTIVE STUDENT . . .

ents who had a theory, but few facts.

Probably more widespread than "bull sessions," even among boys. After one has overcome the time-wasting problem, there is no better way than to work himself out a schedule. Most students feel that meeting classes is enough schedule for them, but they fail to realize the amount of time that they can conserve through the use of a schedule of studying and other activities. I'll admit that it's very hard to abide by it all the time, and there are a few times when it's impossible. . . . One never really realizes how much time he wastes between classes and at meals when he is doing nothing except "goofing off" until he checks on himself.

Along with the valuable using of his time he must learn to concentrate and develop a deep interest in his work. He may be able to make himself sit down at his books, but yet his mind may wander. He must learn to discipline his mind and acquire the ability to ignore many distractions which keep him from working. Sometimes this is exceptionally hard to do with an interesting "session" being carried on in his room; therefore, it is necessary to seek a suitable place in which to do one's studying.

After a person has adapted himself to these and other necessities, and acquired an intense desire to learn, he becomes what can be classified as an effective student.

PHI BETA KAPPA

Or—How to Be a Brain

By
Blevyn Hathcock

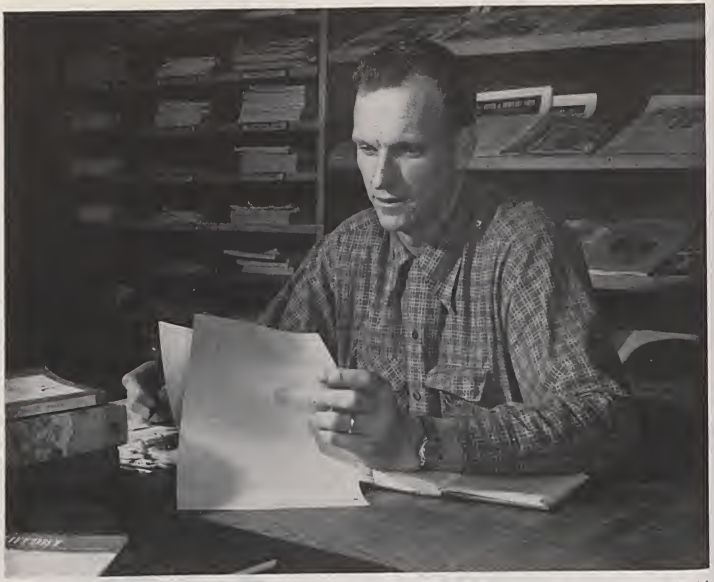
When Butch Thistlebaum entered Wake Forest, he was also a typically lost freshman. He did not know exactly what to expect from the upperclassmen, either, but he had had experience winning friends and influencing people in high school. The first few days he felt very, very lost, because there was such a dearth of pals. But deep down inside him there was a small loyal friendliness that lay waiting, some little Beginningness that was lying, waiting to be taken up to lead him to human courage and human meaning.

He had a good deal more bravado than Percy. Shucks, he had been captain of the football team in high school and a real Hero. And the memories of those glowing

years were enough to sustain him over this temporary chasm.

As he was going to Orientation one morning, he passed by a group of venerable grey-haired men talking in the sun. As he passed by, a strange light fairly emanated from them and he could see clearly that the chasm between him and those profs was so wide that unless he changed his ways, he could never see into their world, at all. And he so wanted to. There was a

(*Continued on page thirty*)



Horace "Bones" McKinney has probably spent a great deal more time on the basketball court than behind a desk with a book in his hands. But that's the way things stand now, with "Bones" daily probing his texts at Southeastern Theological Seminary.—(Photographs by Jimmy Andrews.)

EACH AFTERNON LAST fall, a tall, thin figure, who once represented professional basketball in a National Celebrities Golf Tournament against a field including Jane Russell, emerged from the Southeastern Theological Seminary, put his New Testament history and Greek books into a battered station wagon, and headed for the Wake Forest College gymnasium with seven league strides. Once there, the tall man ignored a fundamental doctrine of Baptist protocol almost in the shadow of the Seminary of that faith. It has long been a practice for the deacons of a Baptist church to instruct their pastor in his duty, but a reversal of that took place here as a preacher instructed his deacons in a now almost forgotten style of pulpit pounding.

That preacher was Horace A. (Bones) McKinney, assistant coach of the Wake Forest Demon Deacons, who for the first time in the school's history won the Southern Conference basketball championship defeating N. C. State's highly touted team in the finals.

As a coach, "Bones" is perpetual motion personified. Never still on the bench during a game, he is either waving the Deacons into position with a white handkerchief, standing up like the prophet Nathan to point to an opponent about to shoot from the corner, pounding Trainer Ernie MacKenzie on the back as Hemric, his star pupil, hooks, or excitedly talking strategy with the forever unperturbed Greason.

Starring at State College and the University of North Carolina in his college days, McKinney left a professional career in 1952, after scoring 3,000 points over a period of nearly six years, to return to the Seminary in pursuit of his plan to become a minister.

The "Bones" story started in a little town on the North Carolina coast which McKinney later described

The Bones Story

By
John Durham

as "about as far from anywhere as you can get." In Lowland, N. C., on January 1, 1919, the Martin Van Buren McKinney's were blessed with a son. The initials HAM of the name they gave him were to prove prophetic for the infant was to become a national sports figure known as the "Clown Prince of Basketball." McKinney's father died in 1921, when Horace was two years old, as a result of injuries he received while serving in the Coast Guard during World War I. Mrs. McKinney moved to Durham in 1924 to find employment with the Durham Hosiery Mills, and Horace began playing basketball in the Durham Elementary School in the fifth grade.

His game steadily improved, and he was a leader of the Durham High team which, in the seasons from 1937 to 1940, was undefeated, winning 69 straight games. The Wake Forest freshman team began and ended that winning streak.

In 1940, the Durham High team won the Eastern States Inter-scholastic tourney at Glenn's Falls, New York, at that time the leading high school tournament in the country. "Bones" was selected on the all-tournament team, and also was the recipient of a special award, the Altrock medal given in memory of a famous baseball clown to the best clown in the tournament.

A tall, gangling youth who looked as if he had just stepped out of a biology professor's closet entered State College in the fall of 1940. Pictures show "Bones" as a tall, terribly skinny youth with intense eyes, long arms and big, awkward hands. The freshman was an immediate sensation, scored 67 points in his first four games, and was elected captain of the State freshman squad. George Glamack, the Carolina All-American, had just ended his college career and sports writers were, even in his freshman year, comparing "Bones" to Glamack and predicting that if he practiced his "Glamack" shot the State team would become world beaters. Horace continued clowning that year, too, in a game against Duke University.

Three of the stars of the Durham High team, the Loftis brothers and Bob Gantt, had gone to Duke. In an early season game the freshman team of Duke had beaten Horace's team 60-30. His former team-mates rubbed it in pretty hard. Bones was angry. The next time State played Duke, McKinney led them to a victory 47-45. The fans at the game got a big laugh as "Bones" escorted the Dooks off the court.

McKinney said later "I hated to act up and rub it in so much tonight but I just couldn't help it. When we went to Durham, I knew they were going to beat us and I asked them to let us off light, but they just wouldn't do it, and you know what the score was, 60-30! Well, we couldn't run up such a score, but I could make them feel mighty bad over losing, and now I am just tickled pink."

Horace finished the year with a 16.7 average per game. He was in many activities at State, pitching for the freshman baseball team and writing for the sports section of the State newspaper, *The Technician.*

State revolved its offense around McKinney in his sophomore year. In his first Big Five game, he scored 23 points, and was given much praise for a later game in which he held an All-Conference player, Rose, of Carolina, to four points though State lost 41-28. McKinney was 28 points behind Cline of Wake Forest in the race for the Southern Conference scoring crown as State went into the last game against South Carolina.

In between study sessions at the seminary, "Bones" McKinney, one time pro basketball great, spent a lot of time during the basketball season assisting Coach Murray Greason in prepping the Deacons for the Southern Conference Championship.

Bones electrified the crowd that night as he pushed in 22 points in the first half and eight in the second for a total of thirty to give State a win 65-54, and himself the scoring crown. State lost to Duke in the conference play-offs, but McKinney led in individual scoring with 42 points for three games, and was selected at the center position for the all-tournament team. In his first varsity year he had led the conference with 200 points in 13 games, and had an overall average of 286 points in 19 games.

It was the spring of 1942. Basketball took a minor place beside a war which had just begun. The atmosphere at State had changed as it was changing at schools all over the nation. Uniforms were everywhere, and in the faces of the students was reflected the realization that the war was very near. Horace McKinney entered the Army on April 3, 1942.

He was stationed variously at Fort Bragg, N. C., Camp Sibert, Ala., and Camp Butner, N. C. While at Bragg he played on a basketball team that won two Southern AAU titles. McKinney, served at Fort Bragg at the head of a special training unit whose assignment was the teaching of illiterate Negroes to read and write to the level of the fourth grade. He had risen to the rank of first sergeant when he was discharged on January 11, 1946.

State wanted "Bones" to return, but he had decided to major in physical education, a degree not given by State, and enrolled at the University of North Carolina for the second quarter. Ben Carnevale, who is now at Annapolis, was coaching the Carolina team that year. After Horace joined the team, Carnevale had what is probably the greatest array of talent ever assembled on one team. Bob Paxton and John "Hook" Dillon were All-Americans that year and Dillon Paxton, Jim Jordan and McKinney were on the All-Southern first team. McKinney shot rarely, but was a good floor man, and set up more than his share of plays as Carolina swept the conference, winning by such scores as 71-34 and 64-28 to set a new team scoring record with 1,647 points. Losing only four games, one in an upset by Wake Forest in the conference play-offs, Carolina received the N. C. A. A. bid that year.

McKinney suffered an attack of influenza before the team went to New York for the play-offs and was bothered by a large boil on his neck before the NYU game. He played despite these handicaps and Carolina defeated NYU and Ohio State to win the Eastern N. C. A. A. title. Oklahoma A. and M. was the Western champion that year. They were led by a player named Bob "Foothills" Kurland, a seven foot Goliath who was the top individual scorer in the nation. To old, aching "Bones" fell the task of guarding Kurland in the game between Carolina and Oklahoma for the national collegiate championship. McKinney made a gallant effort, but fouled out and Oklahoma won 43-40 as "Foothills" pushed in 23 points. Bones was one of the most popular persons on the Carolina campus for his antics on the court and his long-winded funny stories.

In a reunion at Chapel Hill in 1947, McKinney was reminiscing about the All-American Dillon. Mimicking Hook in the pivot position, arms outstretched, crying for the ball, he related how Johnny shot and missed something like twelve times.

"After a while," said "Bones," "Hook" managed to put one in. He immediately called time, got us all in a huddle and said: 'Fellows, I'm hot. Feed that ball to me'."

McKinney finished the spring quarter at U. N. C., but did not return in the fall of 1946 as he found it necessary to go to work in order to support his wife and young son. He was employed by Hanes Hosiery, of Winston-Salem, in the personnel department and also played on their basketball team. The Washington Capitals, a now defunct professional team, offered him a contract in the fall of 1946, which he accepted.

The impish, string bean rookie became the most popular player on the Washington team that first year. Something new for the fans was added as he injected the "Bones" brand of humor into professional ball.

After the Caps had clinched a game, McKinney would come down court doing a jig, his long straw-like legs first going) (then ( ). The spectators loved it. Sometimes when the referees called a foul against him which he felt was unjustified, he would get down on his knees and beg for mercy while the non-plused officials gazed in awe. In his enthusiasm, he would frequently run roughshod over an opposing player, then help him to his feet with such a solicitous air that the referee often gave Horace the foul shots.

He solemnly refused to travel with the team by air and always went Pullman. As he put it: "If the Lord had meant for me to fly, I would have been born with wings." And no one dared ask him why he didn't have wheels, for, indeed, he played as if he did. He developed a two-hand jump push shot over his head that was impossible to guard, and was the spark of the Capital team.

At the end of the first year, he was presented with a $250 wardrobe prize in a team popularity contest, and he was honored by being placed on the All-Basketball Association of America team, the professional equivalent of the college All-America. McKinney continued to live in Raleigh between seasons, and was supervisor of recreation at Pullen and Travis parks there.

His career with the Capitals lasted four years as he helped them gain a major professional record. His antics continued and his popularity grew. A born comedian, he performed only when the score justified it, otherwise he was dead serious.

One night in Washington as McKinney was tossing the ball at the opening of the game, he noticed it felt odd. His teammates took it down court and "Bones" was fouled. As he took the ball and started to shoot, he saw that it was lop-sided.

He called the referee over and said: "This ball, it's not round."

The referee took one look, handed it back, said: "Quit stalling. Shoot or I'll take the foul away."

"Bones," exasperated, rolled it back to him on the floor, and in McKinney's words, "it went bloop, bloop like a football."

The stands roared.

McKinney managed to get the same ball back on the court the next night. Again he was fouled.

"It's not round," he said.

The referee ran up, took the ball, threw it out of the game like a discus, and after a few choice words, muttered to McKinney:

"You won't make a monkey out of me twice."

The stands roared.

McKinney scored over 3,200 points for the Capitals. His coach called him one of the greatest competitors in the game and said:

"Bones spots big men of his height about fifty pounds to the man and they figure to push him around. However, he's such a competitor that in the space of four years they have learned that McKinney is not a man you shove anywhere."

He was selected to represent professional basketball in the National Celebrities Golf Tournament held at the Army-Navy Country Club in Washington, D. C., on June 3 and 4, 1949. The field included Bing Crosby, Jane Russell, Charlie Justice and many other big names. During his last year with the Washington team, he served as coach and in 1950 was presented, by Senator Frank Graham, with a new car bought with the contributions of his fans in Washington after a night for him at Uline Arena.

After the Capitals folded, financially, McKinney played two years for the Boston Celtics and ended his career with the season of 1951-52 after playing six years professionally and scoring a total of 2,998 points.

The decision to come back to school was a hard one for McKinney to make. He had married Edna Ruth Stell of Raleigh in 1941, when he was a sophomore at State College. They now had four children. The expense of traveling with the team on the road and maintaining a separate home for his family had left him with only enough money to see him through about one year. The Boston Celtics, well aware of the potential of his warm personality, offered him a job in their public relations department. Financial security would have been certain.

McKinney became a Christian in October of 1951. He felt at the time that it was God's will that he should study for the ministry. He tried to put off a definite decision, but was never quite at peace with himself until after Christmas, in early 1952, when he decided to come to the Seminary at Wake Forest.

As he said: "I and other men are often the luckiest when we realize that we have reached a point where only a power outside ourselves can help us."

McKinney is a tall man, 6′ 6″, with large hands and clear, blue eyes set rather far back in his head. His hair is rarely groomed, as he runs his hands through it continually as he talks. The face is rather small, tanned and slightly wrinkled.

"Bones" commutes to the Seminary from his home at 1004 Wake Forest Road in Raleigh, where he lives with his wife's family. The McKinney's now have five children. The oldest, Horace, Jr., is 10. Then, there are Kaye, 5, Kittie, 4, Karen, 2, and the latest addition, Kenneth, twelve weeks.

A fine public speaker, he constantly uses examples of practical nature to illustrate his points. About religion, for instance:

"See that old station wagon over there, son. Just spent $109 on it to have it fixed. Can't tell it, can you? But it runs perfectly now. It's all under the hood. All under the hood."

Recently, in the State-Wake Forest game in the finals

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&
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WAKE FOREST

of the Southern Conference tournament, a prayer that he made on the bench was much publicized. Most people seemed to think that he prayed for Wake Forest to win, and that met disapproval from some quarters.

"No," said McKinney," I didn't pray for them to win. I prayed rather that the boys might play their best through faith in something beyond themselves."

McKinney never took his eyes off that game, though, perhaps remembering one old preacher's instructions to his son going off to war: "Just because you pray don't mean you don't have to keep your hind end down." Horace was on his feet, arms waving, shouting instructions when the final whistle sounded.

Confident now that he has found his purpose in life, McKinney exhibits a quiet gratitude in his personal life, thinks that it is not so important what a person does as what he centers his life upon.

"When basketball was the center," he says, "I lived and died with the scores. Now it's different. You've got to hook onto something that doesn't change."

Asked many times by people if he did not regret giving up his professional career, he always answers with a little story:

Once there was a man who drank muddy water for a long time. One day he decided to quit. People came to him for a long time, asking him if he were not sorry to give it up. He always answered, "I don't like muddy water."

And watching him, striding through the leaves on the way to the gym or sitting in the sun, talking to the players on the steps, the water does look rather clear.

DROP IN

AT

EDWARD'S PHARMACY

*

DRUGS & SUNDRIES

KAYWOODIE PIPES

WHITMAN'S CANDIES

MAGAZINES

***and* PERIODICALS**

*

PHONE 2761

WAKE FOREST

EXPERIENCE

(*Continued from page eleven*)

at this time he would be pinned, and Jo would be his girl!

Don stood before the mirror and once again parted his hair and combed it into place. It still didn't satisfy him completely, but he had to be on time; he couldn't keep Jo waiting. Some boys were extremely bad at this sort of thing, but he believed in punctuality. He pulled on his sweater, and then reached inside the first dresser drawer for his pin. He attached it carefully to his sweater and stood a moment before the mirror and admired it. It was a lovely pin, and it would look good on Jo. He went over to his desk and took out a book. He didn't take time to look at the title for he didn't intend to study, anyway. He flipped the light and was on his way. Bob was taking in a movie so there were no questions about his plans. Don looked at his watch as he left the fraternity house, and it showed seven-forty. It was still twenty minutes until he was supposed to meet Jo. He decided to walk by the chapel and make the circle to the library. This walk would take a few minutes of his time and give him a chance to review his plans. A doubt had arisen in his mind about the time to pin her. He could wait until he went back to the dormitory, and he could pin her on the way back. On second thought, he would stick to his original plan, the soda shop idea.

He had reached the library by this time and went inside and straight to the appointed table. Lady Luck was with him because there was no one at that table although the south reading room was well filled. He opened his book and tried to appear interested and to be studying diligently, but the words were only black type before his eyes. He was thinking of the importance of this night and the meaning it was to hold for Jo and him. He looked down at his pin and thought of what his roommate would say. It was now eight, but Jo wasn't there. She was usually late to class; so it was nothing to worry about. Don watched eight-thirty, nine, and nine-thirty go by. By this time he had given up hope, and he picked up his book and left the library. He couldn't put his thoughts together, but he did know that

Jo had not shown up for their date. He kept telling himself that she must have a good excuse for not coming, but it was hard to convince himself. He went to the soda shop and took a back booth. He faced the wall because he felt like being alone while he tried to think out things.

After some time he finished the last cookie, washing it down with a gulp of coke, and he proceeded to the cashier to pay. As he stood at the counter, he thought he recognized through the mirror back of the counter the girl sitting in the third booth. He couldn't be sure so he turned quickly looking straight at the girl. He could only see her back, but he knew after the first glance. She was Jo. He turned quickly around, fearing that she might look his way. He watched through the mirror. Jo leaned across the table to the boy with whom she was sitting and examined his fraternity pin. She handled it with careful hands while looking him straight in the eyes. Don could not understand what she was saying, but he could tell by the expression on the boy's face that he seemed amazed and uneasy. Don had seen enough. He hand reached inside his pocket, and he felt the box in which his fraternity pin lay. There was no lock on it; it wasn't safe. He turned quickly and walked from the soda shop.

The light in their room was out; Bob hadn't come from town yet. He undressed slowly, taking his fraternity pin and wrapping it neatly in a box, he wrote, "Mrs. J. N. Watson, Colonial Drive, Martinsville, Va." He took the book he had carried to the library and placed it on the shelf in the bookcase.

DECORATION DAY

(*Continued from page sixteen*)

especially the time when, just turned nineteen, he had wanted to get married. He had never held a full-time job in his life, and his mother had talked him into waiting a little while.

"Till you're ready," she said.

Then the war came and with it the solution to the whole problem, and Willie was suddenly just like all the other young men of his village.

They said he was a good soldier though he never marched well and forgot a lot of things. He had an uncanny ability for finding his way in the dark which was the reason that he was sent out as an advance scout the night the enemy was supposed to try a breakthrough. He had a Very pistol, with directions to fire it at the first sign of activity. It was very quiet until the impact hit him on the right side and took away the lower half of his face. The pistol had fallen into the trench behind him. Grunting like a wounded animal, he squirmed back through the mud, found it and fired. Later when his outfit re-took the area and came up on him, they marvelled that he had stayed alive long enough to warn them. His C. O. had recommended him for the highest infantry medal, to be awarded posthumously to his father.

All this Old Oublinsky remembered, standing before the warm fire. He had the medal in his pocket, in the velvet lined box in which he had received it. It was large and gold with sharp corners.

The head of the column came into sight.

"Here they come" cried the Old Man. He ran out under the awning of the store, stood a minute to watch them go by, then followed them down the muddy road to the cemetery. The other old men in the store looked at each other and nodded sleepily.

The grave sat on a little rise of ground. There was a small stand beside it for the speaker, and a flag which fluttered weakly because it was wet. Last year's leaves covered the spaces in between the plots and they went down springily under the steps of the battalion as they formed in four groups around the grave.

The mayor of the town always made the same speech on this day. He was wet and uncomfortable and thought no one listened anyway.

"this day . . . for one of our fallen comrades . . . who died that we might be free."

It was cold and wet standing on the bank and the wool trousers were damp and itchy against his legs, and as the mayor said his speech, the private in the rear company began to curse under his breath, not excitedly but slowly and monotonously, the same words over and over. The man next to him looked at him nervously.

"freedoms . . . that the torch he carried may not go out." The mayor finished. He placed a wreath of roses by the gravestone.

The honor squad and its officer stepped forward. The six men raised their rifles to form an arch of dully glistening barrels. The officer drew his saber.

"Ready?" he queried softly. Then:

"Aim."

"Fire."

The sound of the shots reverberated off the old lichen-

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For

The

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in

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LOW PRICES

covered stones. In the sudden stillness of the place after the noise, the soft rain could be heard pattering softly on the leaves.

Twice more the squad fired. Then they rejoined the battalion and the column began to move out. The Old Man stood in the rain for a little while, and the water ran into the cracks in his shoes and his feet were cold. He thought of the fire and hurried after the column toward the store.

The Decoration Day ceremonies were over.

The private broke away quickly from the group when they were dismissed because he did not wish to talk.

He thought: it is like the emptiness which came when it was over with the girl and we came home and both of us knew it and did not wish to touch each other and we knew that tomorrow both of us would get up and eat breakfast but it would never be the same again. You stay up very late not wanting tomorrow and you try to tell yourself it will go away, but you know that tomorrow will be hell. Maybe that's what happens to all of them, he thought, the thing is hurt once and then again and it does not die, but they make very sure it cannot be hurt again and they fold it over and put it away and afterwards their mouths and their eyes never say the same thing again.

"Do not think," he told himself. "Do as they tell you and do not think. Think about the coffee and how it is warm and hot when it goes down the throat."

"But you cannot fool yourself in the end," he thought. Tonight it would be as it had been for a long time. He would go to bed early and convince himself that he could sleep and he would begin to think again. Suddenly, it would be so bad he would have to get up and have a light on and a cigarette and tell himself that it was alright, but it was not and he could not forget the officers cursing the men because they could not all get their legs together, coming back from the graveyard in the rain.

ODK

(Continued from page twenty-one)

not agree on where the emphasis in college life belonged. Butch maintained that he had wasted his opportunities in high school. He decided that the time had come for him to "buckle down" and study. He wanted to make the best possible grades.

Percy, on the other hand, decided that there was more to be gotten from college than just making grades. He decided that he was going to become a well-rounded person who participates in and becomes a success in extra-curricular activities. He maintained that that was just as important a phase of college life as grades. Of course, Percy knew that he could make grades, too, but he decided that he would not "major" in grades.

Now, Percy had read Dale Carnegie's *How to Win Friends and Influence People*. He figured that was the first step toward success in anything — especially in college activities. He thought very seriously about the matter of succeeding in college above and beyond the average student who does only the required amount of work.

I want to become a leader, Percy convinced himself. I think that's the ultimate success in college. It'll take a lot of work, I guess, but I think I can do it. But I'm not sure exactly how to go about it. There must be a way to do it. All leaders aren't born leaders.

Percy continued thinking. He remembered from freshman orientation that there was an organization on the campus that honored leaders. Omicron Delta Kappa — that was the name of it. He remembered that it was an honorary leadership fraternity that initiated all the campus leaders each year. Percy figured they still had ODK on the campus, but he knew little more than that about it. He figured that if he could find out what constituted ODK standards, he would know what constituted campus leadership.

With those ideas in mind, Percy set out to find the answer to his question: What is a campus leader, and how does one get to be a leader?

He went first to see one of the faculty members of the organization, and asked him what ODK actually is. He asked the man to explain it to him.

"Well," said the man, "ODK, as you know, is an honorary leadership fraternity. Each year we try to pick the outstanding persons in different fields for the honor. There are five major fields from which we pick leaders; scholarship; social and religious affairs; athletics; publications; and speech, music, and dramtic arts.

"I guess service might be said to be the key word of ODK. We try to pick those students who have most served the campus in their respective fields. Persons who are elected to ODK are usually completely surprised — they get something which they think they are not worthy of. A real leader leads unconsciously. He is interested in things which he can best do, and that usually results in leadership without his conscious knowledge of it. There are no set standards — nothing leads inevitably to ODK. Some people, it seems, can't keep from making it, while others can't make it."

"Tell me," said Percy, "how are the selections made? That is, exactly what method is used?"

HAVE YOU

TRIED

OUR

'Dogs & 'burgers?

SHORTY'S

"The local method of selecting men for ODK is a fairly long process and, I think, thorough. First, the members of ODK are polled to nominate students who they think are qualified for membership. This is done by mail. Then a committee compiles all the information and checks on each person's academic standing and his extra-curricular activities. The committee reports its findings to the members.

"The members then extensively discuss each nominee. Then they vote. Previous to the vote the members have decided the exact number of men they plan to receive. That number usually amounts to about one per cent of the male students per year. After the ballots are counted, the men with the highest number of votes, down through the specified number to be received, are chosen to be tapped. The men are tapped and recognized in chapel."

"Tell me something of the history of the organization at Wake Forest," said Percy. "What does it do on the campus?"

"Well, ODK is fifteen years old on the campus. It was installed in 1939. Before that Wake Forest had an honor leadership society known as the 'Golden Bough Society.' It was founded by Dr. W. L. Poteat and Dean D. B. Bryan. Dean Bryan felt that after dealing so much with problem students, there must be some students on the campus that gave the administration no trouble. He felt that there should be some reward for leadership.

"ODK at Wake Forest does all it can to better the college. Every year we conduct a Leadership School at which time we hold a dinner meeting and have speakers on the subject of leadership. Also, we assist in the entertainment of the high school seniors who come here to take the competitive exams. ODK prefers to work through the different organizations on the campus rather than in the name of ODK. We would rather remain behind the scene, but still do everything we can to make the college a better place.

"One thing we did was to organize Tassels, a local girls' honorary society. Tassels hopes to go national in the near future and become Mortar Board, the sister organization of ODK."

"Thank you very much, sir," said Percy. "I know a lot more about ODK now."

Now Percy knew what ODK was, but he still did not know how one becomes a leader. He did not know how the campus leaders became leaders, or how they attained the positions they held. He sincerely wanted to know the answers to these questions. It seemed to him that there must be some good reasons for their success.

Percy decided to talk to some of the "big wheels" on the campus. Maybe they would tell him the secret.

"How did you become a leader?" Percy asked one man.

"Well, I think the smallness and friendliness at Wake Forest make it possible for a person to get in and participate in college organizations. Of course, you will lean toward the particular activities you are best qualified for. You can't join everything, or you will just be a "Joiner" and not go to the top in anything.

"If you take advantage of every opportunity for a job in an organization, and do your best in it, you will develop ability and confidence. Then you will be able to lead others to do the same. Take any job that is offered to you — that's the way to start. You can't start at the top. After you get a job, show interest in it and do it thoroughly. Always work to put the group ahead."

"But how do you get that small job?" asked Percy.

"You have to show an inclination to want the job. You have to be ambitious, and maybe even somewhat egotistical. Start off small but do the job so well that you have to go forward to bigger things. It doesn't hurt to have a desire to gain recognition for what you do, but you must be able and willing to accept valid criticism and act accordingly. Like the old adage, let your actions speak louder than your words.

"Sell yourself to a course of action and to others. Some do this by the trial and error method; others do it by conforming to criticism. However you do it, your method of selling yourself to others is your leadership — getting others to work, and having them carry out your ideas is leadership."

Many of Percy's questions were answered by this conversation. Yet he still wanted to know more. Maybe other people had different ideas. He asked another person the same question.

"I think you become a leader by chance. You can make your own chances, but sometimes the ones who have the qualities of leadership don't get the chance to exhibit it. If luck is with you and if you get the chance, you can become a leader. I think you must take advantage of all opportunities, but those opportunities come about either by chance or by your making your own opportunities — not always are they handed out on a silver platter.

"On the other hand, I think a certain amount of luck

BOB'S

- *Quick Breakfasts*
- *Economical Lunches*
- *Steak Dinners*

THE COLLEGE INN

"Just Across the Campus"

is involved in getting positions where you can exhibit leadership. Without a high position you cannot hope to exhibit your abilities. Sometimes you can make your opportunities for jobs, but mostly it's chance."

"Tell me," said Percy, "do you think that the time required to become a campus leader harms your studies?"

"That all depends on the individual. Not in every case is it a choice between scholarship and leadership. In some cases it is possible to achieve both. However, with many people, insofar as extra-curricular activities go, a choice is necessary as to whether to spend more time studying or to do the best possible job in positions of leadership. The ultimate, of course, is to do both. It's according to where you want to place the emphasis."

"Thank you," said Percy as he set out to find someone who had just gotten into ODK. He wanted to know just how that person had made ODK. He thought he had found out how some people had become leaders. Now he wanted to know how those leaders had gotten into ODK.

"Exactly how did you make ODK?" he asked one person.

"No one deliberately sets out to make ODK. There is always a definite reason for his selection. There must be a lot more in an individual than just the desire to make ODK. You have to do something first to merit it. One is invited to become a member because he has demonstrated a reasonable amount of competence in his field.

"Some people are selected because they are in certain positions. Nothing guarantees membership, but there are certain positions which usually always merit ODK. Of course, as a general rule the person must be a leader before he ever gets those high positions. Editors of publications, president of the student body, president of the Baptist Student Union usually get into ODK. I don't mean to say that it is automatic, however.

"Many people are leaders because some positions require more ability and energy than others. Some recognition comes for the position held rather than for the work done. I say, either set out to get a position that has a high name but requires relatively little performance, or set out to get a position that can exhibit specific ability as a result of specific training."

Now Percy Thistlebaum thought he really knew how to become a leader. He knew that the article on "How to Be an Effective Student" was not practical, and that if he really wanted to become a leader, he would have to follow the advice of those who had been leaders. They certainly had not followed any abstract theories. They just hadn't succeeded by any such nonsense.

Maybe I, too, can become a leader, thought Percy. I'm going to try my best. Yeah, who knows, maybe by hard work, I, too, may become a big wheel on the campus. And all the people will know my name—and I won't be just a nobody. Maybe—yeah, just maybe. . . .

Ben's Wants to See You

BEN'S *of* WAKE FOREST

PHI BETA KAPPA

(Continued from page twenty-one)

tingling, exciting feeling inside him at the mere thought of it.

Actually, he thought, with sudden candid insight, I wasted my time in high school. I was popular, yes, but what is popularity? My head feels so empty now.

He was in the chapel by now and somebody, a wheel, was ejaculating, as if speaking only to him—all the other 499 freshmen having suddenly fallen away into non-existence—"Get the most out of college." "Get the most out of college!" "Get the most out of college!!" dinned in his eager ears. He pondered these words. He wanted to do that—to take advantage of all of his opportunities. But how? As if in answer to his wondering, the man on the platform said for them to read an article "How to Be an Effective Student."

He did. With great enthusiasm he told Percy of his new insights. But Percy had other ideas. Percy had decided that he was going to become a wheel—a well-rounded person who is a success in and majors in extra-curricular activities.

To Butch this was the path from which he wanted to escape if he was to truly be a success in college. Of course, he would still say "Hi" to people and uphold the old Wake Forest tradition of friendliness, but he had become obsessed with a burning thirst for knowledge and self-realization through study. And there was that little Beginningness deep inside him that was pleased with his decision. They, he and this small consciousness, understood each other perfectly and had the happiest of relationships, complete devotion to the Cause. The ordinary could certainly be exceeded by such a beautiful Union.

I want to become a scholar, Butch convinced himself. I think that's the ultimate success in college. It'll take a lot of work and I don't know how to study, but I'm going to learn. All scholars aren't born scholars.

Butch continued thinking. He remembered from freshman orientation that there was an organization on the campus that honored "brains." Phi Beta Kappa! that was the name of it. He remembered that this was per-

haps the most honorable group to which one could belong. He wondered what the password was for entry into such a high order. He wondered what was the method of procedure of one who ultimately owned a proud key.

He set out to find the answer to his question: How does one become a scholar? How does one study so that he is eligible for such a high order?

He went first to the library and checked out all the books on how to study. By the end of a month of chafing under such a super-imposed regimen, he decided boldly that those instructions had died inside the book long ago because they came from a highly abstract realm of theory that could never be converted into use in a real life situation.

Butch decided to go to some of the "brains" and learn how they studied. Undoubtedly they had learned how and could tell him.

"How did you become a scholar?" Butch asked one man.

"Well, just digging, regular and hard studying motivated by a sense of duty. I take lots of notes. I read through them two days ahead of exams and then again the night before. I always go to bed early. Good grades are necessary to my happiness. Bad grades depress me worse than anything else."

"Well, how do you know what to study?"

"I can usually spot professors. Good notes rather than the textbooks are the most important aid to studying for a quiz. If you try to read everything the professors suggest, you're sunk. I guess I have very little curiosity or imagination. I don't like comprehensive questions."

Another member of Phi Beta Kappa confirmed Butch's suspicions about textbooks on how to study.

"Read them and discard them," she said. "They are highly idealistic in assuming anyone would follow such a regimen. Any study pattern that a person has is specifically applicable to the person alone. No definite plan of building such a pattern can be followed. It is just one of those things that grows. The general attitude brought with one to college makes this habit grow in some and explains why it doesn't grow in others. A manner of study modifies to meet a situation as it arises, motivated, of course, by some basic orientation of study.

"To be in Phi Beta Kappa, you've got to want to be. This drive sustains a study habit. Getting a successful start has a world of influence. Reward for study habit in the form of good grades helps more incentive for study to grow. Sometimes it will grow until it is the only thing you're heading for, an end in itself.

"Phi Bete is no personal accomplishment. Professors and other students are tied up in one's success in this realm. The ability to put studying before other things is the main criterion. One plans a long time ahead to be Phi Bete and isn't surprised, really, when he makes it. But usually a magnificent show of false humility is expected and exhibited. Phi Beta Kappa is no ultimate proof of what your accomplishments will be by any means," she told him.

"A sense of duty to myself and my parents and the burning of much midnight oil earned my Phi Bete key," said another scholar. "It was not a goal or motivating thing in itself. But just simply something expected of me by myself and others, and always exhibited. I have never sacrificed other things for studies. It is important to get a good start and a good reputation."

"What is your theory on 'cramming?' " Butch wanted to know.

"Cramming can yield good grades, but the ideal method is consistent study. Not as much is learned when one crams. Learning comes when there isn't any pressure except fascination with the subject. Attentive listening on class is one of the most important things if one is to get good grades. And never go to class unprepared! Be dependable. Know your lessons, always. Make good on quizzes. And then the professors will unconsciously strive to let you make that grade from then on. It is important to learn the type of test the prof gives and then study accordingly."

"Confidence in God has enabled me to do my best work," said an extremely bright Phi Bete. "You have to have faith, confidence in a power that is higher than yourself so that when adverse circumstances and difficulties come your way, you are prepared to meet them and don't go to pieces. Faith in His plan for my life has helped me to begin and then to accomplish.

"The next prerequisite if one is to make good grades is some natural ability. And the next, willingness to put all you have into your studies—to let nothing interfere with your motivating purpose."

"But HOW do you study?" Butch queried.

"Regularity of preparation is the most important thing. Never go to class unprepared," he said. "And thoroughness in preparation is equally important. The amount of time spent on a lesson is dependent upon your desire to really grasp what is there. Adjust time to requirements of the course. Never stop studying short of complete comprehension—understanding of the facts and all of their implications and underlying signi-

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ficances. Above all, the right attitude toward school, professors, studies, and life itself, is essential. Any student should ask himself: 'Why am I here?' How much of myself am I willing to spend to get what I want?' My main purpose was to succeed in my studies. Phi Bete is a valuable by-product of a college education, but is not an end in itself. Mental sterility too often comes with the acquisition of a Phi Bete key. Actually the key should be only a symbol of work already done."

"I've just been lucky," was the answer of another brain to Butch's eager probing. "I learned to study in the sixth and seventh grades, and have been getting out of it ever since. My advice is to adjust to the demands of the professor and the course. Study consistently, if necessary; if not, cram. I haven't studied any more than the average student does. I have always been in the habit of making good grades, and this habit is my motivating force. Suggested reading is not absolutely necessary. It is only for your personal benefit. If a person really wants to make good grades, he will copy the ideas of the prof or at least approach study from the same standpoint as the prof."

With all of this advice reeling in his brain, Butch Thistlebaum thought he really knew how to become a scholar. That article on "How to Be an Effective Student" was just a lot of pretty-sounding phrases probably written by someone who was not a very effective student himself. The ones who had become scholars had certainly disclaimed it as a guide. "Yes," he resolved with intensity. "I'm going to try to do my best. And then won't everybody be surprised when they see in the paper that *I* am one of the exalted. *I*, Butch Thistlebaum, will be the proud possessor of a Phi Bete key. . . . Maybe—yeah, just maybe. . . .

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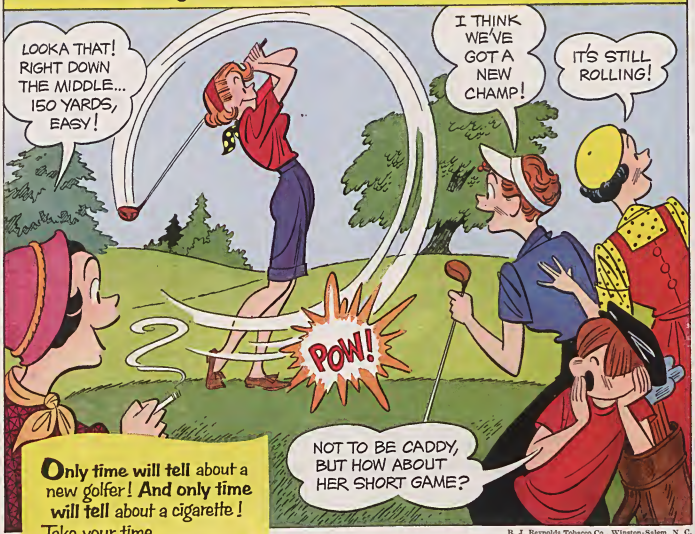

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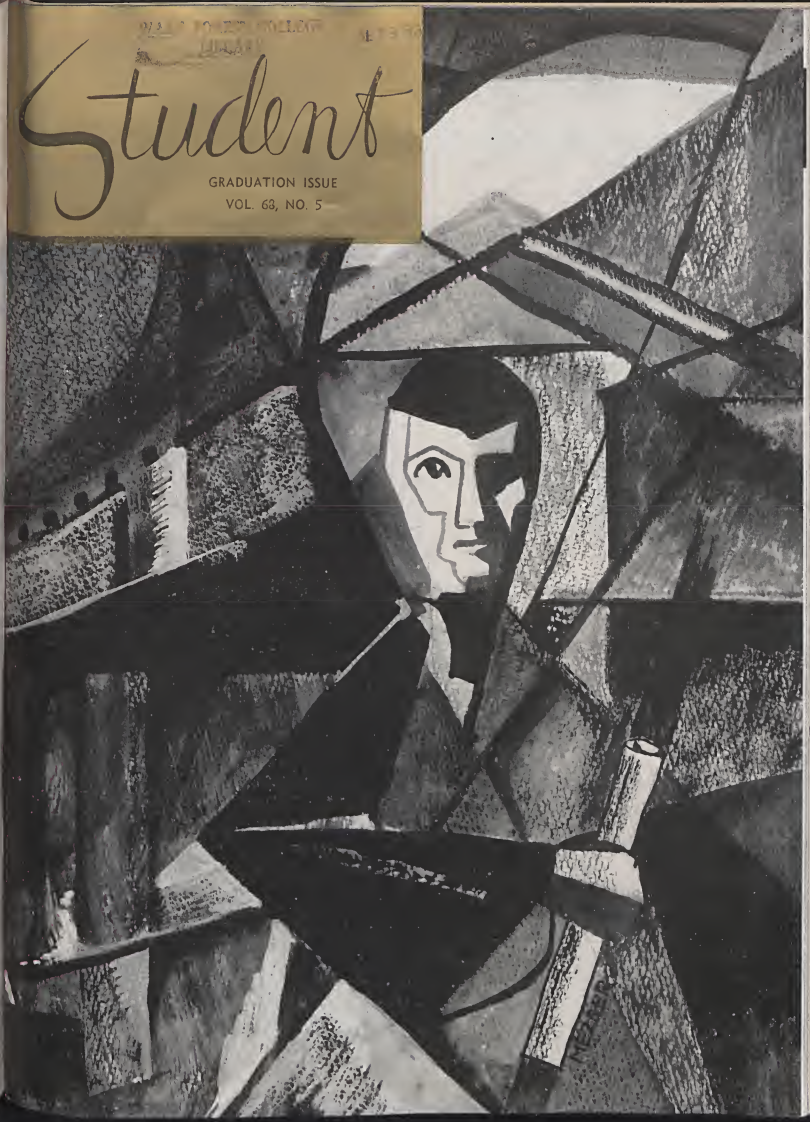
GRADUATION ISSUE

VOL. 68, NO. 5



the student

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The Student, founded January 1882, is published during the months of October, December, February, March and May by Students of Wake Forest College as directed by the college Publications Board. Entered as second-class matter at Wake Forest, N. C. Subscriptions rate: $1.50 per year. Editorial correspondence should be addressed to The Editor, Box 32, Wake Forest, N. C.

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The Play's the Thing

By Norman Larson

1949-50

" CYRANO DE BERGERAC'

In 1949, September of that month, I passed beneath the ARCH de HUMANITATAE up the golden walk into the very heart of Wake Forest College. I was introduced to several very interesting characters whose main topic of conversation seemed to be the theater and the forthcoming production of Edmond Rostand's *Cyrano de Bergerac*. For the uninformed, this is a play of no negligible quality. I asked what was the scoop, and I was told that I had the chance of becoming a star—a true thespian—a creator—a Barrymore—in short, an actor. All I had to do was to climb three flights of stairs to room 37 in the Alumni Building, read a few lines, and presto! profundo! I was made. Well I walked the three flights of stairs and all that happened was that I got tired. Seems like the role of Cyrano had already been cast, but they did give me two lines and a costume. So my dramatic career was begun. I was magnificent, even if I do say so myself. *Cyrano* was a great hit. Oh yes, others in the play were: Bob Phelps as Cyrano, Joan Haywood as Roxanne, Sunny Burroughs as Christian, George Spence as LeBret, and Clyde Randolf as the Comte DeGuiche.

"HAMLET"

To culminate an already successful season of the theater, the group decided to produce a rather mediocre work of William Shakespeare in the hope that they could give the old boy the break he deserved. (Contrary to the concepts of many first semester frosh-minded students, the College Theater thinks that old Willy is worth an occasional fling.) They selected his play, *Hamlet*. I didn't even try out for a part in this one. It was beneath me. Besides, Professor Drake of the English Department was the director, and I knew just what sort of fiasco it would be. And then there were the three flights of stairs . . . and . . . so. Anyway, they succeeded in getting the play together, and it turned out to be perhaps the best production of *Hamlet* ever to reach a college stage. Bob Phelps and Betty Jo Ring starred as Hamlet and his mother, Gertrude. Clyde Randolf was Claudius, Bob Howren, Laertes, Jean Johnson, Ophelia, the feeble minded, and Professor Drake, Polonius.

"WINTERSET"

Following *Cyrano* the theater group decided to present Maxwell Anderson's classic, *Winterset*. Once again I trudged up the three flights of stairs. This time I was less fortunate than before. They gave me the part of one of the men in blue serge suits who had no lines at all. Of course it was my pantomimic dramatization that carried the play to the heights which it attained. Again I reluctantly take the credit, but, as they say, credit where credit is due. Ably supporting me in this show were: Bob Swain as Mio, Sunny Snyder as Miriamne, Bill Waddell as Shadow, George Spence as Troc, and Dr. Jones of the English Department as Judge Gaunt.

Editors Note: It must be pointed out that our noble historian of the College Theater, Mr. Larson, holds a somewhat prejudiced view concerning his own contributions to the thespian endeavors on the campus. While he's a valuable man, and occasionally an inspired set designer, it must still be noted that he is human.

1950-51

"SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL"

Fall of 1950 rolled around and again the call went out to aspiring young thespians. I left school when they didn't give me the lead in *School for Scandal,* which the first play of the year. In spite of my absence the Theater was able to carry on, and they produced a most enjoyable production of Sheridan's classic satire. Jerry Sutherland and Betty Fay Lentz had the lead roles while Bob Solomon and Eleanor Geer supported them. Supporting the supports were Bill Waddell, Ray Jones and others.

"ANGEL STREET"

The spring production was Langdon Marin's, *Angel Street.* Of course I still wasn't attending here, and again the College Theater, even without my talent and my intense interest produced a most creditable performance. Or at least I was told that they did. Anyway, Doris Greene played the part of the woman who was being driven crazy by her unscrupulous husband, played by Joe Durham. Bill Waddell played the part of the noble detective who sprang to the aid of the lady in distress. Pat Banks and Ann Williams rounded out the small cast.

"MACBETH"

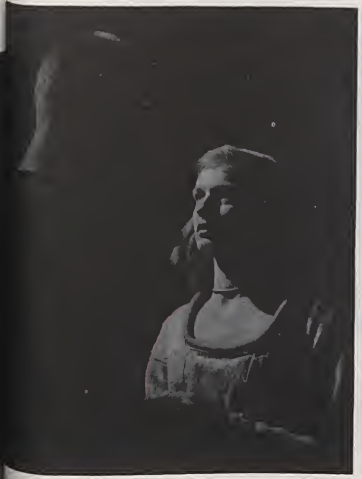
It was spring again and the relentless Magnolia Festival, and with the festival again came Shakespeare. This time the Theater decided to do *Macbeth.* Betty Jo Ring and Harry Wellot shared the honors this time. Many of those who saw the show (I didn't. I was still working) said it was good. So it looks as though I will have to again rely on hearsay and say that it was a good show. Also sharing in the credit for a good production were: Bill Waddell, Cree Deane, Doris Greene, Ray Jones, and a host of those nameless people who wander on and off the Shakespearean stage. And so, a successfull season was ended.

THE DIRECTORS

A great deal of the success of any play lies with its director. At present Professor McElroy is directing the plays for the Theater, but in the past the directors have been members of the College Theater. But, the play's the thing.

" THE LADY'S NOT FOR BURNING"

In 1951 I decided that working for a living was too much like work, so I returned to college. The first play the College Theater gave to celebrate my homecoming was *The Man Who Came to Dinner*. After this play the group decided that any play other than *The Lady's Not for Burning* would be too enti-climatic. Scoffers, of course, scoffed as scoffers will do, but this did not deter the indomitable minds of those denizens of the stage. Bill Waddell and Bob Swain. Swain played the lead role of Thomas Mendio, and Luanna Breeden played the Lady. Red Pope, Mitch Rabil, Ellene Hollbrook, Pat Banks, and Jim Abernethy played minor roles. In spite of the scoffers (and even they were surprised) the play was a good one.



"ROMEO AND JULIET"

When the Magnolia Festival came around again in the spring, the Theater decided that if it could do *Hamlet, Macbeth,* and *The Lady's Not for Burning,* it could also do *Romeo and Juliet*. So they set about producing the poignant tale of "the star-crossed lovers." To fill the athletic shoes of Romeo, they turned to the athletic department. Here they found one of that departments more valuable possessions, namely, Jim Devos. To lure him up the rose bush to Juliets chamber, they selected Ellene Hollbrook to play the role of Juliet. Clara Ellen Francis deserted the debate squad; Tom Mezger, the STUDENT; Jim Hoots, the attic of the SPE House and Bob Swain, his wife, to help produce a good show. Together, these and many more presented a breath from Stratford-On-Avon to the students and faculty of Wake Forest College.

"GRAMERCY GHOST"

In the fall of 1952, the College Theater decided to do the recent Broadway hit, *Gramercy Ghost*. From a literary point of view, the play is not the same calibre as *The Man Who Came to Dinner*, but it was well done by the players and it was graciously received by the audience. Allene Nash made her debut on the college stage as the feminine lead. Sharing the spotlight with her were Allyn Gibson and Norman White, two more new-comers to the Wake Forest stage. Bill Satterwhite, Pat Banks, Margaret Wilson, and Vic Kirkman also aided in forming the nucleus for another successful show.

"FAMILY PORTRAIT"

Following *Gramercy Ghost*, the Theater did a religious play, *Family Portrait*. The play's action revolved about the reaction of the family of Jesus to his leaving and to his work. It was a totally new sort of play for the College Theater to attempt. It was a tough job to direct the thirty people who roved on and off the stage, but in spite of the many difficulties, the play appeared before the usual small audience in excellent form. Pat Banks played the lead role of Mary, the mother of Jesus. The play received recognition in both the *Biblical Recorder* and the *Alumni News*. The success of this production points to justification of the common prejudice that the Wake Forest College Theater is not a trivial group which only produces plays. It is a creative group which is not afraid to stick its neck out to experiment with all forms of dramatic art.

"TAMING OF THE SHREW"

Just a few weeks ago the College Theater rang down the curtain on another year of playing. The play was another of the theater's good friend, Will Shakespeare's. (They like the guy.) After three tragedies, they decided to tackle one of his comedies, so they did *Taming of the Shrew*. Bob Swain played the role of Petruchio and Eleanor Geer played opposite him as Katherine. The play kept the tradition of good theater that the college players have spent many years building. Ken Grigg, Betty Carpenter, Guy Revelle, Jim Tribble, and many others combined their talents to produce an excellent show which captured the audience and swept them away into the processes of taming a most shrewish shrew.

And now for a note of credit. There is much that transpires behind the big red curtain, behind the painted flats, behind the drops, that no one ever knows about. There is lighting, makeup, set designing, set building, costuming. Without these elements and without the people who perform these major roles there would be no play. Names such as John Bleecker, Hilda Jordan, Don Freeman, Johnny Brock, and many others whose names might appear on the back of the program, but to whom little attention is ever paid. But, the play's the thing!

EXISTENTIALISM à la Sartre

By Mary Frances McFeeters

THE CAFE DES DEUX MAGOTS, like other cafes in various parts of Paris is proud of its reputation as a meeting place for intellectuals. Facing, as it does, the busy square of Saint-Germain des Pres and being only a ten-minute walk from the Latin Quarter, it is in a favored position. Artists and thinkers come to sit on its terrace and contemplate the ever-changing activity of the square as well as the permanency of the famous old church on the corner. Especially in spring, as the sun penetrates the soft mistiness of Parisian skies, business booms at the cafe.

But since the liberation of Paris in 1944, the clientele of the Cafe des Deux Magots has changed. In the spring of 1952, for instance, it is filled with bearded young men dressed in blue jeans and girls with unkempt hair, wearing black slacks, all of them dressed with a studied disregard for their appearance. Noisy and unconventional, these young people have, in recent years, been taking over the Cafe des Deux Magots, as well as the neighboring cafes. Are they students? Budding artists? Bohemians?

You make discreet inquiries of the waiter, who looks as though he must know all the secrets of Saint-Germain des Pres.

"Ah yes!" he shrugs helplessly. "Things aren't the same here since the war. We have been invaded by the existentialists. *Que voulez-vous?*"

You scrutinize more curiously the noisy group and try to catch scraps of "existentialist" conversation. Can these kids, obviously sowing their spring crop of wild oats, really be existentialists? The old waiter, remarking your bewilderment, volunteers more information.

"You see that building over there across the square? Jean-Paul Sartre used to live up on the sixth floor. See? That lighted window on the left? After Paris was liberated, he began coming to our cafe nearly every day, and all his friends and young admirers would come crowding around him. What a mob it was!"

You nod sympathetically and try to picture the growing crowd of eager young disciples. Some came to learn what Sartre thought, some to clarify their own thinking, some to shock their families or to help create a ruckus, and some merely because it was the latest intellectual fad.

You look around once more at the lively scene on the cafe terrace and imitate the waiter's helpless shrug. What relation can there possibly be between these French-style bobby-soxers and the philosophy of existentialism that is currently arousing such a flurry of scholarly research back in the United States?

Existentialism? Even if one can successfully pronounce the word, what does it mean? In the language of philosophy it is defined as "existence before essence." But unless you are a philosophy major, you are doubtless still in the dark. Is it really a philosophy? Or, as some philosophers claim, is it the negation of the philosophic outlook? Is it a name for a new literary school, to be catalogued neatly after symbolism, populism, surrealism, and a host of other schools of literary thought? For that matter, why should any philosophy cause such a furor right after a war, when one would expect people to be preoccupied with the practical problems of getting back to normalcy as soon as possible?

The answer to this last problem presents itself at once; Jean-Paul Sartre had been very active in the Resistance Movement during the war and so had become a heroic figure to young Frenchmen. Furthermore, his philosophy of existentialism offered to a discouraged people, faced with the gigantic task of rebuilding their homes, their economy, and their self-respect, a novel outlook on life and a new hope.

Hope? What hope can there be in a philosophy of life which proclaims as fundamental tenets the non-existence of God and the absurdity of the universe?

As for the first of these, Sartre does not so much prove it as state it as axiomatic. In his latest play, *Le Diable et le bon Dieu*, the hero tries to become a saint. But he soon finds that heaven has no answers

for his prayers and comes to believe that heaven is empty. "Dieu n'existe pas!" Priests and believers are shown in Sartre's works as hypocrites, either kidding themselves or fooling the public.

Sartre's works are full of illustrations of the absurdity of the universe. Have you ever, like one of his characters, sat on a park bench and stared at a knarled root erupting from the ground at your feet? Has the root suddenly stopped being a simple, understandable root and become a monstrous, incomprehensible, absurd lump of matter, of "brute existence"? It abruptly negates your comfortable assumption that things in the world about you have an intrinsic nature and a stable value.

Sartre feels that whatever meaning and value brute existence seems to have has been assigned to it by man, who cannot bear to contemplate the absurdity of the universe in which he finds himself. Since each person looks at the world from his own viewpoint, this meaning varies from one individual to another. Take a mountain, for instance—a monstrous, meaningless mass. To one man it is an aesthetic experience, with its variety of color and line; to another it is a challenge, to be climbed; and to yet another, it is an obstacle, to be crossed as soon as possible. So, each man actually creates his own universe by the attitudes he assumes toward brute existence and by the meaning he assigns to the things about him.

But man himself, is he not a mere thing like the rest of the universe? Well, "yes and no," Sartre answers. His body is certainly a "thing" and as incomprehensible as all the rest. But man can assign meaning to his own brute existence just as he gives meaning to everything about him. It is at this point that Sartre turns away from the determinists to proclaim man's eternal freedom, freedom to create himself and his world. "But man is caught in the prison of his own hereditary and environment," the determinist counters, "and is not free to choose either himself or his environment." To this Sartre answers with the metaphor of the prison, a vivid enough symbol for a leader of the Resistance Movement. A prisoner may still choose his own attitude toward his prison—passive acceptance of it or active planning to escape. Thus, even though man is "situated" in a certain time and place and hemmed in by certain culture patterns, he is still free to change himself and his environment. With these considerations in mind, one sees that Sartre's philosophy is far from a hopeless one.

And it is far from a passive one. For Sartre insists that man's freedom is not a freedom of detachment from the world, a freedom to contemplate it disinterestedly. It is freedom to act and to create his own self—his "essence," through his acts. As long as a man lives, he continues to create himself.

Sartre believes that in practice, however, too many people surrender their freedom and become "stuck" in brute existence. To maintain one's freedom requires constant vigilance and effort. Too many people give in to custom, surrender to the standards of the society about them, turn over their freedom to the church and to a mythical god (don't forget that Sartre is an atheist). They thus become "salauds," a picturesque and none too polite term whose literal translation is "dirty fellow." Sartre's plays, novels and short stories are full of *salauds*: bourgeois who feel they have a ready-made right to possess the things of the world, social climbers, politicians who use other people as things to attain their own ends, women who possess their men and deny them freedom, and priests who cling to the church although their faith has vanished.

As man is free, so is he fully responsible for himself and his actions. In fact, Sartre goes on to say that man is also responsible for the society around him. To force this idea home, he even insists that each individual Frenchman was responsible for the plight of France in the second World War. Responsible to whom? Since there is no god and since man must rely wholly on himself, he is responsible to himself. Each is sole judge of his own set of values and of his own actions. He must create his own moral code, not by conformity to any abstract principles of good, nor to the society in which he finds himself, but by his own choices and actions as various occasions present themselves. Sartre's outlook on life not only restates man's freedom but offers, in fact insists on, concrete action and progress. No wonder it appealed to young Frenchmen just emerging from the nightmare of war and enemy occupation.

Are you by now converted to existentialism? Before you commit yourself entirely, it would be well to consider some of the inconsistencies and flaws in this philosophy. It insists on freedom. This sounds fine. But freedom for what? What should one do with one's freedom? Freedom to go on asserting one's freedom, apparently! Sartre, however, does go on to stress the need of helping others liberate themselves until all are free. Thus he makes the leap from the most rugged kind of individualism to a social gospel—and ends up advocating a collective kind of society. Sartre leans far to the left in his political views; but at the same time, he has no use for communism as practiced today, for the simple reason that it denies freedom to the individual. How any collectivist society, or any society for that matter, could survive if everyone in it invented his own moral code, and felt responsible to no one but himself, is hard to imagine.

There are those who minimize Sartre's importance as an original thinker. Perhaps posterity will prove them right and show that existentialism as a philosophy was

(Continued on page thirty-two)

The Greetings

By Yulan Washburn

EDITOR'S NOTE: *After the recent election-time landslide that swept so many co-eds into Student Government offices, we feel that it is our responsibility to publish this observation by one observant student of the dangerous trends which our society is assuming. We hope that the male members of Wake Forest will read this carefully and decide what action is to be taken.*

"And thus I let you have my way,
And thus in peace we toil along,
For I am willing to admit
That I am right and you are wrong."

"The Ideal Husband to His Wife"
by Sam Walter Foss

MAN IS DEFINITELY on his way out.

Yessir, it hurts us men to admit it, but man has lost his regal position in this world to the female of the *homo sapiens,* and the old adage, "It's a man's world," is ready for revision.

Man began his down-grade slide with the horse. When the strong, horsey smell fell into disrepute some years ago, man, whose only real use to society even at that time was to carry that smell, too fell, and he had to step down in lieu of the cultured, well-read Mr. Effeminate. And when man allowed effeminacy to become the thing, he was lost, because women could be feminine twice as easily as he without half trying.

You don't believe man is lost? Well, look at some facts. A *Collier's* survey showed that while women wanted men to be superior to them, they thought things would work out better if men spent their time being superior and women spent their time running things. And what's more, an answering survey revealed that men were in perfect accord with this on the condition that they didn't have to act *too* superior.

You want more? Well, have you ever heard of Parthogenesis? It's something some odd fellow up at Yale has been piddling around with. In effect, it means that the female can have better, smarter, better looking offspring by fooling the egg with an electric current and causing it to mature without the male cell. And what's more (and best of all, many think), all the children produced thus would be female! Therefore, man isn't even necessary for reproduction.

And look at business; who owns half America's property? It isn't *you,* Mister.

Yes, man is on his way out, and it's a touching thing to see him with the knowledge gradually dawning on him that he has become the unnecessary quantity fighting rather blindly and bewilderedly to keep his place. The old head-of-the-house days are vague memories for him, and Mr. Husband and Brother are gradually degenerating (doubtless in the scheme of evolution) into something closely resembling the drones in a bee colony.

Pathos rests in man's attempts to stay on top. He has to start wars to add to his prestige (Look Mama!

A big, brave soldier!), and the men all get together and go out and kill each other. Man is pretty sure of being free from feminine encroachment here; women have more sense.

Now, I'm a man (please pardon the personal note), but I can see the handwriting on the wall. We men tell ourselves that we don't like women to have to work because we want to shelter them, when we know very well we're afraid they'll learn how we botched things, turn out, and do the job much better than we.

And we have only ourselves to blame. We have allowed our masculinity to be eaten away simply because we were too lazy to take the initiative. Our wives buy our ties, decide what suits we'll wear, and what jobs we can take. They have even pilfered man's traditional right to pick the vacation spot. The art of making decisions has become a lost lore to us males and second nature to the females. The only place it's a man's world is the army, and even there we aren't manly; we still have someone else make our decisions, and usually come out with any former desire to make decisions killed.

Yes, we've allowed this to happen and we have received our just deserts. All we can do now is put up such a good front that women won't realize what we *know,* i.e., that men are useless, and decide to treat us like the female bees treat the drones.

But perhaps the situation isn't completely hopeless. Occasionally some man tries to break away. . . .

Benny Barker walked stunned out of R. J. Bigbulb's office. He couldn't believe what he just heard . . . impossible! But the words were still ringing in his ears.

"Son, I'm prepared to offer you a partnership." No, it must have been a dream. A partnership—a partnership—and he was only twenty-two years old. Suddenly he overflowed with ecstasy. Just wait till he told Mary!

He sat the rest of the morning at his desk and stared through the venetian blinds at the brick wall of the building next to him. "I wonder how it'll look. 'Benny Barker, Junior Partner.' Should I have the letters gold or silver? Silver is the fad of rising young executives now, I think. Well, Mary knows about such things. I've been too busy making money to bother about office-door etiquette. Me! A junior partner! 'See here, Miss Pretlow, file this F2 form!' Or, 'No, R. J., I don't think we should buy just yet. No, no, don't argue. That's final.' Or, 'R. J., are you dining at the club tonight, or shall we hit the Waldorf?' 'See here . . .' Oh, hi, Bill. No, just mumbling to myself. Say, have you heard? Yeah, me, a j.p. I surely—oh, there's the closing whistle. Let's go home, boy, let's go home!"

The two men walked out of Benny's office, down the hall to the company cloakroom. Benny was bubbling (in the proper dignified manner for a j.p., of course). "Yessir, it's a great feeling, Bill. (Look at those men giving me the eye. Guess they've heard. Must be all over the plant.) Huh? Nah, nah, not tonight. See you tomorrow."

The bus was crowded, but Benny didn't mind. He stood and looked happily at all the travel signs and began to decide which vacation trip he would take. "Let's see, that Florida sun would surely be good, and, man, look at the fish that fellow on the poster caught . . ." He hesitated. "Well, I'd better not decide just now." He remembered how last year he had had his heart set on the sea. He had gone to the mountains. "Course, Mary knows more about such things than I do. I'm too busy making money to worry about such things. Anyhow, we *did* have a pretty good time. Too bad she doesn't like the sea. . . . A junior partner! Me!"

The old bus was unusually long in reaching his home that night, but no sooner had the doors opened than he was out and hurrying the two blocks to his house. He turned into the sidewalk of their modern little bungalow. It made a picture sitting well off the street. The big, odd-shaped window that caused Sunday sightseers to slow down as they drove past (He always had said Mary showed remarkable taste when she picked that house) was already brightly lit.

"Mary! Mary!" He burst in the door.

"Sh-h-h-h-h. I'm on the phone, Dear. No Janet, Benny and I can't come over tonight. . . . I know tomor-

row's Saturday and he doesn't have to work, but he has to fix the furnace. . . . Sh-h-h-h, Benny, not you Janet—I'm on the phone. No . . . well, perhaps some other time. Bye." The receiver clicked. She stood up wearily. "Whew, I thought I would never get away from . . ."

"Mary, I've just been offered a junior partnership! A junior partnership! Me . . . a j.p.!"

"A partnership . . . you . . . when?"

"Today. Bigbulb called me into his office as big as you please, had me sit down, handed me a cigar —look here it is." He fumbled in his pocket. "A fifty cent cigar. I'm gonna save it . . ."

"But . . ."

" 'How would you like a partnership?' he said, as big as life. Boy, was I flabbergasted. Why you could have . . ."

Mary was suddenly quiet. She walked over to the couch. He followed her.

"Why, honey, what's the matter?" His voice showed hurt.

"Did you accept, Benny?"

"Well, not exactly. You see, Monday . . ."

Her face brightened, and she sighed, moving near him. He felt a great tenderness rise in him. She only came to his chin (in heels), and he still thrilled to smell her hair . . . soft hair. She stood in front of him and played with the button on his coat. Her head was lowered.

"Benny, don't you see? You just can't accept that partnership."

"Can't take . . .? But, Mary . . ."

"Benny, Benny, I know it means a lot to you, an awful lot. The name, the prestige, the opportunity. It would mean a lot to me too, to see you in your own office. I would be *so* proud. But think a minute."

"Well . . ."

"Remember that you promised Dad that you would begin working with him. And even your junior partnership won't bring you the money Dad will pay you at the plant."

"But I've worked hard, I . . . I was just going into his office today to tell him about your Dad when he asked me. It sounded so good . . ." His voice trailed off.

He lay awake that night long after he heard Mary's breathing become regular. He watched the moon, and nostalgia touched him as he recalled a young boy who used to watch the moon for hours after his mother made him practice the piano. Strange how that boy had felt the same way he felt now, empty and frustrated. "Just a grown-up boy," he thought wryly. His insides ached and he felt forgotten. It wasn't so much that he regretted not being a j.p. (Just think . . . a junior partner—me!) It was something more. He just couldn't explain it.

He reluctantly admitted that his wife was right. Her father did offer a better opportunity, and he *would* make more money. But a machine job! And even though it was better, what right had she to tell him what to do?

He quickly expelled that thought. He drifted half asleep.

"What right had she . . . ?"

He turned over and again expelled the thought.

"What right had she . . .?"

Within the next three minutes, he expelled it three more times, and then another, and another . . .

Suddenly he sat bolt upright. "That's what it is! That's why I can't sleep. Yes, what right does she have? She decides everything for me—what tie I'll wear, she buys my suits, she even orders for me when we go out. . . ." He fingered his pajamas wrathfully. They were bright red stripes. ". . . she even buys my pajamas. It's always been like that. The fellows even notice it. When we bought the house, *she* decided, *she* decided we wouldn't go to Janet's tonight, *she* decided this, *she* decided that. I can't even breathe by myself." Resolve gripped him. "So that's what it has been all these years. First my mother, then her. That's why I've watched that moon so many nights. *I'm not a man.* Some one else has been my boss. But no more! From now on, *I'm* gonna decide everything, where we go, what to do—everything! What if she is usually right? I'm going to exercise my right to be wrong occasionally. I'll become a junior partner, I'll pick my clothes, I'll . . . *I'll decide!"*

His mind boiling, he reached over to wake Mary. He stopped. No, it would do no good to tell her now. It might precipitate a quarrel. He wanted her to be wide awake.

He lay down and closed his eyes, smiling. Tomorrow he would be a man.

"Dearest, come here, please."

"Just a minute, Benny, I'm getting the mail." Mary came into the room and sat on the couch, thumbing through the mail. Benny was still in his bath robe. He had just awakened.

"H'm. Here's one for you, Benny." She began to open it. He reached down and pulled her hand gently from the letter. She looked at him in surprise. Then she shrank back slightly at his look. That cut him to the bone, but he remained stern.

He began talking, and he told her of his decision. He talked masterfully and forcefully and as he talked, he became more confident and he seemed to grow big-

ger. He thrilled to see her look change, and a gleam came into her eyes that grew until she fairly radiated. His voice seemed deeper to both of them, his carriage was imposing. He was changed in every respect. For the first time in their marriage, he commanded her true respect. She sat curled on the couch and listened with an enthralled submissiveness. Her lips quivered, but he knew that it wasn't the usual case of tears just to get her way. He was just so manly, she was so proud of him, that she was about to burst.

When he finished, she sat humbly looking at him and then burst into tears. He picked her up and held her like a baby, while between sobs she censured herself for all her infringements, and she begged over and over that he forgive her, and she promised never, never to be domineering again.

He held her tenderly and ruffled her hair with his lips, and gently (ever so gently) bit her little ear for being too hard on herself. Together they painted rosy pictures of the new future, like a couple newly in love. For some minutes, yea, even hours, they continued thus, and then made a happy game of opening their mail, each opening his own and laughing all the while.

He felt consciously strong and masculine as he sternly (in the best Bigbulb style) opened his bills, while she prattled like a child over her advertisements from *The Fashion Shop* and *Madamoiselle*.

He came to his last letter and slit it open with his fingernail ("Most *men* have big fingernails," he thought). He took out the paper and shook the envelope for enclosures. Slowly, still in the approved Bigbulb style, he unfolded it, cleared his throat, and read to himself. As he read, his expression changed from sternness to dismay, and he slumped with his head down in silent agony.

"Why . . . what's wrong?"

He dumbly handed her the letter. She read:

GREETINGS: You are ordered by the President of the United States to report to Camp . . .

She slowly turned to look at him. His eyes were bewildered, lost, as he looked up at her and plaintively asked, "What shall I do, Mary? What shall I do?"

THE GUARDIAN

An empty man stands in the hall
With his hands hanging in
Steel uselessness.
His feet are fastened to the floor
And his joints
Are tightened to make
Him stand so straight, yet small.

A spherical head he has.
I peer into the blackness slot
And blackness I see.

He is shiny and polished
And lacquered well.
He stands, staunch
Empty guardian of the door.

Children run between
Him and the wall
And he hides them.
Children hit his singing
Skin and laugh
And empty laughter dances
About the gloomy hall.
Grotesque echoes ring
About and the empty man
Resounds unknowing.

The children burst into the sun
And leave behind the
Shiny polished
Empty man dully ringing
Guarding the door
In the hall.

TOM MEZGER

AFTER 30 YEARS . . .

Thirty years in the dean's chair of any college must be a very full thirty years, but especially must that be true of a dean of Wake Forest in these very interesting and somewhat frightening years that premeditate the upheaval, the transplanting of a college already steeped in tradition.

What has happened in these years from a dean's eye-view? What are the external changes—is the setting very different now than when he first came here from Virginia? And the internal, the intangible—the students and their attitudes toward the college, are they very different?

The years have not been slow for him. "Life has been so filled with obligations, the busier I am, the shorter the month is—" and the months have gone into years almost without recognition.

"Generally," he says, "time from a dean's chair or from any position full of responsibility, has a different aspect than time ordinarily has. Isolated incidents sometimes flash the outline of a long period, but thirty years have gone fast."

Perhaps the most fascinating thing in the life of a dean is the drama of student life from his vantage point . . . the fads, the ideologies, the changing notions about what college is and what scholarship is, and the degree of seriousness and maturity with which they approach their studies.

Dean Bryan has seen the student body change in tone, from the boisterous, rugged early days when pranks were the only means of entertainment, as well as the favorite outlet for ingenuity and daring, to today, when the presence of girls on the campus has had a somewhat taming influence, and when every third student owns an automobile, facilitating mass exodus on week ends.

While this taming and disintegration has lessened anxiety on the part of the administration, with regard to safety of the students, as well as reduced the possible rate of apoplexy among professors (they no longer enter a classroom and say good morning to a cow), some new evils have supplanted the old ones. In spite of ourselves, for instance, we do not have a "community"—we do not benefit from really sharing and knowing each other as a select group of above the average humans with much to offer each other. This is one trend that the years have brought.

"The students are more urban in their attitudes today, not as boisterous, or rough, more polished in general. They are better informed generally on current affairs than were the students thirty years ago. Those students knew more thoroughly the languages and sciences, but these know more of what is going on outside the rock walls. And incidentally," he added, "I am glad to see students more interested in political life. Training in such here is important for later life.

"With regard to intellectual curiosity," he says, "there is as large a percentage of the student body intellectually hungry as there was long ago." According to him, our generation is no more "lost" than that of our fathers and mothers. "And I taught them, too," he added. "There are students who come to college to play, it is true, but there are more people who go to college today than when I came here, some admittedly for the social life.

"Most folks have the tendency to eulogize the past, to lament the youth of today as amoral and apathetic and steeped in the sensate culture which generally pervades our age. But," he asserted, "the youth of today is as safe without chaperones as they were with them long ago. Drawn comparisons with the 'good ole days' are imagination. There are no greater problems for this generation to solve than there was for any other.

"There are far more frustrated students here in the last five years than formerly. There is more evidence of mental frustration than in any of the other twenty-five years of my deanship. This is due to uncertainty of young men, the pressure of world affairs, the Korean War," he says. But he thinks they have the resilience to come out on the top, anyway.

When asked if there was any particular difficulty in adjustment when the girls came, he said that they came so gradually that there was really no upheaval at all. They first came as faculty daughters, then as summer school students, and then in the fall of 1942-42 were admitted regularly.

"There's not much difference in quality of scholarship among top girls and boys," he thinks. "There are more girls who do well than boys, but this is because limited housing arrangements for the girls makes selectivity more stringent." And then with a grin, "The boys would like to think the girls are not their equals. They sometimes complained, and pretended that they thought girls were a nuisance, but they were only kidding."

Dean Bryan has served under four Wake Forest presidents, Dr. William Louis Poteat, Dr. Francis P. Gaines, Dr. Thurman D. Kitchen and Dr. Tribble, whom he taught psychology at the University of Richmond. Looking at the pictures of these presidents on his office wall, he said. "I don't suppose anybody ever had a closer association, nor more pleasant, than I've had with those men. They are different types, each having his own particular kind of strength. But it has been a source of satisfaction to work with that group of men. I don't

(Continued on page thirty-two)

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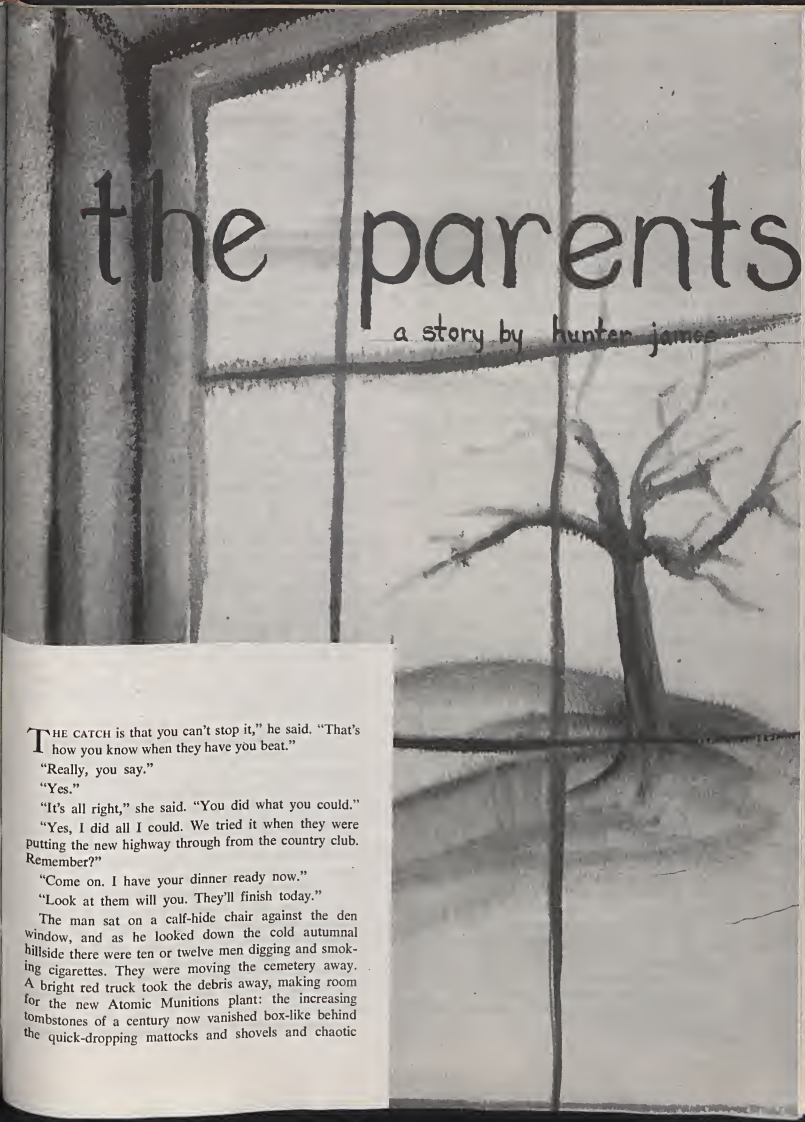

the parents

a story by hunter james

THE CATCH is that you can't stop it," he said. "That's how you know when they have you beat."

"Really, you say."

"Yes."

"It's all right," she said. "You did what you could."

"Yes, I did all I could. We tried it when they were putting the new highway through from the country club. Remember?"

"Come on. I have your dinner ready now."

"Look at them will you. They'll finish today."

The man sat on a calf-hide chair against the den window, and as he looked down the cold autumnal hillside there were ten or twelve men digging and smoking cigarettes. They were moving the cemetery away. A bright red truck took the debris away, making room for the new Atomic Munitions plant: the increasing tombstones of a century now vanished box-like behind the quick-dropping mattocks and shovels and chaotic

bulldozers. He got up and went in the kitchen with his wife.

"You feel worse, don't you?" he asked.

"No, I feel the same."

"No, you don't feel the same, either."

He said as he sat down: "Today's the first time I watched them. I guess because I hoped something would happen to keep them from Henry's grave. There isn't much chance of that now."

"I wish you wouldn't talk about it," she suggested.

"I don't want to worry you. But talking won't make it worse. Nothing could do that for either one of us."

"I don't want to forget if I could" she said. "Remembering is easiest, especially when we cherish the memory."

"No, it doesn't hurt us to remember now. It's a passive memory, and it's probably better for us."

"No, it doesn't hurt us. It's just that I was so nervous when he was killed. I never did have a chance to get over that."

"Did Willie come with the groceries yet?"

"Today's Thursday. He probably won't come today."

"That's right. Did he say he was coming at all yesterday when he left?"

"He didn't say."

"I guess we'll make it as well if he doesn't."

He put his fork down and wiped his lips four times with a napkin. He saw out the window a thin gray sky, with the wind coming across the Yadkin River to the dead reeling country of the Piedmont making the workers scrunch in their coats like bugs. He got up and stood at the window while his wife cleaned the table until at 11:30 Willie came up outside. He went out and told him to finish the work he had started yesterday and that the workers would probably get through with the exhumation, or get to his son's grave, by evening. Then he went back inside.

"Wipe your feet if you got any dirt on them," she said as he walked through the door.

He wiped his feet and went in the kitchen. He said as he stood on the linoleum: "Why don't you go and lie down for awhile?"

"If you will finish here at the sink."

" . . . after you finish the dishes."

He walked across the long kitchen floor and went in the den. "It's warmer in here," he said.

"Yes." He started at his wife's voice. She had come up behind him. "It's so awful staying here and being unable to do anything. Couldn't we go somewhere?"

"Go where?"

"Anywhere we haven't been before."

"I think we have been everywhere."

"We haven't been in California since before the war. You know that."

"Henry was with us then when we were there the last time, wasn't he?"

"Yes."

"Where did we stay the last time?"

"I don't know where the place was. Somewhere. I think it was at Las Palmas."

"It sat on a hill overlooking the bay. Why do we always pick hills to live on?" He paused and pushed the skin under his chin up. "Maybe it would do us good to get away for awhile."

"I believe it would help," she said.

"Do you really feel like another trip?" he asked.

"I'd rather go than to stay here this winter."

"Well, why don't you go lie down for awhile, and we'll go into town after supper and talk some more about it?"

"I would like that."

Then, he said to himself, yes, she is trying to do better, but she was still depressed and she wouldn't ever get over that. He knew that now, and he knew that running to California wouldn't help any, either. There were the good times with them both, and the bad times. They had loved him too much, given him too much, and when he was killed that had made it harder to take, and he knew very well that people had said, Yes, they would have gotten over it if there had been another son. But he wouldn't have gotten over it any more or any less. The people were crazy. It wasn't him or her, and after it was over people had felt sorry for them. . . .

So, he chunked wood on the fire making it climb thinly. He sat down again on the chair and read *Look*. On the second page there was the picture of a long and level highway and a Greyhound bus; in another picture there was a downward vista, and the moss hung down from the branches.

In his memory he saw the hotel clumped mightily on the long bending sweep of the mountains in the speckled shade of the rhododendrons. They leased it after the war and the money he had saved made life easy, so that he and Henry could spend the evenings fishing in the strong shadow of the Bass-Lake. Sometimes the fish came out of the water, but most of the time we did not catch any of them. They were large fish, silver on the edges and gold in the middle. That was one of the things he always remembered when he thought back to long ago. Sometimes we would go out into the water to fish, but it was better to sit on the marshy bank below the running hedge-line, and Henry would drop empty bottles in the water and watch the bubbles rise to the top after they had sunk, and the glare of the sun played on his hair with his bare back in the sand bank.

Other evenings he would practice on the croquet

court while we rocked in a leisurely half-sleep on the porch looking out over the landscape, and watching the hot sun come down. Beside the court was the damp spring-house with the fraudulent miracle water coming out and sitting in the clear container of cement we built for it. That was another thing he liked to recall with Jansen saying to his wife this is certainly good water. I just know it's good for you. I'm glad we came. And her answering, yes, I'm glad we came. I think we might like it here for a few weeks. And when they had drunk it all summer, looking out at dinner at the dry fields of autumn, and saying to the old lady with a sigh, I feel so much better now. And all the guests repeating, that water certainly is something. Yes, it was a miracle all right. Henry was fourteen then, and when one of the waitresses had stood pulling her dress over her knee after Henry had talked to her with his arm hanging down, he fired her.

It was the water and all the rest that they had left after two summers there with their pockets and a wooden safe bulging with money in them, and he became the vice-president of the large motor company that winter in the rich tobacco town nestled in the Piedmont that they lived near, giving Henry a car in two more weeks because he was sixteen in November. And he had come in the next Saturday saying it was all a mistake, and that he hadn't really been speeding. It was just that he was going thirty-five in a twenty-five zone. How many days before Christmas had that been? It had been eight and it was then he remembered that he hadn't bought the presents yet. But he would wait until Monday, because he could not get to town before the stores closed. Then it had started to rain outside.

It was freezing rain that fell all that night, too, and they had been walking on the rubber-soft carpet when, in the pear-smelling warmth of the front room, DeHinson had called and asked where Henry was. And you said you didn't know where he was; that he left early and wasn't back yet. So that's the way you remembered it; so it didn't hurt badly . . . but the shock hadn't been what most people supposed when they had told him he was in the hospital, because after all that was the part he couldn't remember at all.

The part he called back the next day was when their son had been very young, and they had lived in the city. The boys came by on bicycles and we bought him one when he had admired theirs so much looking out the window and watching the water-smoke come off one of the seats of a bicycle that had been left in the summer shower. Saying to his Mother, look at the heat on the bicycle in the sun. And her answering, that's not heat, that's where it was before the sun came out. No, it wasn't heat. It was funny he had remembered that then when there were so many other things.

From the living room the next day we could see only the dim outline of the doors, and the consolers sitting lumpily in the chairs whispering so they wouldn't bother us. It was funny they thought they could bother us.

On the day of the funeral the glare of the sun was so bright it hurt your eyes when you stood on top of the hill, and saw everyone coming up and getting out of their cars. That was where they walked up the narrow concrete walk after the church service, and drove out in the country.

How many times did she say don't drop him to the pallbearers coming down the steps? Several times. It was only five days before Christmas then, and a hard wind came from the mountains and blew our coats open.

It was not so much that we put his grave here where we could see it from the window, but that we built a new house when we decided we wanted him buried here very badly. So, after we built one house on top of the hill, we didn't like it because part of the view was cut off, and we built one on the other side of the valley. And this was the best one of all, but finally she had become tired of sitting here looking down the hill, and wanted to travel, and all the time she was growing worse (because of her health).

But some of the time he thought she was getting better when, driving in the mountains by the crash of water, he had asked her if she was worried. And she said, no, I'm not worried. But she was always worried. He thought of all the times he had seen her when she wasn't. But she never seemed to lose her health because of it. It was strange that she didn't and so many other people do when they don't have anything to worry about.

It was evening now and he had been asleep by the fire. The sun had come out and a white flare lay across the valley. Some of the men were still working, but all of the large machinery had been taken away. Only four or five more graves remained to be dug. Willie came up the path drawn up tight. A cold wind came up the hill; it blew in the cat's fur and bent the brown herbage toward the ground. He heard it come up against the window like the fast-turning sound of the swishing of rope.

Standing and looking out he saw Willie working and whistling and putting his foot on a bug. It reminded him of a philosophy he had started once that began: the day a child is born he is doomed because shame, hypocrisy, and convention twist his horizon so much he has no hope or salvation. So simplicity must be the keynote . . . like Willie is simple . . . him happier than the rest. . . . The strenuous absorption that social convention draws after it causes most of the bad things.

It was a good philosophy at first, but it came out so fatalistic that he dropped it.

She had been asleep in the bedroom and, knowing how he felt when she became upset, had stayed there all day so as not to worry him anymore when she felt like crying. How could he really expect her to be happy, and why wasn't he more conscious that she really felt very bad?

You kept from believing that it was all over. You had a temperament that would not let you give up that way, the way that she would, and you got the idea that each day of bringing different thoughts in would somehow change her attitude. But now you knew that wouldn't work at all. She had become too inflexible in her middle age, and she tried to make him feel justified by doing many of the things that he asked. She liked to travel some of the time, and then about half of the time she just liked to stay here and remember. So that after he had tried all of these things, he had thought that they could stay here awhile where she had been happiest and be affirmative about the things that had caused so much trouble, and work the depression out of her mind as a special purifying detergent added to water works on a dirty sheet, finally making it cleaner than ever.

He saw that he had done all he could. She had done her part too. But all to no avail. And now that they were moving the cemetery, he tried to take the attitude that it might be better. He knew she would agree to what he decided to do. And, too, many of the things she did and wanted done were silly. But he wouldn't say anything about that, either, but there were so many times when he wanted to. All he would ever ask was if she was worried, or if she felt bad. And she always answered, no, I'm not worried at all. Now you see, now you don't.

It was strange that the deepest crisis wasn't as hard to take as it would seem to others. It was looking back on it and waiting for it that was the hard part, and the part that caused the most rouble. There were so many things that he had never been able to figure out. Why? He didn't know why, and it was hard to think about it except to say that there it was.

He walked over to the door to her bedroom, cracked the door and looked in. A chill air fell on his face. There she was now. She was wearing a heavy stole as she lay across the bed, and she was in a strong sleep. He saw a diminutive pill bottle was turned over on the table where she had taken a pill that she might rest better. He walked over and turned it up, and saw by her face that she had been crying sometime that evening. She will rest well there on into the night, he thought. He turned and left, leaving the door cracked so some of the warmer air could come in.

It's four o'clock, and they will be working for another hour at least. Maybe more. They will want to finish today, he thought.

I'll go down there, he said to himself.

As he went out he saw that a shadow now lay over the narrow swale that separated the two ridges. The white light of the sun shone above a pine cluster. Henry walked around the house taking a deep breath of the tender cold wind, and stopped to zip up his old torn leather jacket. The water in his pond was almost frozen and it stretched out in a crooked finger up against the grass. He walked over and kicked at it once, hurting his toenail on the hard dirt. He saw all the clumps of bushes, and the sweeping stump-dots out on the fallow ground that waited to receive the winter as it should come. Far below one of the workers put his foot on a rill of dirt and looked up at the reeking sky, hoping for a let-up in the weather. But the winters are long and cold in the Piedmont. He walked down the crunching crust of earth and on the matted herbage of the field. There were five graves left, and he knew very well that one of them was Henry's, for his was at the apex of the knoll. Walking angularly up the hill and arriving behind the men working, he could see down the other side where the highway ran past the arched gate. Another man was getting out of a truck down there. One of the men digging turned around.

"Are you the head here?"

"No, I work here. Do you want to see Unkers?"

"Oh no, I don't want to see him," he said taking on an apologetic tone. They were quiet for a minute, and he went below the workers with his hands in a loose clasp behind his back. There was a tool-house below, and he went up to it. The door was open, and two men stood inside. One of the men said: "Hello."

"Hello." He kicked in the dirt.

A voice in the back shouted out: "Get out there and get the rest of this stuff ready to move. We want to finish for sure by early tomorrow."

He looked back at the man standing in the door that had shouted as he walked under several trees, finally stopping to rest with his back against one. He lit a cigarette. He looked at the side of the truck down at the road. It said, *Weathers Wrecking Company*. Defined underneath were smaller letters. All of the men came out of the tool-house and the last one waited a minute in the door pulling his gloves on. He was the boss. They all walked up and examined what was left.

"I see you fellows are nearly through, Mr. Weathers." The man had come up behind them.

"I'm not Weathers. I'm Unkers. He's not here."

"Oh," He flipped his cigarette down, and blew smoke out of his mouth. But it did not come out in a steady thin trajectory. It just trickled and floated out in the air.

Unkers said: "Yes, we're about through. We want to get through today if possible."

"I had been watching you fellows work, and I was impressed by your speed and effectiveness. I live over there." He pointed over to his house.

"Yes, we have modern machinery."

"I'm in Real Estate myself. I notice things like that I guess." He looked at four men working in three graves. They had started to dig deeply in Henry's. At one end knocking away the grave marker. The boss stood and was silent.

"I have a son buried here."

"Oh, I didn't know."

"Yes, he was killed over there one night in an automobile." He motioned southward on the highway.

"That's too bad. I'm very sorry."

"That's his grave there." Unkers looked at the ground and pulled at the fingers of his gloves.

"I'm sorry," Unkers said. "I wish there were something I could do." Unkers had sensed everything in a moment.

"Sure. Thanks for offering. I think it will be good for us to have a change of thought."

Unkers looked up at him a little incomprehensively.

"I guess you'll finish before you leave today."

"I guess so."

He went on the other side and turned his back on the action. The men were reaching the bottom. He heard the thud of their picks on the dull dirt. Then he began to walk back down the hill. Unkers watched him leave.

Walking away he thought, I can't stand to watch them knowing they are going to take his coffin out. It's too awful. He dug his hands in his pocket. Well, I'd better not think about it. As he raised his head he saw his house crouched against the sun-set sky. He felt very nervous and his heart was hot. Like a hot lava-stone. That's the way his heart was.

Silly.
That's what it is
to stand here
under this tree
beneath those old stars
listening tuning the ear
to the wind.
Silly.
That's what it is to
think of rushing up on the
mountain just because
you think the trees
hishing make you want to
run.
It's just that same old wind
that brings that
same old summer and
hot sidewalks and midnight
thunder and sweaty shirts
and lukewarm lemonade.
Silly.
Who wants to run with the
wind?
Silly.

POETRY

SUMMER

Away from the blasting heat-tones of the city.
Away from the sun, radiating
On no crueller passions than the hopes of men, of women.
And of children in perambulators depending
On their Mothers to feed them.

Better to watch the surface of woodtops spreading away in the sun,
More pleasant to see willows ravel on lower sanctums,
Better residing at beach surfs watching tables with men and women at them conversing, where
Not rain alone springs down and soaks, where
Not cherry-colored air alone excites.

Flattening now the wind against the
Pungent
Half clam-baked morning, looming
Where the images
Of shadows clasping one another
Rest on the sills of
Savannahs
And grey-scorched sand drifts on the coast.
The curling ocean
Flattening too, and
Culumus fumes reeking
Like gusts of smoke pouring
Out.

Nothing
You can put your hand on warms hearts more than
The sun on
Brown Bosoms.
Or the shake of soft water laps against your own
Side.

Not the warm undishevelled wind pressing around hanging leaves
From sunken boughs
Cools,
But what it disparages more in its turn
If it is a winter wind.

Bodies hiding in the syrupy loam of orchards in grass more pleasant than rank grips of
Cities.

HUNTER JAMES

POEM

The quick water
Bickers on the long and crispy sand down the valley
Under the shade of evening
The speckled shade of the Rhodendrons waiting
The winking bubbles of the water borne quickly (The sun reposing)
The meadow with the beautiful winter meat in its Midst
The milk of summer in its midst
The long green of the willow drinks
The jonquil dips her yellow; the wind
Running free, waiting
For the stalking black cat night.

HUNTER JAMES

THE MYSTERY

Grinning and impudent gusts
see us and laughing play,
teasingly buffet us
then tempt us with mystery

Gossipy ladies old
rollicking sheep
  and hoary men
play together with fairy
  children
    and formless form
    ever shifting
    in cerulean plains
    far gone from men
      and strife
yet all is part . . .

ominous thunderhead
typhoon raped old ladies
old men torn assunder
  trailing tatters
  and this is very part
  of all strife and man.

Wrestling with mystery in grasp
not understanding
man is lost and his
  tears mingle
    with the sea

Searing summer silence
  at night with salty
  sheets and heat

Nature, teasing tempter
Some day the answer
  not now

TOM MEZGER

ENTRANCED

The sight before my eyes enveloped mind
And soul in thoughts abstract. I stood there dazed.
Compelling, digging around the roots, it tore
My heart. The gushing blushed my face. I gazed
And stared. Serene its essence; sun as yet
Not up; the morning dew on barren boughs
Of picturesque yet quiet scene to yield
The stage where elfin children shot their bows
And arrows, beating fallen leaves to death.
Destruction, ruin, each drop of dew foretold,
From life to death to life again, the gnomes'
And gremlins', elfs' and fairies' legends old.

HERBERT E. HUGGINS

CONTEMPORARY

ART

Tom Mezger

IT IS RARE to pick up a magazine or any other publication which contains cartoons and not to see a cartoon involving an individual gazing with a puzzled expression at some gobs of color, swirling lines and eyes peeping out from all sorts of unlikely spots. This sort of cartoon is as common as one about television, and the object of the individual's puzzlement is always a painting which is classified in that vast and rapidly growing area jokingly dubbed "modern art."

Modern art, as it is commonly called has been a hey-day for cartoonists of the lower order and all manner of cultural reactionaries. With the exception of a few individuals who have taken the time and put forth the effort to reach some sort of understanding of the new art (if any art is new). But just what is the new element in painting that caused such great controversy?

In truth, the thing is not so new. It all began back about 1900 with the paintings an artist called Paul Cezanne. When he exhibited paintings they were condemned in the name of Monet who had had his paintings in 1875 condemned in the name of Delacroix. So the problem of acceptance or of condemnation appears as a completely progressive thing. At any rate Paul Cezanne wasn't liked by the public. His paintings are clear and precise. They are uncluttered, and they stress the form rather than the surface appearance of things. It was this stress on form which makes him the forerunner of the old and still flourishing group, the Cubists.

The Cubists, seeking form, looked to the master of the use of solidity and form, the architect. They saw how he related non-physical and non representative shapes into compositions. Thus was the movement born. The early cubist paintings look very much like piles of brick. For some reason or other, after a period, the Cubists began to look back to Cezanne. In him they saw the fusion of what they were trying to do with form and the realistic. For here was a man who did not sacrifice representation for form, but combined the two.

From the work of the early Cubists, following, or striving to follow Cezanne, came a complete revolution in the visual art. The trend began to turn away from the purely pictorial. The camera came along to do a better job of photography than any painter could ever

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POETRY

Otis Gossman

ALLEN TATE is a contemporary American poet, a "modern" in the sense that the term is most frequently applied. But extend the term "modern" one step further and you find it submerged and debased into the "cult of unintelligibility"—the term applied to virtually every living poet whose work does not immediately, upon the basis of little more than a preliminary or cursory reading, become understandable to an all-inclusive group of readers ranging from the man on the street to the literary scholar. This is, without saying, a gross injustice—an injustice not only to the poet, to all the Allen Tate's, T. S. Eliot's, Ezra Pound's and Marianne Moore's who are diligently writing top rank poetry today and have written in the past few decades (since the onset of the "modern" school), but it is an injustice to the readers, rather the lack of readers who are depriving themselves of a great body of some of the finest contemporary writing. It is indicative also of the general "taste" of present day readers—readers who will drop to their knees at the mention of Wordsworth or Longfellow and at the same instant condemn an Eliot or a Pound a cancerous growth on the face of literature. This is not to underestimate either Wordsworth or Longfellow. A writer cannot be condemned simply on the grounds that he is not a contemporary. But neither, on the same grounds, should he be necessarily regarded as superior simply because he is easier to understand.

Allan Tate has perhaps summarized the situation as best it can be summarized in a few sentences:

> ". . . Wordsworth's point of view is still the point of view of the unreflecting reader, and it is a point of view appropriate and applicable to the poets of the Romantic movement who are still, to the general reader, all that poets ought to be or can be. But the modern poetry that our general reader finds baffling and obscure is a radical departure from the Romantic achievement; it contains features that his 'education' has not prepared him for; neither in perception nor in intellect is he ready for a kind of poetry that does not offer him the familiar poetical objects alongside the familiar poetical truths.
>
> "Certain modern poets offer no inherently poetical objects, and they fail to instruct the reader in the ways he must feel about the objects. All experience, then, becomes potentially the material of poetry—not merely the pretty and the agreeable—and the modern poet makes it possible for us to "respond" to this material in all the ways in which men everywhere may feel and think."

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MUSIC

Blevyn Hathcock

GETTING TO UNDERSTAND modern music is like going into a new country. The road must be taken gradually and the new country crossed by easy stages. No one can promise that the scenery along the way will be appreciated. But it is only the half-dead, the complacent, the incurious or the unimaginative who do not take the trip, those who cannot foresee the possibility an exciting and enriching experience.

Those who are used to half-listening to music, who have known only the fringes, the bare essentials of time-proven music, or who have listened because it was the thing to do rather than to secure food for their souls, are rebellious at the very outset and recoil from modern music into the world of the familiar, the romantic and classic, with very disagreeable impressions . . . impressions of what they call chaos, dissonance, the work of fanatics.

The only harm done so far is to himself. But the artist, because he is an artist, a creator, has an obligation which drives him on and on. He cannot be passive. As Marion Bauer says in her book, *Twentieth Century Music*: "Every artist has something in him which calls for expression. This is the element of personality. And every artist, as a child of his age, is impelled to express the spirit of his age. This is the element of style, dictated by the period and particular country to which the artist belongs. And every artist, as a servant of art, has to help the cause of art. This is the element of 'pure artistry,' which is constant in all ages and among all nationalities."

This element of "pure artistry" has made us recognize the value of Palestrina, Monteverdi, Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Brahms, Wagner, Debussy. It is that which stands the test of time. Elements of personality and style mark the period, like the hands of a clock that mark the hour. Pure artistry marks eternity.

We cannot tell yet whether the work of contemporary musicians has this element of pure artistry. Time will tell. But it is our responsibility as intelligent human beings to know what we are condemning before we condemn.

Music, as the other arts, has been undergoing a period of experimentation. It all began with Claude Debussy (1862-1918), who rebelled against having to always conform to the bounds of harmonic and tonal music. He had visions of a vast world of music possi-

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LUV . . .

Or Life On A College Campus

By Tom Mezger

DUNCETON GREENHORN, tramping the old, worn brick walks of Tarreyton College for discriminating young people, was hurrying to his daily dinner-time rendezvous with his one and only true love, Marybelle McLump. A warm spring breeze rustled through his brush-like hair. He shook his head to try to clear it. Then he ran his fingers over his face. This morning was the first time he had really seen his face in many days. For you see, this morning he had shaved for the first time in many days. His face felt smooth and clean but his head felt as though there were a Civil War cannon ball rolling about in it and banging against his skull.

Last night had been the big social occasion of the year. He had dressed himself in clothes nearly a century old and taken Marybelle to some sort of annual celebration which his fraternity held. He had seen his suit this morning. That is how he had known that he must have been out somewhere strange last night. Again he shook his head. "If only the leaves wouldn't rustle so loudly." Then he began to wonder how Marybelle got home last night. "Had he taken her home?" After all, he was supposed to be an "old Southern gentleman." But then, he rationalized, this was the "Twentieth Century." Full of doubt and wonder he approached Luxbright Dormitory. He gazed up to the window of Marybelle's room.

At this moment, the pretty froth of pink curtains was somewhat obscured by a somewhat less frothy but still pink line of you know what. Dunceton straightened his tie and brushed some imaginary lint from his pale blue cashmere sweater.

Inside Luxbright he called for his love. Then he assumed an attitude of studied nonchalance as he waited for Marybelle. He heard her fearless impassioned tread in the corridor beyond the door. He slouched further down into his seat and stretched his legs further out in front of himself, lighted a cigarette. As Marybelle swept through the door he peered up at her with a side-wide glance and calmly, almost carelessly muttered a "Hi."

"Hi," she replied in the same calm tone. She replied in the same way because she knew that her Dunceton was deep in thought, and she did not want in any way to disturb his thinking. But at the same time she knew that she would have to disturb his thought because she wanted to talk about the way he had left her last night to fend for herself at that mad brawl some people had the indecency to call a ball. She knew, however, that whatever Dunceton did he had a good reason for doing. She would let him explain his reason to her.

"Come along, Dunceton," she cooed. "We must go to dinner."

With much obvious effort Dunceton pulled himself slowly to his feet and slouched out the door after Marybelle.

"What happened to you last night, dear? The last time I saw you you had bottles in your coat pockets and two in your hands. Then you put the punch bowl on your head and left."

"I don't know where I was."

"Well, Duncy dear, I forgive you."

"Do you really, Marybelle?"

"Yes, Duncy dear."

From the time when she had first seen Dunceton in the lobby of the dorm Marybelle had known that he was thinking some heavy thoughts. She was eager to do all that she could to help him. And besides, she always liked for him to share his thoughts with her. It made her feel so secure. She stopped by a bench and pulled him down beside her and let him think. There he sat beside his love mulling heavy thoughts. When he stopped mulling he took Marybelle by the hand and pulled her to her feet. Silently they made their way downtown through the cool evening. Each one of them was deep in thought. Marybelle thought deeply about what she should eat tonight and Dunceton deeply about how much it would cost him.

Marybelle and Dunceton had been drawn into a condition of love through that perverse condition of hate. In English I they had sat beside each other. Then the following semester they had sat beside each other again in English I. Each one of the couple had hated having to learn the language that had been speaking for 18 years. Thus, then, a mutual hatred had engendered a love that was quickly propelling the couple toward an eternity of wedded bliss.

Arms locked and fingers entwined they entered the restaurant. When they succeeded in untwining themselves, they sat down at a table.

Marybelle lighted a cigarette. Dunceton lighted a cigarette. They blew smoke affectionately at each other across the table. Dunceton was still deep in thought.

Anxious to plumb the depths of thought, Marybelle broke the silence.

"What's eatin' ya?" she querried softly.

"Nuthin'," was the resolute reply.

Dunceton and Marybelle were happy. In June they would be married. In June they would graduate from Tarreyton College, and they would take their places in the world, but they would not take those places unprepared. Tarreyton had been to the couple.

Dunceton was a bright boy. He would be a success. Marybelle said so and so did all his fraternity brothers. Dunceton was always the life of the party. Marybelle knew that Dunceton would be a success because he liked the finer things of life: Cadillacs, dishwashers, comic books and jive. In fact, and Marybelle knew this for a fact, Dunceton had the largest library of pocket books on the campus. Indeed, in the eyes of his classmates, Dunceton was the man most likely to succeed. And he knew it. His every action was predicated upon the assumption that he would be a success.

Now Marybelle was bright, too, and her success came in the form of Dunceton. She had snagged him, then hooked him. She liked all the things he liked, even Dunceton. She was smart. All her friends said she was and now she was believing it herself. She and Dunceton made a perfect couple. Everyone said so.

Marybelle smiled across the table at Dunceton. He raised one brooding eyebrow, then lowered it. She fluttered her eyelashes. It was to no avail. Dunceton would not be dragged from his thoughts. Marybelle fed the juke box nickles and tapped her foot in time to the music. When the songs stopped playing, she started to put in some more nickels.

"Don't play any more music. It interferes with my cerebration. You women never know when a man is deep in thought. I am thinking a great many serious thoughts and I mustn't be disturbed." Again Dunceton retreated to that misty realm beneath his eyebrows.

"Oh, Duncy, you are so romantic. Being married to you will be like being married to a great brooding artist."

"Humph."

Dunceton reached into his pocket and pulled out a new pocket book. He tossed it across the table to Marybelle.

"Here, read this. Then you will know what I am thinking about."

"Oh, Duncy," she squealed.

"Yeah, read it. There's plenty of food for thought in it. Plenty. Just read it then you'll know what I mean. You see I never I waste my time readin' trash like so many of these guys around here do."

Dunceton had given Marybelle a copy of *Poems that Touch the Heart.*

"Oh isn't it lovely," she sighed as her eyes rolled far back into her head and then came back out again for another peek at the immortal verse. She was reading about a bottle of "Mother's tears shed for me." A big tear slipped from the corner of her eye and rolled slowly down her nose until it came to the end. Then it plunked dramatically into the coffee in her cup.

Dunceton peered out from under his eyebrows and saw the tear. He saw Marybelle, too, and he saw that she was sensitive and compassionate and he loved her.

Of course Dunceton had always known that Marybelle was sensitive. She had to be sensitive to play the part of Mary in The College Theater's production of *Mary Had a Little Lamb.* The great critic of the campus had said in his review, "The performance of Marybelle McLump as Mary in the College Theatre production of Clyde Russet's, *Mary Had a Little Lamb,* was the most convincing in the entire show. While the play itself is not the best American Theatre on the one hand, it is not the worst either. While most of the actors were not bad, they were not good either. Perhaps the best interpretation was the role of the lamb. But that fact may be self evident in light of the fact that it was played by a Lamb." Yes, Dunceton had clipped that review and so had Marybelle. Each had filed away among his memories the clippings.

Dunceton had seen plays when Marybelle was in them, but until he had met her, he had not seen a play. It seemed that he always had more important things to do. But now, since Marybelle was such an active little theatre woman, he had to go see the plays. Furthermore, he prided himself on being able to always analyze the dramatic presentations and to squeeze every bit of philosophical significance out of them. He had even had the insight to realize that Mary and her Lamb symbolized all that was pure and good in the world, while the wolf (not played by a real live wolf as was later disclosed by the admirable critic) symbolized the evil and the temptations of the world. As he rightly noted once, before some of his scholarly friends and they agreed with him, "The allegorical significance can be likened to some great parts of John Milton's momentous work, *The Fairy Queen.* Indeed, Dunceton was prepared to meet the world. He had studied some literature, at least enough to have a speaking acquaintance with men like Spencer and Milton. His preparation further included such essentials to success as typing and golf.

The future did look bright for Dunceton. In college he had equipped himself the necessary background to enjoy fully his life. All through life he would have a great love of football. Even now he planned, when he had enough money in later life, to help the college secure better athletes. Four years in college had taught him to be an excellent critic of motion pictures. He

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THE MAN MAO:
Another Aspect

A Letter By
Mr. Arthur R. Gallimore
Former Missionary in China

DR. ARTHUR R. GALLIMORE, Wake Forest alumnus and for many years a Baptist missionary in China, has written the following letter discussing a different aspect of the rise of communism under Mao Tse-tung. L. M. Wright, Jr. wrote of Mao's life, power and poetry in a recent article in the STUDENT. Mr. Gallimore's letter tells graphically and clearly how it was to be "on the other side" in the early Thirties in a China which has since been overrun by the communists.

Mr. Gallimore is now retired and lives in Wake Forest. He maintains an active interest in the life on the Wake Forest campus and is known and liked by many of today's students. He maintains a particular interest in student publications, having had a son who was at one time an editor of *Old Gold and Black*.

Of Mao Tse-tung and the communists in China, Mr. Gallimore writes:

May I send along this personal letter in regard to the recent article in the STUDENT concerning "The Man Mao: Leader, Poet." It is indeed a good story of a prominent personage in the world today. But there is another side, which may present quite a different story, and that is the purpose of my writing. Since you have covered the personal facts in Mao Tse-tung's life, I shall not repeat those. What I shall say is based rather on some personal experience.

Now I must confess that I have never known the man personally, but I have felt his influence first-hand. Men can be measured by the things for which they stand. There are influences which can be felt without actual contacts with the persons from whom they emanate. Mao is such a person. A great man perhaps, but great in the sense that Genghis Khan (1162-1227), Mongol conqueror of China, was great, or the Emperor, Nero, of Rome. Both of these had ambition for world dominion. And so it is with the men about whom we are thinking. Unfortunately, those who may be considered great are not reckoned as good men nor as benefactors of mankind.

Will you please go back with me more than twenty years to an evening in 1931, when I was having supper with some friends in Ka Ying, a border city in Kwangtung (Canton) Province in southern China? The next city, across the border in Kiangsi Province, was included in the territory which was forcibly occupied by Mao and Chu, the communist dictators of that section. For quite some time the two names were linked together in the conquests of the bodies, minds and souls of the simple country folk who were victims of their regime. Their domain was very limited then, depending upon the extent to which they could compel the simple folk of the country-side to surrender their lands and houses to those who claimed to be helping them. Incidentally, eighty per cent of the people of China are tillers of the soil. It was not difficult to deceive the peasants with their promises. Communism makes great promises, but fulfillment of them is of little importance.

Needless to say the people of the city in which I was a visitor were in a state of pandemonium at the thought of the threatened coming of the marauders, who did not actually come at that time. Yet they were only thirty or forty miles away. Personally, I was glad that I had planned to leave at daylight the following morning — not by airplane, bus or train, for there were no such conveniences. Nor did I have a private automobile. The only way out was by walking the narrow roads or paths—twenty to thirty miles a day, a week's journey to my home in the Hakka hills. We dare say that the terrified people of that section forgot the fact that the leader of terrorism was a poet. To them he was a molester, taking from them their rights as citizens of their country which called itself a republic.

We may quite agree that the man Mao is a person of parts. The question might be asked as to why the poet turned to marauder. The answer would be evident: his philosophy of life. Evidently he grew up with the beautiful concept of the "rule of heaven, which so permeates the thinking of eastern peoples." As quite a lad Mao began to be interested in things. Although his poverty compelled him to dress very simply in white trousers and padded coat, a sun helmet on his head and rice-staw sandals on his feet, be went to school and became an inveterate reader. There was no price on his head at that time, for he did not carry a gun. He began to organize labor unions and agrarian

societies, and early made a name for himself. Already, however, he was reading the theories of Karl Marx, and was having revolutionary ideas, though he had not yet had an opportunity of becoming a communist as such. So we find him, as poet, writing lines such as these:

> "For a whole generation Genghis Khan was
> a favorite of heaven,
> But he knew only to bend his bow at
> eagles."

In time the young revolutionary became connected with "the party." Not a party as such, with a voluntary basis, but a system imposed upon a person from which there is no opportunity to return. Communism reduces a person to a pattern, but it was the pattern which Mao thought would save the world. No doubt it appealed to the young student who had experienced much difficulty himself, so he thought here was a panacea for all ills. One of the main tactics of communism is to prey upon those who are less fortunate, promising them things which they can never supply. Like a snake in the grass it charms its victims only to devour them. The individual is conquered, but by certain degrees of loyalty, he can become conqueror as a leader in his party.

And so did Mao. He became a member of the so-called party, only to destroy the real poetic nature which he had. Then, instead of writing about the gentle snow, he revelled in thoughts of conquering his fellow men, even the world.

Mao was a thoroughbred materialist, with no feeling of mercy or restraint, no scruples with regard to honesty and integrity, and, therefore, nothing to which moral principles might appeal. The end justified the means. There is no higher power, only the might of man. So the poet and scholar began to think in terms of long marches of conquest and the subjugation of man the world over. No tolerance for any one who feigns indifference.

Now, it goes without saying, that the one who is writing has not checked with Mao, for no one has that privilege. The fact that he is a communist means that he is in a political strait-jacket. He has security only as long as he is a servant of the system he imposes. We might think of the mathematical formula: "things equal to the same thing are equal to each other." In other words, communism is slavery of the most abject sort.

What we are trying to say is based upon experience and observation, from the time that the writer saw the first Communist Army march into Canton in 1923. They were Chinese soldiers with red bands around their caps. A dusty bunch they were, having marched overland from Yunnan Province. Innocent enough they were, but marching under the authority of the communist set-up in Moscow. With no authority, then, their means of spreading their theories was by propaganda, even now the chief implement of carrying on. However, now all of China is under the iron heel of the regime in Moscow.

So, it must not be forgotten that communism is officially atheistic, anti-religious, anti-Christian, and constitutionally opposed to everything which we of the west hold dear. We saw the burning of Canton in 1927, when the regime over-stepped itself. It took twenty years to make a come-back, but now we see the results. Yet, it is said that only perhaps ten per cent of the people of China are communist at heart. But they have had their brains washed (indoctrinated), and nothing they have is their own. Certainly not their consciences, for having a thought of their own is the greatest of all crimes.

But it may be that I am thinking in terms of the biography of any communist instead of a particular one. In which case, even biography would conform to rules and patterns. But here is another side of the man who commands millions of lives today with his materialistic philosophy of life. He is for peace, yes, if imposed by him, but if not, there are no bounds to which his perseverance and cruelty may go. Mao's alliance with Joseph Stalin and Moscow has made his more or less short life a long journey and caused the student and poet to write in the later years of the monster, perhaps referring to any one opposing his regime:

> "Standing on the highest of Six
> Mountains,
> The red flag streaming in the west wind,
> Today, with a long rope in my hand,
> I wonder how soon before we can bind
> up the monster."

EXISTENTIALISM A LA SARTRE

(Continued from page eleven)

only a post-war fad. It is less likely that posterity will disregard him as a writer, for Sartre has infused new life into the post-war literary scene. He writes short stories, novels, and plays which may shock or disgust the reader, but which nevertheless force attention and serious consideration. He has a knack for bringing his characters to life and a special knack for "situating" them in their environment, for evoking the concrete "brute existence" in which they find themselves. His style is forceful and simple; he is particularly fond of striking, and very concrete metaphors. He has been accused by many of delighting in "dirt," in risque situations and spicy language. And it is certain that these abound in his work. Perhaps he wants to shake the sluggish *salauds,* who feel so self-righteous, into a realization that he is merely expressing what they are thinking but do not dare say. At any rate, if earthy language and unvarnished characters shock you, do not attempt to read Sartre. If not—(this is the spot for a commercial on the value of learning French, since the Wake Forest library boasts several of Sartre's works—but in French)!

Back once more at the Cafe des Deux Magots, you peer at the habitues, hoping to catch a glimpse of the short, round-faced, bespectacled author, whose distinguishing feature is one eye which wanders off on an independent tangent. But you will not find him. As the friendly, omniscient waiter can tell you, Sartre no longer frequents this cafe. Finding that the crowds of eager disciples were interfering with his literary production, he little by little retired from the public eye, until now he is hard to locate and even harder to interview. He is busy working on new novels and plays and publishing, along with fellow existentialists, a literary periodical, *Les Temps Modernes,* one of the leadng post-war publications. One of the contributors to this magazine is the American, Richard Wright, sometimes called the first American existentialist writer.

If you were to ask some of the unconventional young people who now frequent the Cafe des Deux Magots about existentialism, they might answer, "Existentialism? Oh, that's passe!" For existentialism has left the boulevards and entered the literary scene. It is even spoken of in philosophy classrooms at the Sorbonne and in professional reunions in the United States. The furor of the post-war fad has died down, but the ideas continue to inspire serious thought and literary production on both sides of the Atlantic.

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AFTER 30 YEARS

(Continued from page sixteen)

think we've had one unpleasant moment. They have been very willing to help or to be helped, whichever was needed.

"The college plant has been almost completely rebuilt during my stay here, and many new departments have been added. Most of the departments were only a nucleus having only two or three professors, as in the case of the English Department which now has twelve."

When asked what the job of being dean mainly consists of, the dean said, "I don't know. I seldom know what I will do when I come to work." He handles a great deal of correspondence, and scholarships, and is director of the Summer School, and sometimes as much as four or five hours of his day is spent in committee meetings with the faculty. "Something new and unexpected for which there is no precedent is always coming up," he said. He has functioned as both Dean of Faculty and Dean of Men, but most of his work has been with the administration of the college.

Much of what the college is is attributable to the

strength of character and moral fibre of this man, who like so many others of the faculty have given long years of their lives to the college, and are more really what the college is than its grounds and its buildings and its curriculum.

LUV

(Continued from page twenty-seven)

would know almost immediately which pictures would be "deep" and which pictures he could enjoy.

And so, Dunceton saw Marybelle. He saw that she was touched with the poetry she was reading—so touched that she was weeping copiously. He knew then that she would be a good wife. He was happy.

"Let's go," he said.

Marybele looked across at him. Lowering her eyes she smiled.

"All right, Duncy," she said warmly.

Outside the restaurant, Dunceton seized her arm. She seized his, and the two of them seizing each other walked together up the street. It was love.

When they reached the campus they walked slower through the trees. A fierce passion welled up in Dunceton. Marybelle felt his hand squeeze hers. She knew he was thinking of something so she squeezed his. A fierce passion welled up in Marybelle. Finally in the shadow of a big Magnolia tree, the two separate passions welled up and flowed together. Dunceton seized Marybelle and kissed her hard upon the lips. Marybelle kissed Dunceton hard upon the lips. For awhile they took turns kissing each other. Then they kissed together.

Untangling themselves, they started back once again to the dormitory. At the door to Luxbright, where Dunceton put his Marybelle each evening for safe keeping, they kissed again.

"Goodnight, my Duncy."

"Goodnight, my lovey."

Yes, they would be happy.

ART

(Continued from page twenty-six)

hope to do. The days of patrons was long over. No longer was the artist compelled to go about painting flattering portraits of fat old noble ladies; no longer was he compelled to paint frescoes in churches. As he became released from the purely utilitarian art, he could rise from creative squalor of eighteenth and nineteenth century art. And for fifty years he has been experimenting with new things. But because he has been experimenting, can he be condemned? Do we condemn the scientist? Do we say that Einstein's theories are wacky merely because we do not understand them? But forgive me, the realm of science is sacred and above question.

Time moves incessantly forward, and with time and man moves culture. It is not fair to expect artists to keep on painting Venus coming out of a sea shell, or the Last Supper. Nor is it fair for art viewers to demand that the artist confine himself to the past. Thank your lucky stars the day of horse and buggy and the romantics is over. The art now is strong and virile. With both fists swinging it sails into life as it is and not as the artist wishes it to be.

One of the first criticims the naive make of modern art is that it is not photographic. There is no picture as such. In other words there is nothing which will recall to him the sylvan brook or snow covered mountain. Next the person will cry out that the canvas may be rough and look unfinished. Therefore, he says modern art is no good and that he does not like it. He does not understand it. Well I say he should not admit it so vehemently. During the last ten years there have been countless exhibitions and countless books written on modern art. In light of all that has been said and done to bring about an understanding, the person who still condemns modern art is a bigot of the worst degree. He is an adherent to a set notion of what art is. He is one who closes his mind to the inevitable.

Perhaps it is not fair to lay the whole blame for an individual's attitude on the person. It may very well be the result of education. For usually, education kills every spark of creativity in man. It is calculated to do such. It is calculated to kill man's innate love of the beauty which surrounds us. Many of us have learned all about art and now we want it to stay in its place. We are irritated when it intrudes upon us by changing its form. For then we again become conscious of the great creativity in the souls of others.

Mistakenly, we have been taught to look for two

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things in art: imitation and polish. These elements were the essence of eighteenth century art. Indeed the whole fallacy of art appreciation is summed up in realism.

We do not have to look far to see the damnable influence of realism. We have realism to thank for our peep-hole theatres. (And look at the beauty of presentation in a theatre in the round.) Look at the monstrous architectural examples about us. Realism here kept the architect using the old accredited and accepted forms, until now we have Gothic college campuses built in this century in a land so un-Gothic as North Carolina. Look how we adhere to worn traditions by constructing new universities in some sort of bastard Georgian Colonial neatly adapted to the twentieth century. And then look at painting itself. See how painters have been swinging from romanticism to naturalism and realism. The pendulum had been moving back and forth for long years and art had gone nowhere. Artists have been so busy tickling the surface, that they have forgotten the basic structure and the emotion involved in art. They have so long been ruled by surface, by what is seen by the eye, that they have forgotten the aesthetic aspects of art.

Art is not illustration. A *Colliers* cover can no more be called art than can a Campbell Soup can label. But the *Colliers* cover is considered art by many. The illustrations inside such magazines are considered art. The tragedy lies not with the illustration, for the illustration is a valid form of pictorial art, but in the fact that there is not discrimination between illustration and art. The confusion has resulted in a journalistic art which pervades our galleries.

Against all this pictorial, journalistic art, the artist, the intelligent one, of our age is rebelling. Subject matter and technique are placed in secondary position. The aesthetic experience is the important element. To expect a picture to tell a story is a perversion of the purpose of art. The artist is primarily concerned with creation. He appeals to the sense in man that is not foreign to the religious sense. He attempts to arouse man to ecstasy by conveying to him an experience of beauty in its purest form. Indeed, art, true art, lies beyond the pictorial or the sentimental.

In an effort to rid art of its superfluous fuss, such giants in the contemporary field like Picasso have returned to the springs of art, have returned to the primitive where we find pure expression. From here they have attempted to rebuild their own foundations from the point where art was unspoiled by intellectual misconceptions. Perhaps that is one of the most revitalizing things that has happened to painting. For then they began to throw out the rubbish of intellectual message and stress the aesthetic. But such masters of primitivism like Gauguin are mere side currents in the huge current of modern art. Men like Picasso, Braque have moved beyond with primitivism as a foundation.

Primitivism is, however, as artificial for the twentieth century as is a reversion to classical Greek sculpture. It might be just as impossible, too. For the artist of our time has at his disposal a great range of color and color experimentation to enhance his work. So if he throws away all, he is left with even the primitive media. Complete primitivism is an escape at best when assumed as completely as it was assumed by Gauguin.

What then have we after the artist has gone back to the primitive? After he has to a degree recaptured the naive quality of unrestraint found in child art he is then ready to proceed to invoke an emotional response in his viewer. But then you might well ask, what do we look for in a modern painting?

There is color, there is form, and there is composition. These three elements are the basis of any paintings. They are the media. The way the artist uses them is his personal problem and the solution is one of his own choice. The basic forms which modern painting may take are now well known to almost everyone. There is Expressionism, Cubism, Futurism,

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Abstraction. Impression is probably the vestige, or at least is considered by some, the vestige of realism.

Expressionism as such probably had its origin in Germany. At least that is where the term originated. As an art form, Expressionism stresses the subjective emotion of the artist beyond objectivity. Sometimes referred to as soul expression, this school of painting tended toward the abstract. It deals with the intangible inner self. Its task is to convey without representation, pure emotion.

In other expressionist works, there is an attempt to use somewhat recognizable forms, yet at the same time to endow them not with their surface appearance, but to go beneath the surface and to discover the underlying truth. In brief, then expressionism is a denial of the objective and a stress of the subjective through means which are not totally realistic and which may even be abstract. The aim is the production of emotion.

We have already seen what the Cubists and what their aims were. Perhaps it was this group which led more toward abstraction than any other group. In abstraction as well as in Cubism there is the denial of the representative forms of art. Here again the emphasis is upon composition and forms. In abstraction there is never any recognizable shape. In the art forms, abstraction is probably most closely related to music, for in music one finds completely non-representative art based in its physical aspect on certain widely understood phenomena.

The argument, then for abstraction is why should we expect art to give any more a realistic interpretation of vision than music gives of sound? It seems a valid argument.

The Futurists have a less tenable position. They state that they are interested not in a moment of immobility of the force which surrounds them, but in the force itself. They are obsessed with motion and power. Futurism, while it is novel and interesting, is a passe form of painting. It failed because it was primarily concerned with representation and the trend is the other way.

Still with all this talk about forms of painting, I have not defended or explained modern art. I have not told what to look for, or how to interpret what is seen. I will not do these things because I cannot. The understanding and appreciation of any art form whether it is painting, sculpture, poetry, music, literature, or drama must come from individual experience since all art forms are produced by individual experience. Perhaps in no other realm are we so primarily concerned with the subjective, and where there is the subjective element, there is also controversy. But artists plod on through the controversy each sustained by a faith in himself and what he is doing. All the criticism of academicians will not deter the forward trend of art. Let's reconcile ourselves and be brave enough to face ourselves as the artists of our time show us. Let's come out from behind our old English and Colonial and French Provincial and our Victorian facades and live in the twentieth century.

A DEFENSE OF MODERN POETRY

(Continued from page twenty-six)

Now Tate, like a great many of his fellow poets today, is a scholar and a competent literary critic in addition to his status as a poet. Tate, Eliot, Warren, Brooks and a great many others are members of the "New Criticism" movement in literature, a movement which has been instrumental in bringing about some rather significant changes. The changes have not always been good, but neither has the effect leaned too heavily at the opposite extreme. The basic tenets of this school of literary critics has been a consecrated effort to bring about a stricter and more definitive return to structural form in poetry and, more important, a return to the reading and studying of poetry for its intrinsic merit, at the same time relegating the interminable study of

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the author's life, loves and the history of the era in which he wrote to a secondary position. The New Critics do not underestimate the value of the latter, but they have exerted a powerful normative influence in returning the study of the poetry itself to a sane position.

Modern poetry, whether the public likes it or not (and evidently it does not), is selective. It is the product of a coterie and for the most part its readers form another coterie. It is not selective in the sense of subject matter. Every phase of human life and endeavor is now legitimate subject matter for the poet, as well as the novelist. He does not recognize, nor should he recognize, any limitations other than the canons of his own art. The reader may not care to sympathize with the poet's choice; but that is his individual right. He should not condemn the poet.

One of the reasons that modern poetry has become the product of a coterie, and is limited in appeal to a small coterie of readers, might well be found in the background, the educational and cultural background of the poet himself. Take a quick glance at the field and my point will bear itself out. T. S. Eliot, Allen Tate, William Carlos Williams, Marianne Moore, Ezra Pound and a host of others are all deeply-rooted, academically. Three-fourths, as a conservative estimate, hold university degrees, have applied themselves trenchantly to the classics, their literary heritage and, quite frequently, have aligned themselves with a specialized literary school. Today, by and large, their allegiance is with the school of the New Critics. In short, they are men of extreme education and refined culture. Their appeal, consequently, is restricted to university professors and advanced students of literature rather than college freshman or the wide American reading public in general. There, in short, is the situation as its stands now. Perhaps it is not the way it should be, but unfortunately that is the way it is.

As an example, let us take a glance at a poem by Allen Tate. It is entitled *Horatian Epode to the Duchess of Malfi.*

Duchess: Who am I?
Bosola: Thou art a box of worm-seed, at best but a salvatory of green mummy.

The stage is about to be swept of corpses.
You have no more chance than an infusorian
Lodges in a hollow molar of an eohippus.
Come, now, no prattle of remergence with the

ovtws ov

. . . . . .

As (the form requires the myth)
A Greek girl stood once in the prytaneum
Of Carneades, hearing mouthings of Probability,
Then mindful of love dashed her brain on a megalith

So you, O nameless Duchess who die young,
Meet death somewhat lovingly
An I am filled with a pity of beholding skulls.
There was no pride like yours.

Now considerations of the void coming after
Not changed by the "strict gesture" of your death
Split the straight line of pessimism
Into two infinities.

It is moot whether there be divinities
As I finish this play by Webster:
The street-cars are still running however
And the katharsis fades in the warm water of a yawn.

This is merely one illustration in point of what an intellectual quality this modern poetry of ours has attained. In this poem, for example, Mr. Tate has proceeded under the assumption that his readers, however few, have a certain familiarity with Webster's *The Duchess of Malfi,* one of the more important of the early Elizabethan dramas. Probably, Mr. Tate was not particularly concerned with a widespread appeal to this particular poem. He regarded it as valid subject matter for a poem, he felt like writing it, he did write it, and that is that. The poem is not unintelligible to the reader who has acquainted himself with the background incidental to its total comprehension. And, conversely, it will provide a rather sharp impediment to the reader who is not so versed. Granted, the total effect of the poem is not sundered altogether; that is to say that even to the reader who has never been re-

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motely exposed to Webster that nothing of the poem can be salvaged. The implications inherent in both its structure and imagery should engender in him a feeling, if little else, of what the thing is all about. But neither will he savour the essential goodness (or badness) of the poem without this knowledge.

The basis of the whole conflict, rather the chasm separating the modern reader from the modern poem, stems directly from the lack of the right kind of education on the part of the reader. He finds it baffling because he fails to understand it. He fails to understand it because his education has not prepared him to understand it. The fault, then, lies more on the reader's part than the poet's. The poet should not be held responsible for this lacking in the reader. That is pushing the matter to the absurd. It would, if permitted sufficient leeway, reduce the intellectual and artistic level of the artist to an equal with that of his public. The fallacy inherent in such a plan is obvious. One cannot expect the artist to deliberately withhold himself until that Utopian day in the far distant future when all people are educated equally, and all people, artist and reader, attain the same intellectual and artistic plane. The most intelligent route is the present route: that of permitting the artist full and complete freedom, and letting him progress as rapidly and as far as his talents warrant. Then it is left up to the reader to advance to the level of the artist. Hold the artist back and you destroy both sides, both factions. James Joyce's monumental work *Ulysses* was quite in advance of the capability of the public, and not a few men of learning, to totally grasp its full significance. It is still in a position, insofar as the general public is concerned, of unintelligibility. Yet this one work has exerted an inestimable influence upon subsequent writing in the field of the novel. Not many of the present day authors can plead complete freedom of the Joycian influence.

Another strong indication of the vast degree of intellectuality which has penetrated modern poetry lies in the wealth of foot-notes and notes coming at the end of a volume in explanation of passages of poetry contained in the volume. Pick up a copy of T. S. Eliot's, *The Wasteland,* and turn to the back. Or, even better, turn to a poet more in the public eye at the moment, Marianne Moore. In her 1952 volume of *Collected Poems* she has collected as many as twenty-five pages of explanatory notes at the conclusion of the book. The point of criticism directed against Miss Moore, however, is that her explanatory notes, unlike those of many of the other moderns, contributes little towards the clarification of her work. A poem of hers entitled simply "Poetry" might well serve as a poetic explanation of the existing problem.

I, too, dislike it: there are things that are important
beyond all this fiddle.
Reading it, however, with a perfect contempt for
it, one discovers in
it after all, a place for the genuine.
Hands that can grasp, eyes
that can dilate, hair that can rise
if it must, these things are important not
because a
high-sounding interpretation can be put upon them
but because they are
useful. When they become so derivative as to be-
come unintelligible
the same thing may be said for all of us, that we
do not admire what
we cannot understand: the bat
holding on upside down or in quest of some-
thing to

eat, elephants pushing, a wild horse taking a roll, a
tireless wolf under
a tree, the immovable critic twitching his skin like
a horse that feels a flea, the base-
ball fan, the statistician—
nor is it valid
to discriminate against "business documents
and

school-books"; all these phenomena are important.
One must make a distinction
however: when dragged into prominence by half
poets, the result is not poetry,
nor till the poets among us can be
"literalists of
the imagination"—above
insolence and triviality and can present

for inspection, "imaginary gardens with real toads in
them," shall we have
it. In the meantime, if you demand on the one
hand,
the raw material of poetry in
all its rawness and
that which is on the other hand
genuine, you are interested in poetry.

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MUSIC

(Continued from page twenty-seven)

bilities outside these bounds and with the creation of the whole tone scale gave other musicians of his day the same visions. This inaugurated a movement in music which is called *impressionism*. This impressionism corresponds to symbolism in poetry and impressionism in painting. It tries to suggest a tone intangible, abstract—mental images induced by a thought, an emotion, a perfume, a color, a poem, a scene, any definite object, suppressing unnecessary detail, and reproducing not the reality but the *emotion* evoked by the reality.

Such great men as Ravel, Cyril Scott, Percy Grainger, Charles Griffes and Scriabin, followers of Debussy, have written music for eternity in the medium of the impressionist. At present there is a renaissance for Scriain, who was a contemporary of Debussy. In his day, he was overshadowed by the movement. He is called a mystic impressionist and attempted an esoteric correlation of life and art; his roots were in romanticism. These will live.

But then came the unrest and undercurrent of discord and danger which colored the prevailing state of mind in Europe before World War I, and the Machine Age. The imitators of Debussy were no longer copying his strength, but were degenerating into a pastel-shaded saccharinity, which no longer expressed the feelings of the people.

The age was jagged. It was ready for the appearance of one Igor Stravinsky. Because he answered it with its kind of music—a music that throbs with human life, vital, passionate, at times vulgar, sensual and cruel; and then again humorous, gay, tragic, morbid, but never sentimental. In style, at least, he has followed the dictates of the age.

From him we have tones thrown in brutal juxtaposition, and such innovations in music terminology as: polytonality, polyharmony, polyrhythms (many different rhythms heard simultaneously), multirhythms (changes of time signature in rapid succession), atonality (the absence of a central tonality).

Imagine the reaction of the first audience to such "noise" under the name of music! At the performance of his ballet, *Rite of Spring*, the audience arose en masse in protest and could not be quieted until the sheer beauty of the last movement when a beautiful maiden dances herself to death as sacrifice to the holiness of spring intoxicated them into awed silence.

It is hard to say what movement Stravinsky would represent. He is undoubtedly the most representative composer of the twentieth century, but he has dabbled in all of the styles. First he was a post-romanticist, then a post-impressionist; then an ultra-modern primitivist or effectionist; then, in his height, a neo-classicist. Now he is on his way, as are many others, for it is in the air, to being a new type of romanticist.

As a neo-classicist he became preoccupied with "style." His concern was not "what" but the "why" and "how." He attempted a private renaissance, brusquely closing the door to new subtleties and innovations of his art. He became a disciple of Bach, Handel and Scarlatti. But only for their style. He was impassive to the delicate "inner spirit" which animated their styles and made their music live. He had a tremendous influence upon young composers, particularly those who were writing ballet. They imitated his harmonies, his rhythmic figures, his brutality, his ugliness.

What is this "spirit of the age" which the artists are attempting to express, and which Stravinsky has expressed in his neo-classicism? It is a phobia against any display of feeling, a fear of being sentimental. It is a complete revolt against the 19th century, the epoch of romantic thinking, and belief in a soul; and the es-

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tablishing of an affinity with the 18th century, when art and thought were intellectual, classic, and "pure." The fact that we name this age the Machine Age or the Jazz Age gives us a clue, the recognition of the era of the machine shows a direct effect in the neo-classic aspect of music.

It has been said that the world of the 20th century has emerged with one definite decision—poetry must not be used merely to tell a story; a picture must not tell a story—nor must music.

"Sound for sound's sake," a decree passed by Stravinsky, is the motto of young composers. They are trying to discover a music wholly free from extra-musical appeal. "Back to Bach" is also a slogan. Bach would probably be very unhappy if he could hear some of the results, because his music dissected into parts with only the "style" excerpted and reanimated is "sad."

With the realization that Stravinsky has been attempting to achieve neo-classic *objectivity,* which implies complete negation of the composer's personality, he is taken less and less seriously as a guide.

But in spite of his attempts to be inhuman, his works are intensely interesting human documents. His music is a sincere product of our times, and doesn't have to have anything else to justify its validity and importance. Some of it is already loved. In fact, Stravinsky, in some circles is off the black list!

Arnold Schoenberg cannot go unmentioned. Although his music has been an age too advanced for the listening audience, he has contributed greatly by the discovery or creation of his twelve-tone scale. And Schillinger, who composes by mathematics. And Paul Hindemith, who composes with a combination of atonality, conventional chord progressions and dissonant superstructure. All of these have made innovations which will undoubtedly change the face of music in the future.

No matter how beautiful, satisfactory, or how scientific a period may be, at the height of perfection, decay begins. The spirit of beauty cannot be caught in a net. Edwin Evans, an eminent English critic, has said that the first 30 years of the 20th century was an age of experiment that "set in because it was needed and the time was ripe for it." He thinks that it is now coming to an end because it has performed its function in providing a sufficiency of new material, none of which has been exploited, and much of which has been scarcely developed. The past era has created the material from which the artists will create masterpieces in the next phase of musical history.

"Younger men are dreaming of an entirely different type of music," he says, "a music which derives its power from forms beautiful and significant by virtue of inherent musical weight rather than intensity of utterance."

Thus we see that the *impressionists,* and the *neo-classicists,* have created what we call "modern" music. And now a new aesthetic sensibility is dawning—a combination of formal and creative art, . . . a new romanticism? It will be fascinating to see what happens. Will you come, too?

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by people
who feel things.
Me, I don't feel nuttin.
I shoulda stood
in bed.

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THE STUDENT STAFF

for the school year 1952-1953

●

BEST WISHES TO THE GRADUATES

OF '53

EDWARDS & BROUGHTON COMPANY

Established 1871

RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA

Lincoln Library

...But only Time will Tell.....

LOOK AT HER SKIS! REAL SWISS TYPE!

NOW WE'LL SEE SOME HIGH-CLASS SKIING AROUND HERE!

I BET HER SLALOM WILL SLAY 'EM! THIS I GOTTA SEE!

HOW CAN THEY TELL SO SOON? WAIT'LL THEY SEE HER SITZMARKS!

Only time will tell about a new ski enthusiast! And only time will tell about a cigarette! Take your time...

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

Test CAMELS for 30 days

for MILDNESS and FLAVOR!

EVERY SMOKER wants a cigarette that will give him more pleasure, pack after pack. And more people have found more pleasure in Camels than in any other cigarette! Try Camels as *your* steady cigarette! Smoke them for 30 days and see how mild, how flavorful, how thoroughly enjoyable Camels are, week after week.

There *must* be a reason why...

CAMEL leads all other brands by billions of cigarettes!

Salem, N. C.